# QUARTETS FOR MEN

Direction
(10)
(Quart. —

*First Southern Baptist Church*
65 South MacMillan
Ventura, California, 93003

# Quartets for Men

## GOSPEL SONGS
## NEGRO SPIRITUALS
## SECULAR SONGS

*Compiled and Arranged by*
Daniel Protheroe, Mus. Doc.,
*and*
J. N. Rodeheaver

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# Preface

The superiority of this book lies in the number and variety of selections and in their quality and arrangements. There are many new and singable Gospel songs which have a message and a few choice secular numbers. The selections have been chosen with the co-operation of several recognized leaders of singing among men.

Many of the arrangements have been made by Dr. Daniel Protheroe, who has taken deep personal interest in the work. He is one of the best qualified men in the world for arranging them, and they will be found attractive, with variety and melody in the parts, and full and pleasing harmony. He is one of the most efficient and constructive adjudicators in Musical Festivals, and for many years he has been conductor of the well-known volunteer choir of Central Church, Chicago. His services are in constant demand as leader of great choruses. We are fortunate in having his co-operation.

The helpful topical index has been prepared by Mr. LaMotte Wells.

We hope the book will encourage more singing among men. Your suggestive criticisms are solicited.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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# Quartets for Men.

1

## Tell Someone About Jesus.

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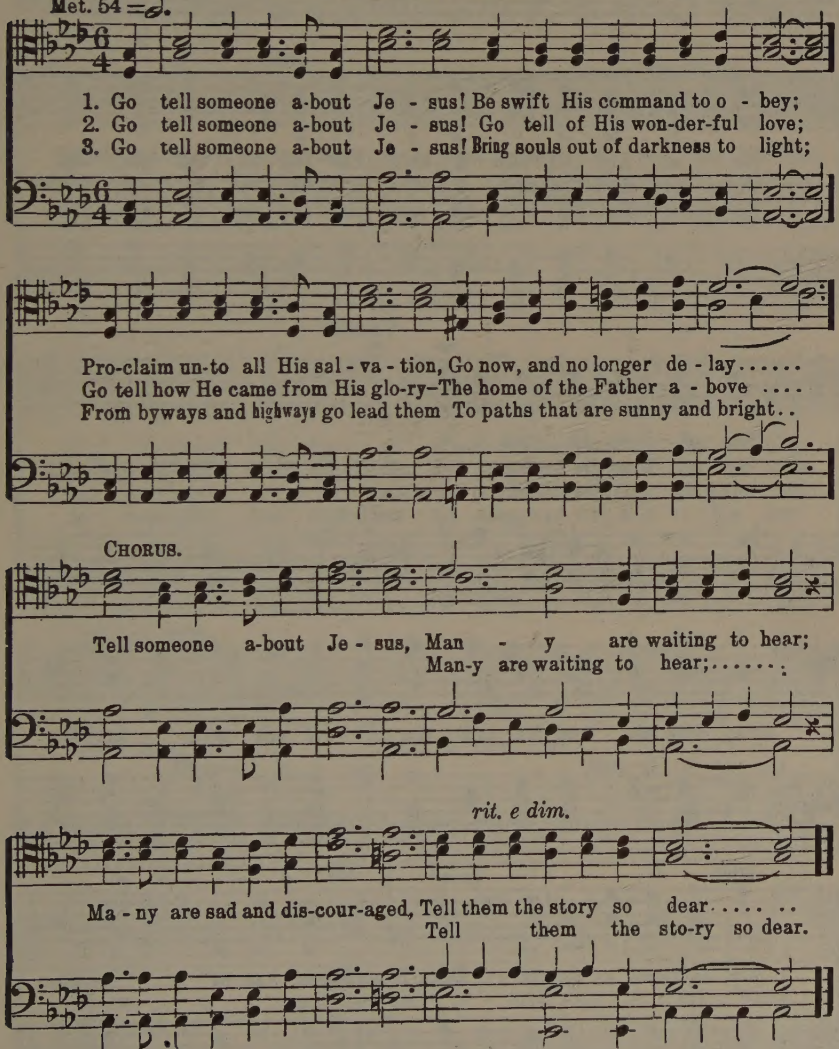
G. T. Snead. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Met. 54 = 𝅗𝅥.


1. Go tell someone a-bout Je - sus! Be swift His command to o - bey;
2. Go tell someone a-bout Je - sus! Go tell of His won-der-ful love;
3. Go tell someone a-bout Je - sus! Bring souls out of darkness to light;
Pro-claim un-to all His sal - va - tion, Go now, and no longer de - lay.....
Go tell how He came from His glo-ry–The home of the Father a - bove ....
From byways and highways go lead them To paths that are sunny and bright..
CHORUS.
Tell someone a-bout Je - sus, Man - y are waiting to hear;
Man-y are waiting to hear;.....
rit. e dim.
Ma - ny are sad and dis-cour-aged, Tell them the story so dear.....
Tell them the sto-ry so dear.

# In the Garden.

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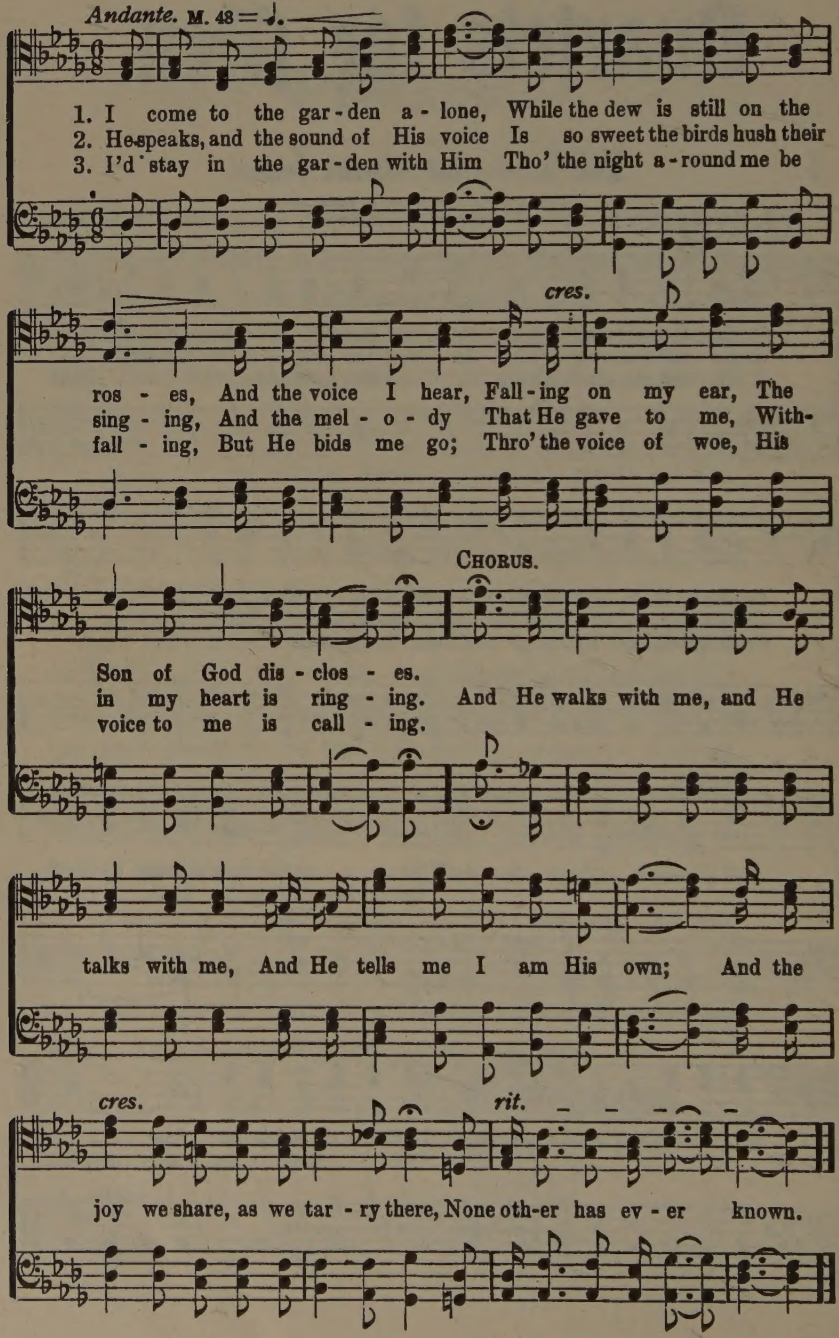
C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.
Arr. D. P.


Andante. M. 48 = ♩.
1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho' the night a - round me be
cres.
ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His
CHORUS.
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
cres.
rit.
joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

# Jesus, Rose of Sharon.

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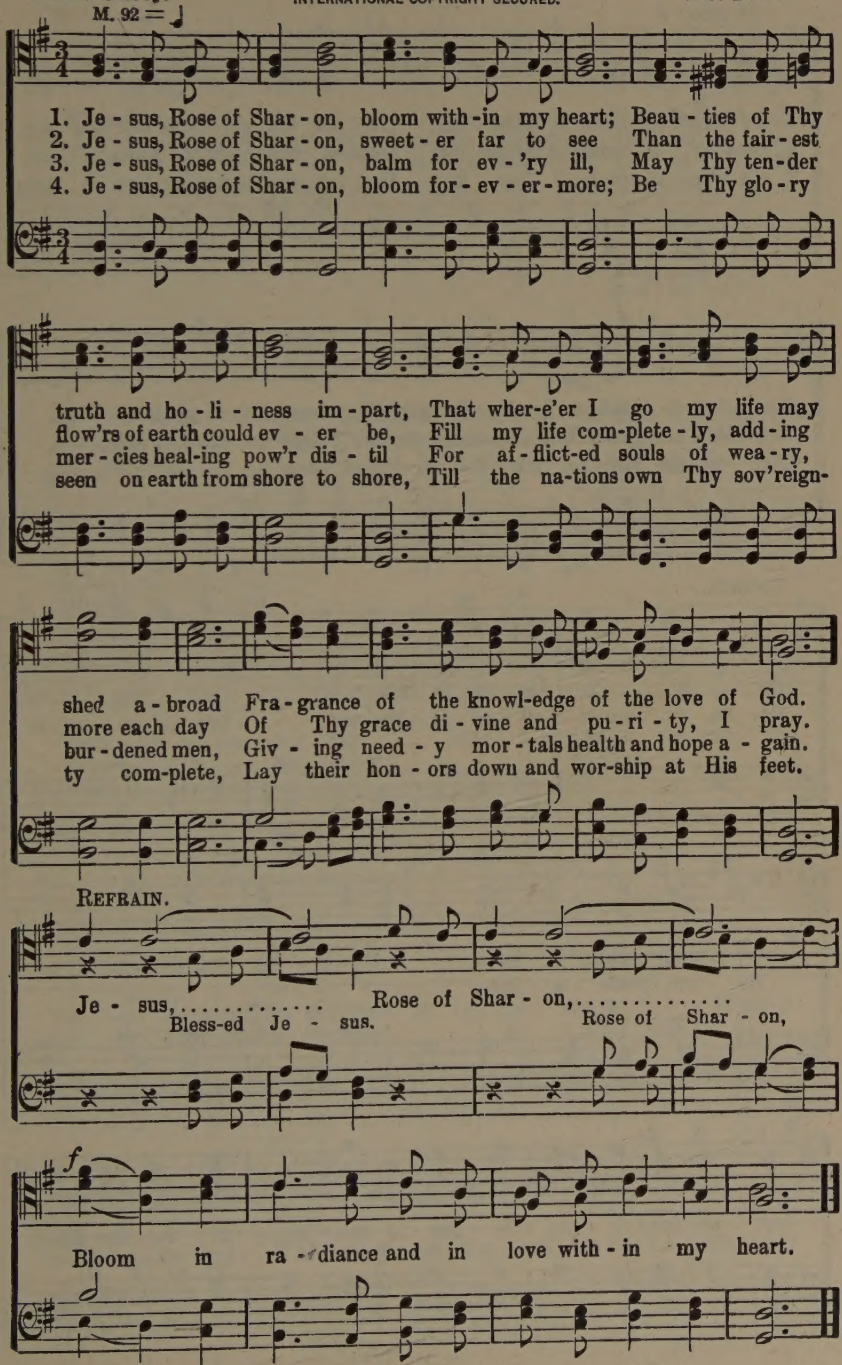
Ida A. Guirey.

Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.

M. 92 = ♩


1. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, bloom with - in my heart; Beau - ties of Thy
2. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, sweet - er far to see Than the fair - est
3. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, balm for ev - 'ry ill, May Thy ten - der
4. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, bloom for - ev - er - more; Be Thy glo - ry
truth and ho - li - ness im - part, That wher-e'er I go my life may
flow'rs of earth could ev - er be, Fill my life com-plete - ly, add - ing
mer - cies heal-ing pow'r dis - til For af - flict-ed souls of wea - ry,
seen on earth from shore to shore, Till the na-tions own Thy sov'reign-
shed a - broad Fra - grance of the knowl-edge of the love of God.
more each day Of Thy grace di - vine and pu - ri - ty, I pray.
bur - dened men, Giv - ing need - y mor - tals health and hope a - gain.
ty com-plete, Lay their hon - ors down and wor-ship at His feet.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus,..... Rose of Shar - on,.....
Bless-ed Je - sus.
Rose of Shar - on,
f
Bloom in ra - diance and in love with - in my heart.

# 4 Where the Cross Is Leading.

Lizzie DeArmond and Jennie Ree.

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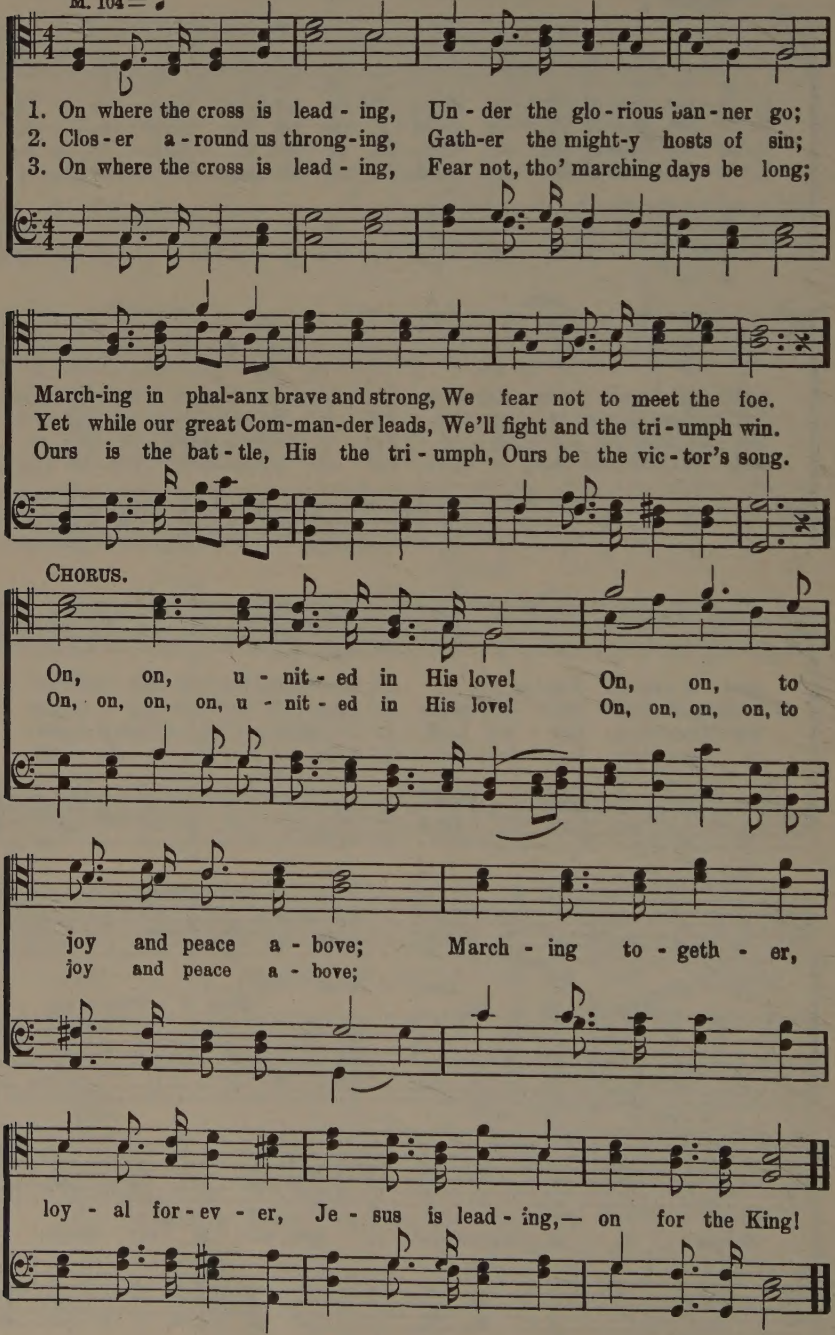
B. D. Ackley. Arr. D. P.

M. 104 = ♩


1. On where the cross is lead - ing, Un - der the glo - rious ban - ner go;
2. Clos - er a - round us throng - ing, Gath-er the might-y hosts of sin;
3. On where the cross is lead - ing, Fear not, tho' marching days be long;
March-ing in phal-anx brave and strong, We fear not to meet the foe.
Yet while our great Com-man-der leads, We'll fight and the tri - umph win.
Ours is the bat - tle, His the tri - umph, Ours be the vic - tor's song.
CHORUS.
On, on, u - nit - ed in His love! On, on, to
On, on, on, on, u - nit - ed in His love! On, on, on, on, to
joy and peace a - bove; March - ing to - geth - er,
joy and peace a - bove;
loy - al for - ev - er, Je - sus is lead - ing,— on for the King!

# The End of the Road.

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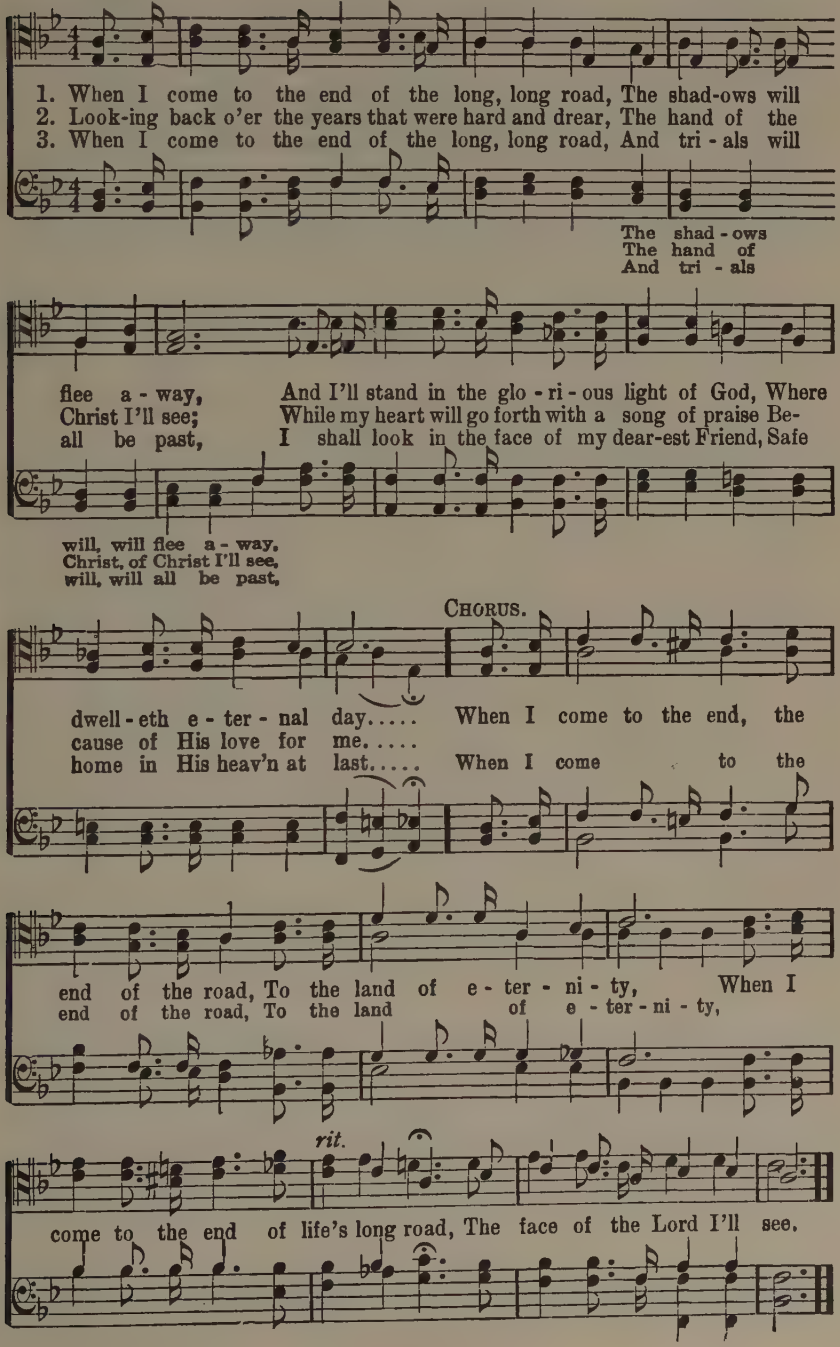
**Lizzie DeArmond.** **Elton M. Roth.**
**Arr. D. P.**

M. 108 = ♩


1. When I come to the end of the long, long road, The shad-ows will
2. Look-ing back o'er the years that were hard and drear, The hand of the
3. When I come to the end of the long, long road, And tri - als will
The shad - ows
The hand of
And tri - als
flee a - way, And I'll stand in the glo - ri - ous light of God, Where
Christ I'll see; While my heart will go forth with a song of praise Be-
all be past, I shall look in the face of my dear-est Friend, Safe
will, will flee a - way,
Christ, of Christ I'll see,
will, will all be past,
CHORUS.
dwell - eth e - ter - nal day..... When I come to the end, the
cause of His love for me.....
home in His heav'n at last..... When I come to the
end of the road, To the land of e - ter - ni - ty, When I
end of the road, To the land of e - ter - ni - ty,
rit.
come to the end of life's long road, The face of the Lord I'll see.

# Take Up Thy Cross.

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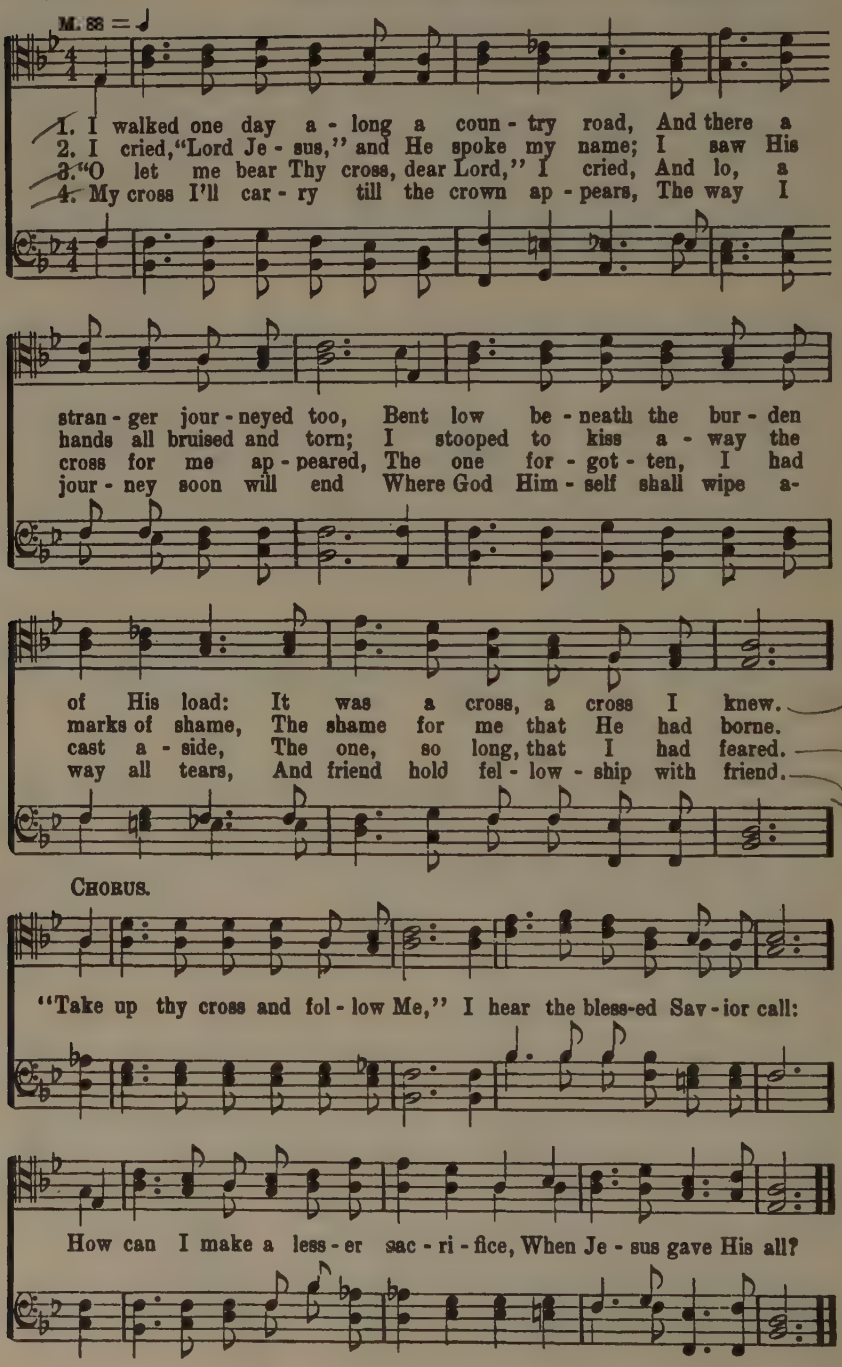
A. H. A.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.


M. M. ♩ =
1. I walked one day a - long a coun - try road, And there a
2. I cried, "Lord Je - sus," and He spoke my name; I saw His
3. "O let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And lo, a
4. My cross I'll car - ry till the crown ap - pears, The way I
stran - ger jour - neyed too, Bent low be - neath the bur - den
hands all bruised and torn; I stooped to kiss a - way the
cross for me ap - peared, The one for - got - ten, I had
jour - ney soon will end Where God Him - self shall wipe a-
of His load: It was a cross, a cross I knew.
marks of shame, The shame for me that He had borne.
cast a - side, The one, so long, that I had feared.
way all tears, And friend hold fel - low - ship with friend.
CHORUS.
"Take up thy cross and fol - low Me," I hear the bless-ed Sav - ior call:
How can I make a less - er sac - ri - fice, When Je - sus gave His all?

# Just a Whispered Prayer.

George O. Webster.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.

M. 88 = ♩

1. Just a whispered prayer, And the load of care From the bur-dened
2. Just a whispered prayer, And the load you bear And the dark-ened
3. Just a whispered prayer, And a Friend is there Who can turn your

heart is lift - ed,..... And a gleam of light Makes the path - way
path grow light-er,..... Where-so-e'er thou art, With a lift - ed
grief to glad - ness,.... Who can fill your days With the notes of

CHORUS.

bright, For the heav - y clouds are rift - ed....
heart You will find your skies grow bright - er.... Do not trav-el on in
praise, Who can give you song for sad - ness..

rift - ed.
bright - er.
sad - ness.

dark - ness,.... When you may walk in sun - shine fair;.... You can find the
dark - - ness,

light, And the pathway bright, By the aid of a whis-pered prayer.....
By the aid by a prayer.

# Till the Whole World Knows.

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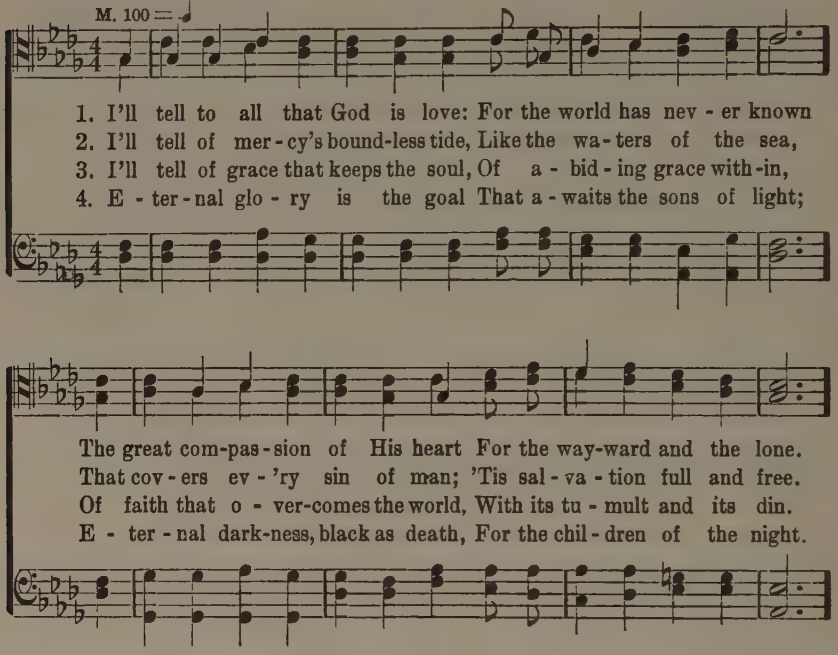
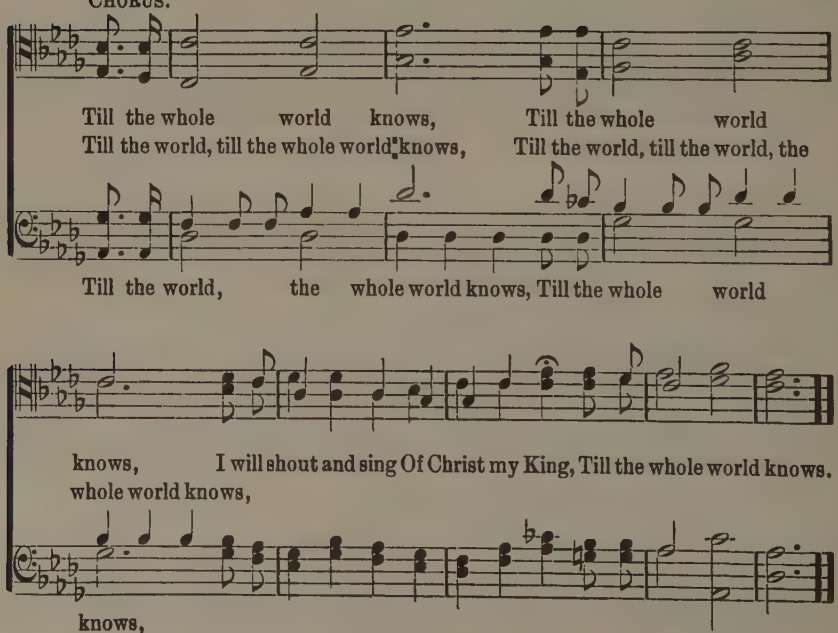
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

B. D. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.

*Melody in 2nd Tenor.*


M. 100
1. I'll tell to all that God is love: For the world has nev - er known
2. I'll tell of mer - cy's bound-less tide, Like the wa - ters of the sea,
3. I'll tell of grace that keeps the soul, Of a - bid - ing grace with - in,
4. E - ter - nal glo - ry is the goal That a - waits the sons of light;
The great com-pas-sion of His heart For the way-ward and the lone.
That cov - ers ev - 'ry sin of man; 'Tis sal - va - tion full and free.
Of faith that o - ver-comes the world, With its tu - mult and its din.
E - ter - nal dark-ness, black as death, For the chil - dren of the night.

CHORUS.

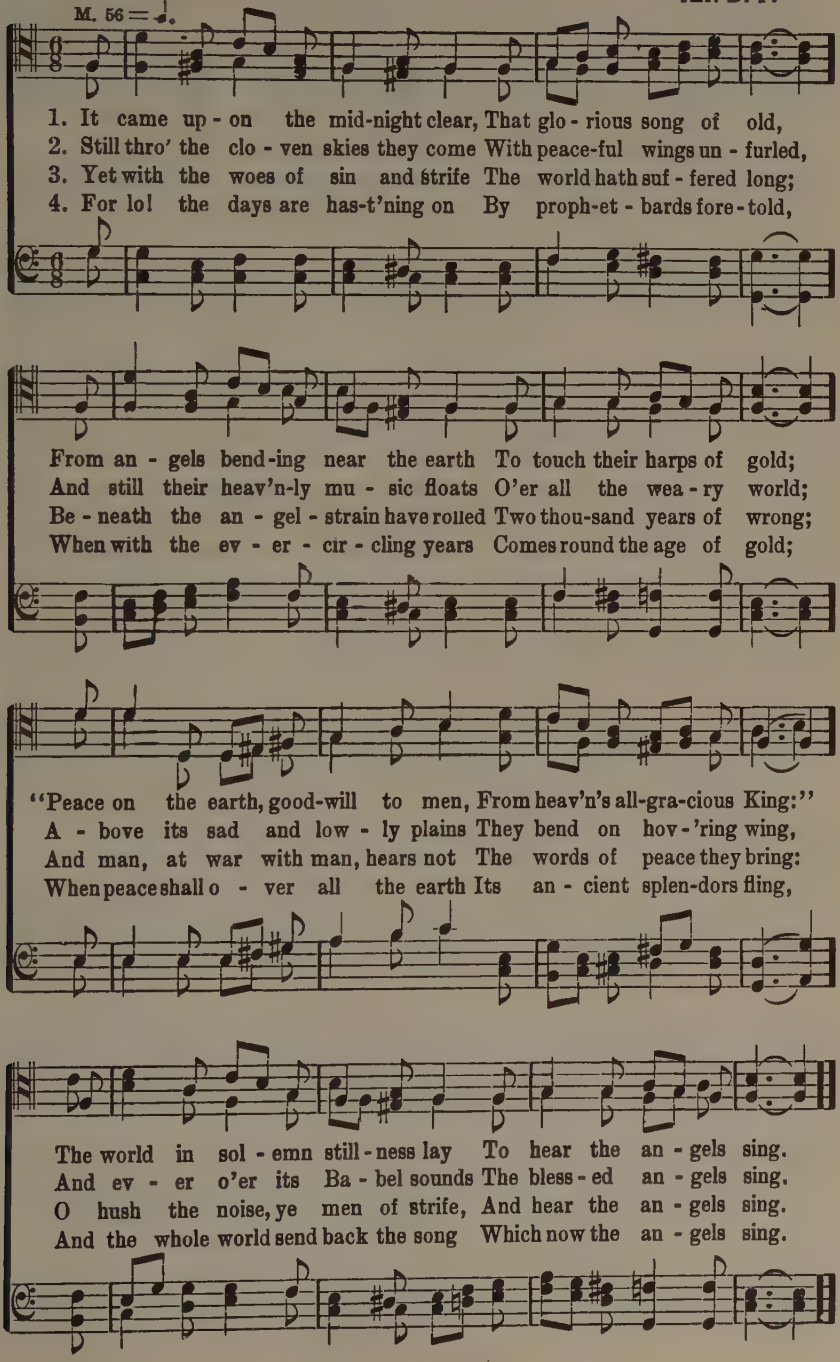

Till the whole world knows, Till the whole world
Till the world, till the whole world knows, Till the world, till the world, the
Till the world, the whole world knows, Till the whole world
knows, I will shout and sing Of Christ my King, Till the whole world knows.
whole world knows,
knows,

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Edmund H. Sears.

Richard S. Willis.
Arr. D. P.

M. 56 = ♩.


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world hath suf - fered long;
4. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on By proph-et - bards fore-told,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Be - neath the an - gel - strain have rolled Two thou-sand years of wrong;
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
And man, at war with man, hears not The words of peace they bring:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

# My Dream City.

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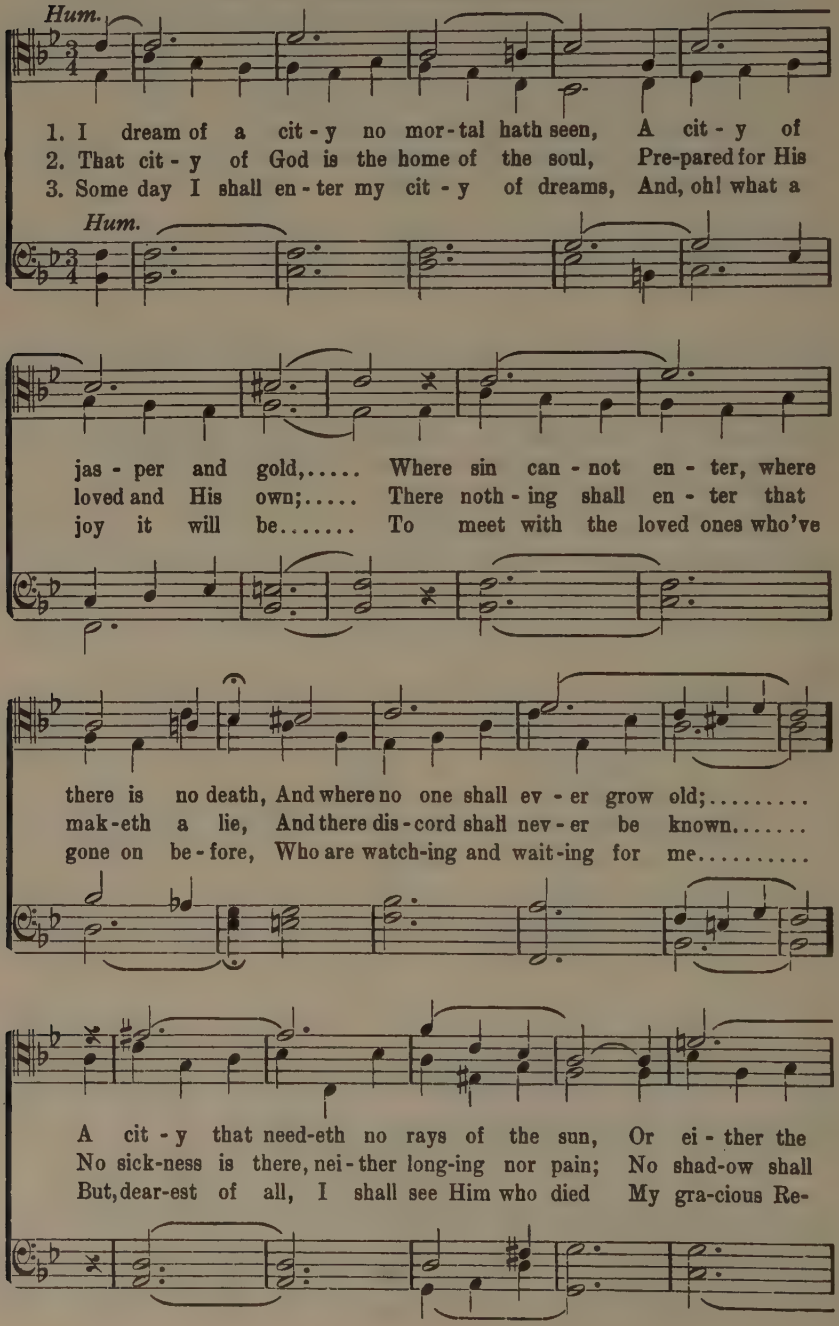
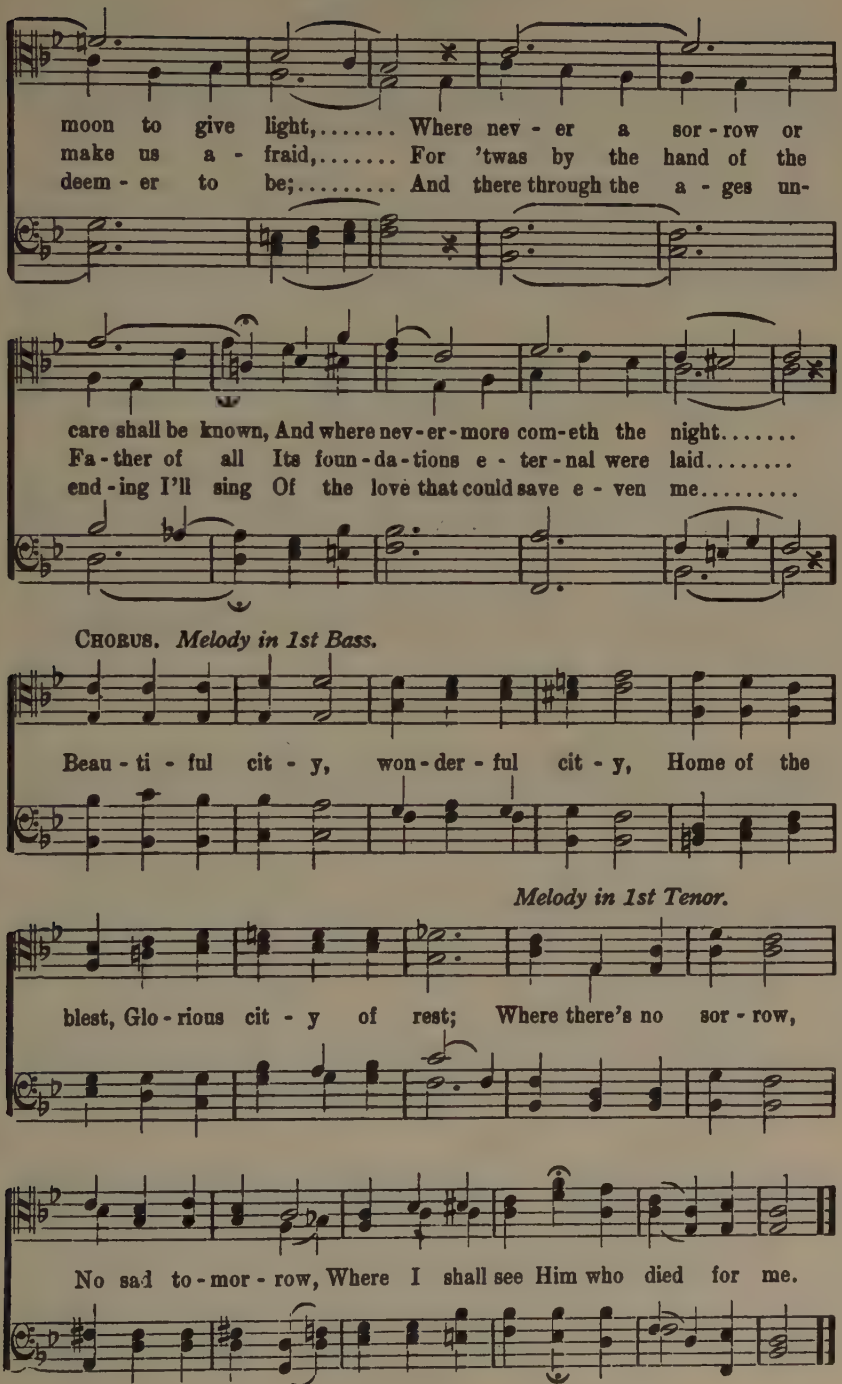
Chas. H. Gabriel.

Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.
Arr. D. P.

SOLO. *1st Tenor and Basses hum with closed lips.*


Hum.
1. I dream of a cit - y no mor - tal hath seen, A cit - y of
2. That cit - y of God is the home of the soul, Pre-pared for His
3. Some day I shall en - ter my cit - y of dreams, And, oh! what a
Hum.
jas - per and gold,..... Where sin can - not en - ter, where
loved and His own;..... There noth - ing shall en - ter that
joy it will be..... To meet with the loved ones who've
there is no death, And where no one shall ev - er grow old;.....
mak - eth a lie, And there dis - cord shall nev - er be known.....
gone on be - fore, Who are watch-ing and wait - ing for me.....
A cit - y that need-eth no rays of the sun, Or ei - ther the
No sick-ness is there, nei - ther long-ing nor pain; No shad-ow shall
But, dear-est of all, I shall see Him who died My gra-cious Re-

# My Dream City.


moon to give light,..... Where nev - er a sor - row or
make us a - fraid,..... For 'twas by the hand of the
deem - er to be;..... And there through the a - ges un-
care shall be known, And where nev-er-more com-eth the night.....
Fa-ther of all Its foun-da-tions e - ter - nal were laid.....
end-ing I'll sing Of the love that could save e - ven me.....
CHORUS. Melody in 1st Bass.
Beau - ti - ful cit - y, won - der - ful cit - y, Home of the
Melody in 1st Tenor.
blest, Glo - rious cit - y of rest; Where there's no sor - row,
No sad to-mor - row, Where I shall see Him who died for me.

# Crossing the Bar.

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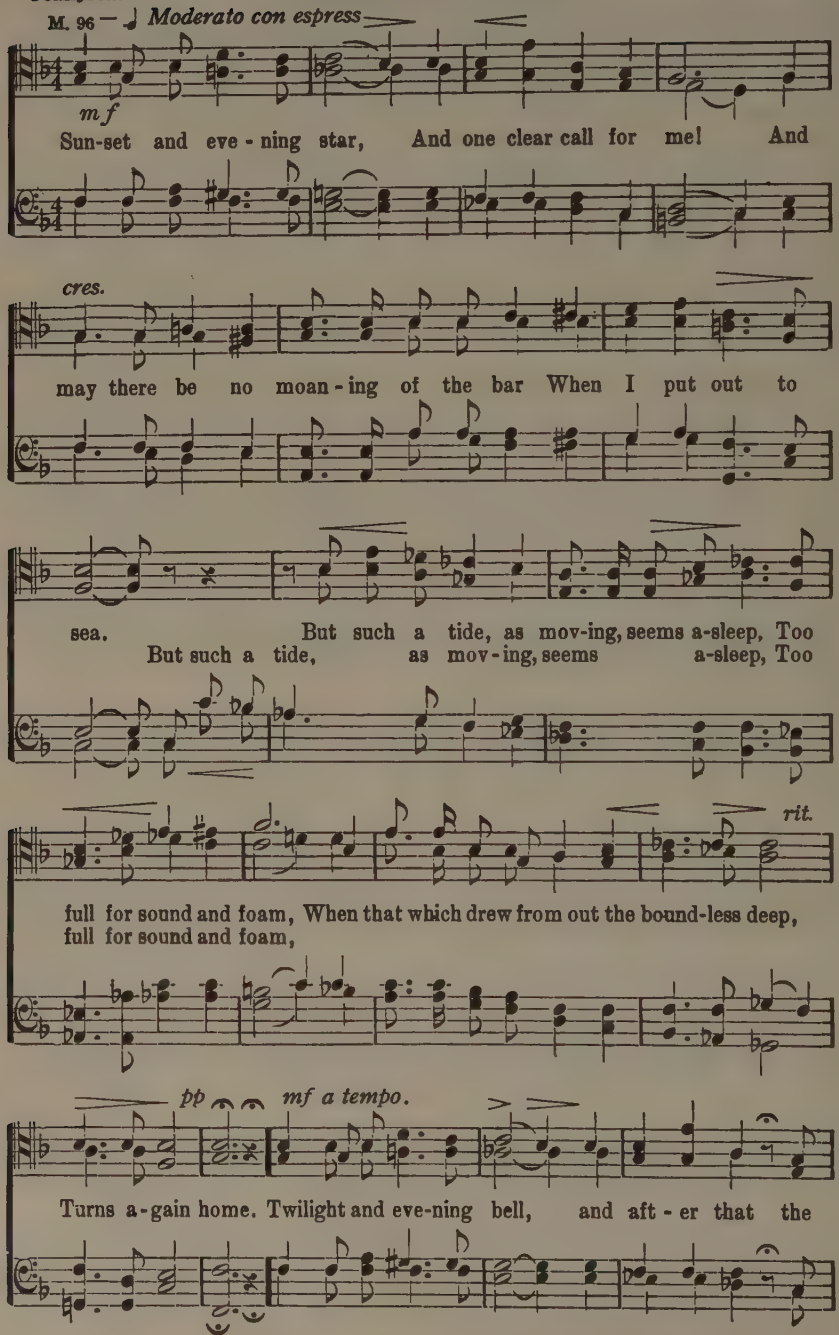
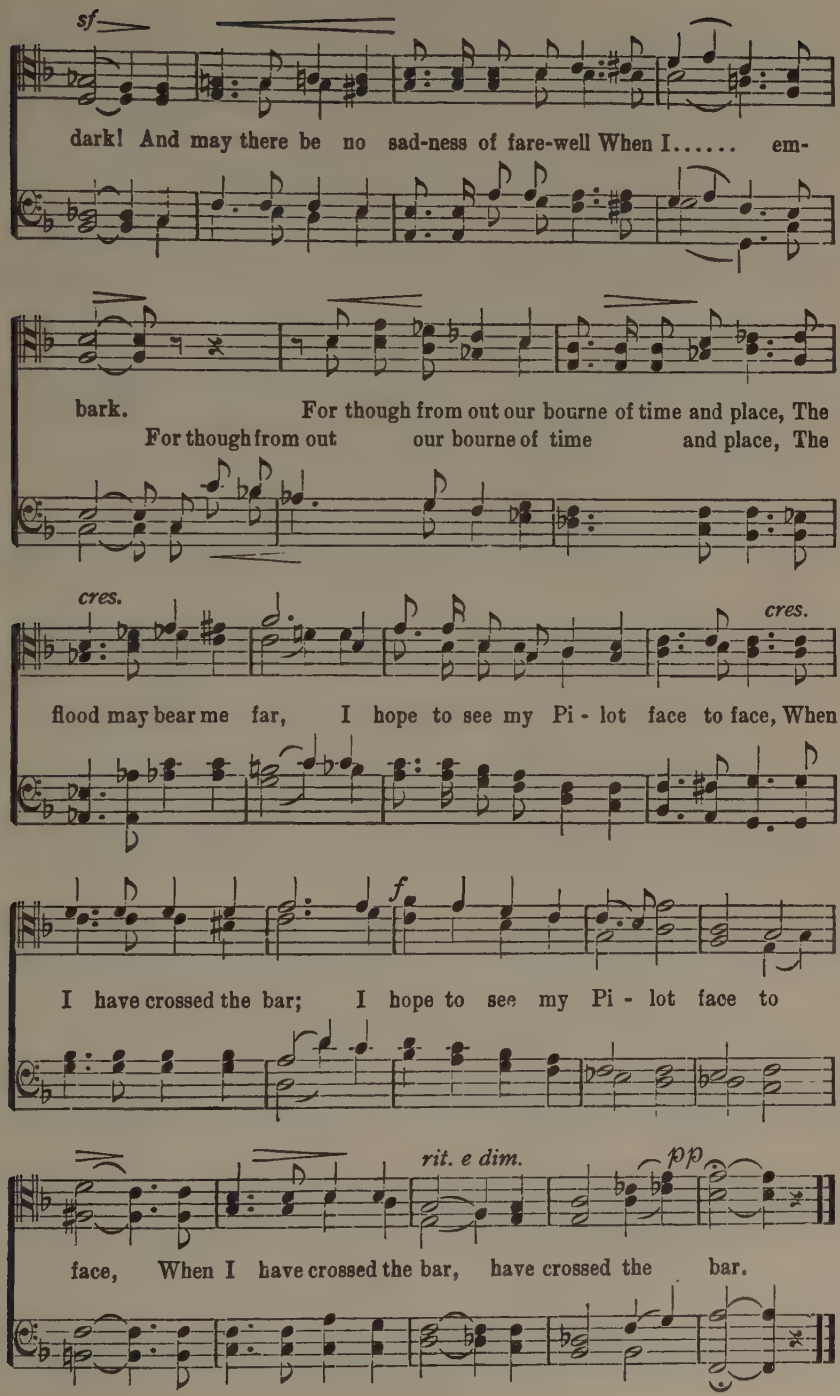
Tennyson. Daniel Protheroe.


M. 96 — ♩ Moderato con espress
mf
Sun-set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And
cres.
may there be no moan - ing of the bar When I put out to
sea. But such a tide, as mov-ing, seems a-sleep, Too
But such a tide, as mov - ing, seems a-sleep, Too
rit.
full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the bound-less deep,
full for sound and foam,
pp
mf a tempo.
Turns a - gain home. Twilight and eve-ning bell, and aft - er that the

# Crossing the Bar.


sf
dark! And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well When I..... em-
bark. For though from out our bourne of time and place, The
For though from out our bourne of time and place, The
cres.
cres.
flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face, When
f
I have crossed the bar; I hope to see my Pi - lot face to
rit. e dim.
pp
face, When I have crossed the bar, have crossed the bar.

# Leave It All to Jesus.

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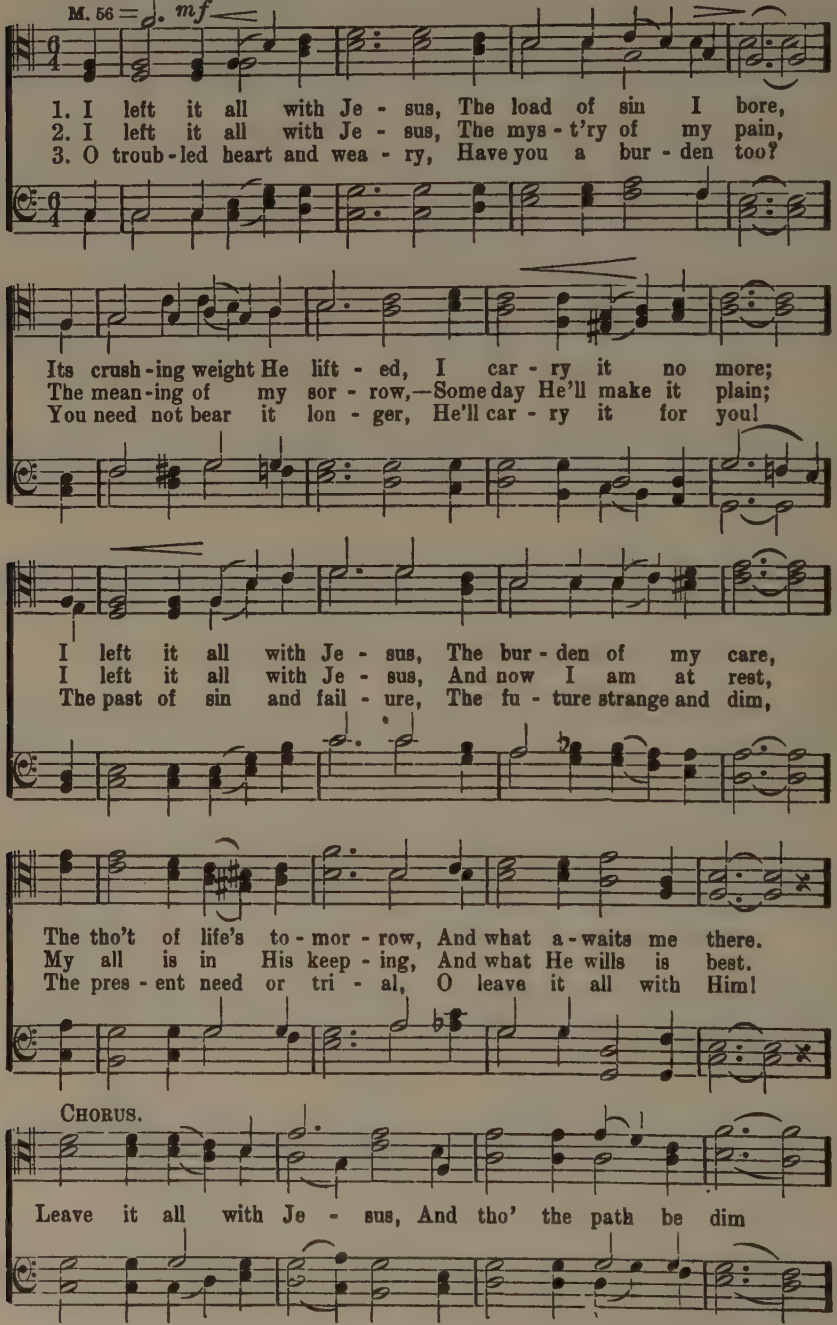
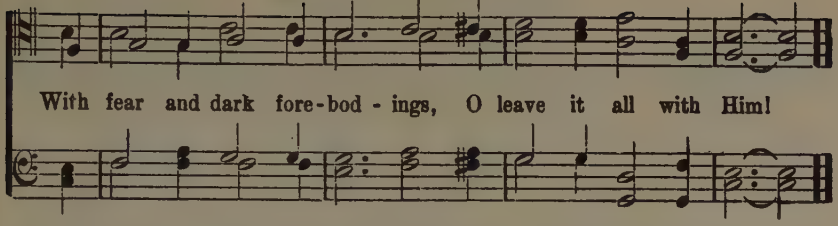
Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

Geo. C. Stebbins.
Arr. D. P.

*Moderato con Moto.*

M. 56 = ♩. *mf*

1. I left it all with Je - sus, The load of sin I bore,
2. I left it all with Je - sus, The mys - t'ry of my pain,
3. O troub - led heart and wea - ry, Have you a bur - den too?
Its crush - ing weight He lift - ed, I car - ry it no more;
The mean - ing of my sor - row,—Some day He'll make it plain;
You need not bear it lon - ger, He'll car - ry it for you!
I left it all with Je - sus, The bur - den of my care,
I left it all with Je - sus, And now I am at rest,
The past of sin and fail - ure, The fu - ture strange and dim,
The tho't of life's to - mor - row, And what a - waits me there.
My all is in His keep - ing, And what He wills is best.
The pres - ent need or tri - al, O leave it all with Him!
CHORUS.
Leave it all with Je - sus, And tho' the path be dim

## Leave It All to Jesus.




## 13 With My Savior Through the Shadows.

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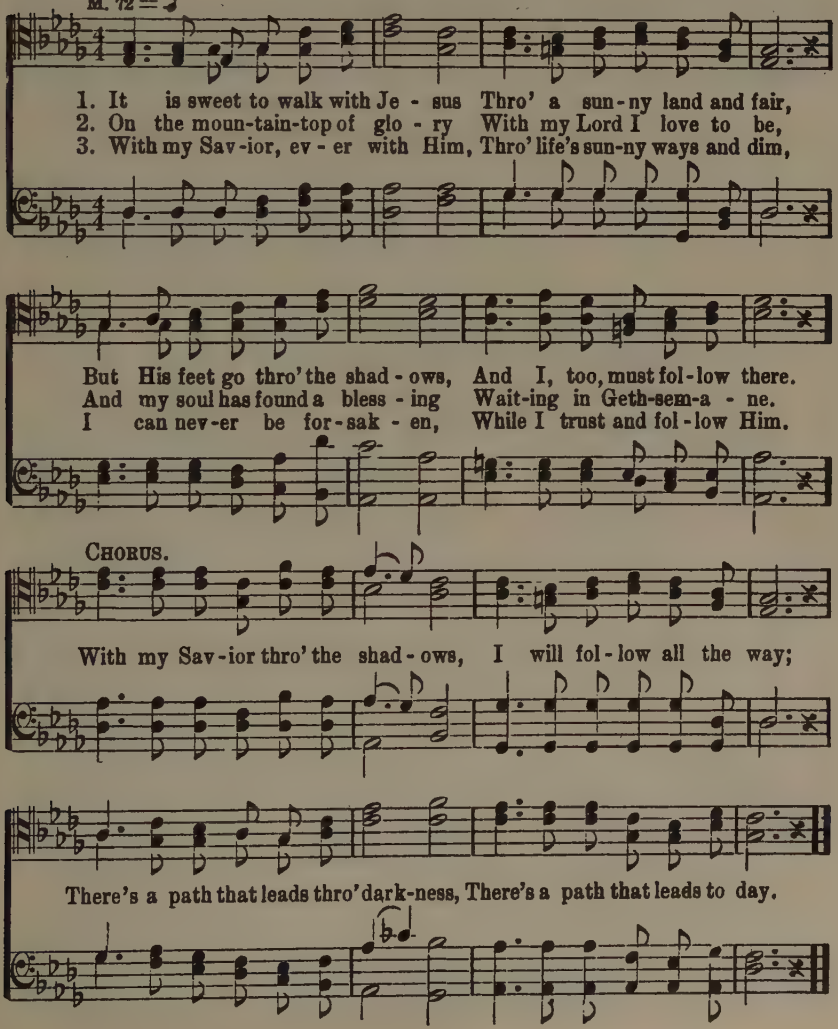
May Justus. Chas. H. Gabriel. Arr. D. P.

M. 72 = ♩


1. It is sweet to walk with Je - sus Thro' a sun-ny land and fair,
2. On the moun-tain-top of glo - ry With my Lord I love to be,
3. With my Sav-ior, ev - er with Him, Thro' life's sun-ny ways and dim,
But His feet go thro' the shad - ows, And I, too, must fol-low there.
And my soul has found a bless - ing Wait-ing in Geth-sem-a - ne.
I can nev-er be for-sak - en, While I trust and fol-low Him.
Chorus.
With my Sav-ior thro' the shad - ows, I will fol-low all the way;
There's a path that leads thro' dark-ness, There's a path that leads to day.

# Go Forward.

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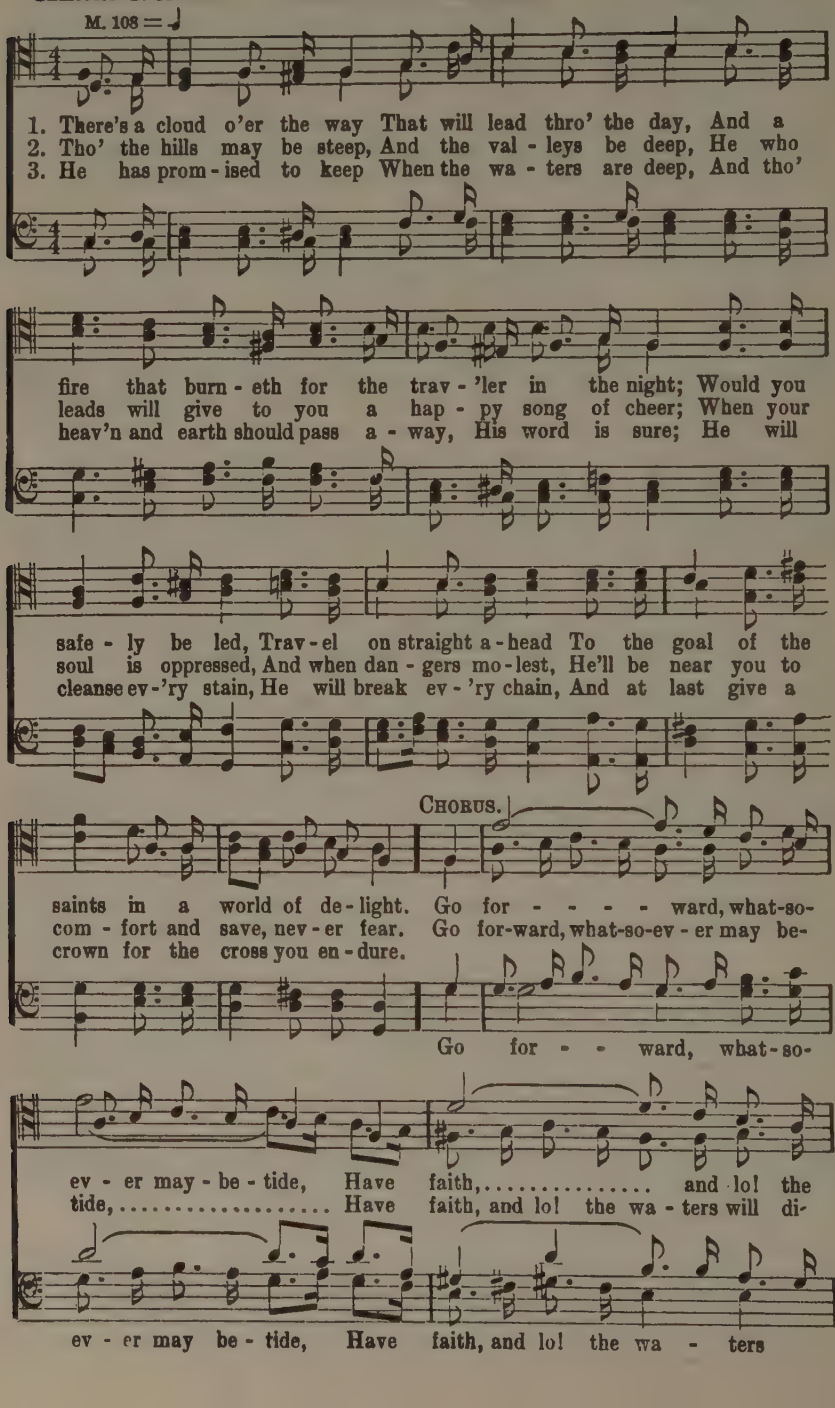
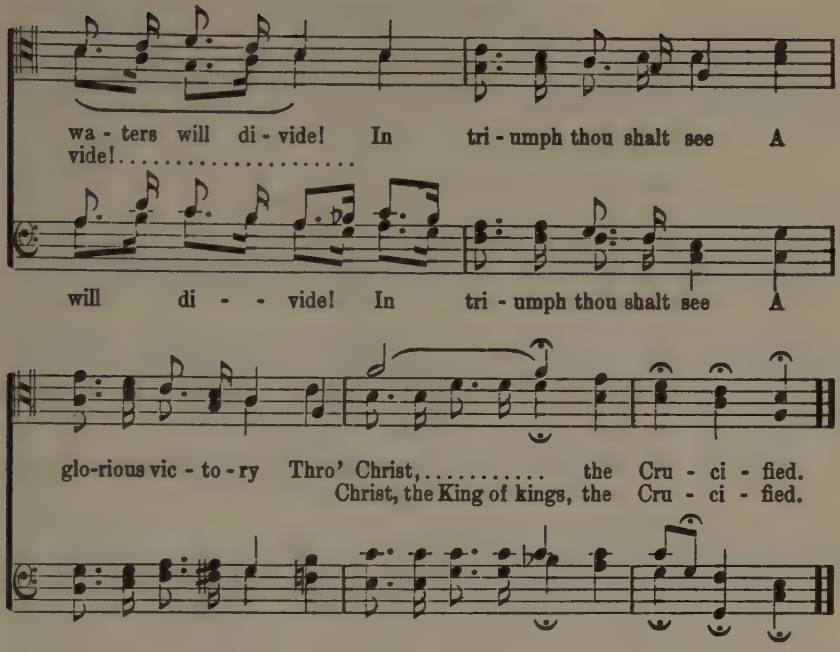
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel. Arr. D. P.


M. 108 = ♩
1. There's a cloud o'er the way That will lead thro' the day, And a
2. Tho' the hills may be steep, And the val - leys be deep, He who
3. He has prom - ised to keep When the wa - ters are deep, And tho'
fire that burn - eth for the trav - 'ler in the night; Would you
leads will give to you a hap - py song of cheer; When your
heav'n and earth should pass a - way, His word is sure; He will
safe - ly be led, Trav - el on straight a - head To the goal of the
soul is oppressed, And when dan - gers mo - lest, He'll be near you to
cleanse ev - 'ry stain, He will break ev - 'ry chain, And at last give a
CHORUS.
saints in a world of de - light. Go for - - - - ward, what-so-
com - fort and save, nev - er fear. Go for-ward, what-so-ev - er may be-
crown for the cross you en - dure.
Go for - - ward, what-so-
ev - er may - be - tide, Have faith,..... and lo! the
tide,..... Have faith, and lo! the wa - ters will di-
ev - er may be - tide, Have faith, and lo! the wa - ters

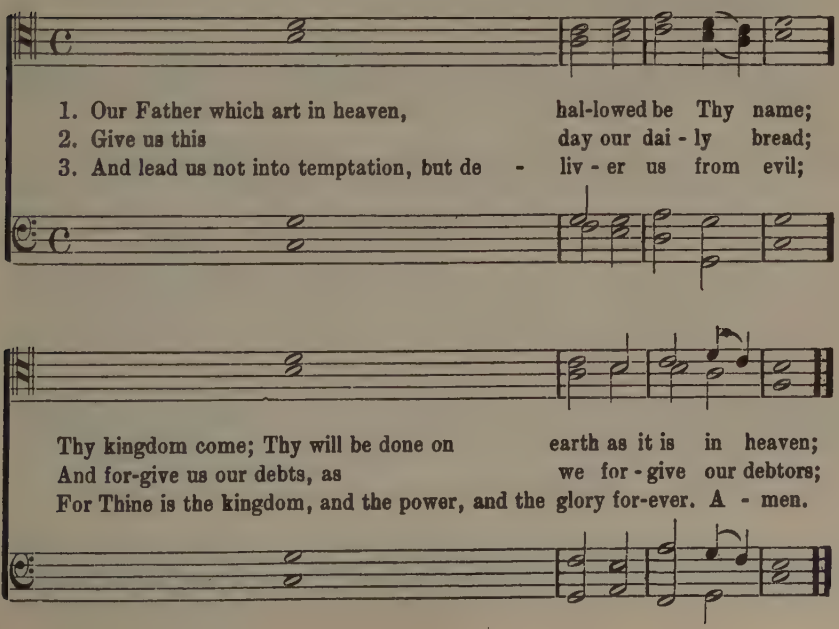
## Go Forward.


wa - ters will di - vide! In tri - umph thou shalt see A
vide!.....
will di - - vide! In tri - umph thou shalt see A
glo-rious vic - to - ry Thro' Christ,..... the Cru - ci - fied.
Christ, the King of kings, the Cru - ci - fied.

15

## The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.
Arr. D. P.


1. Our Father which art in heaven, hal-lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
And for-give us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for-ever. A - men.

# The Hands of the Savior

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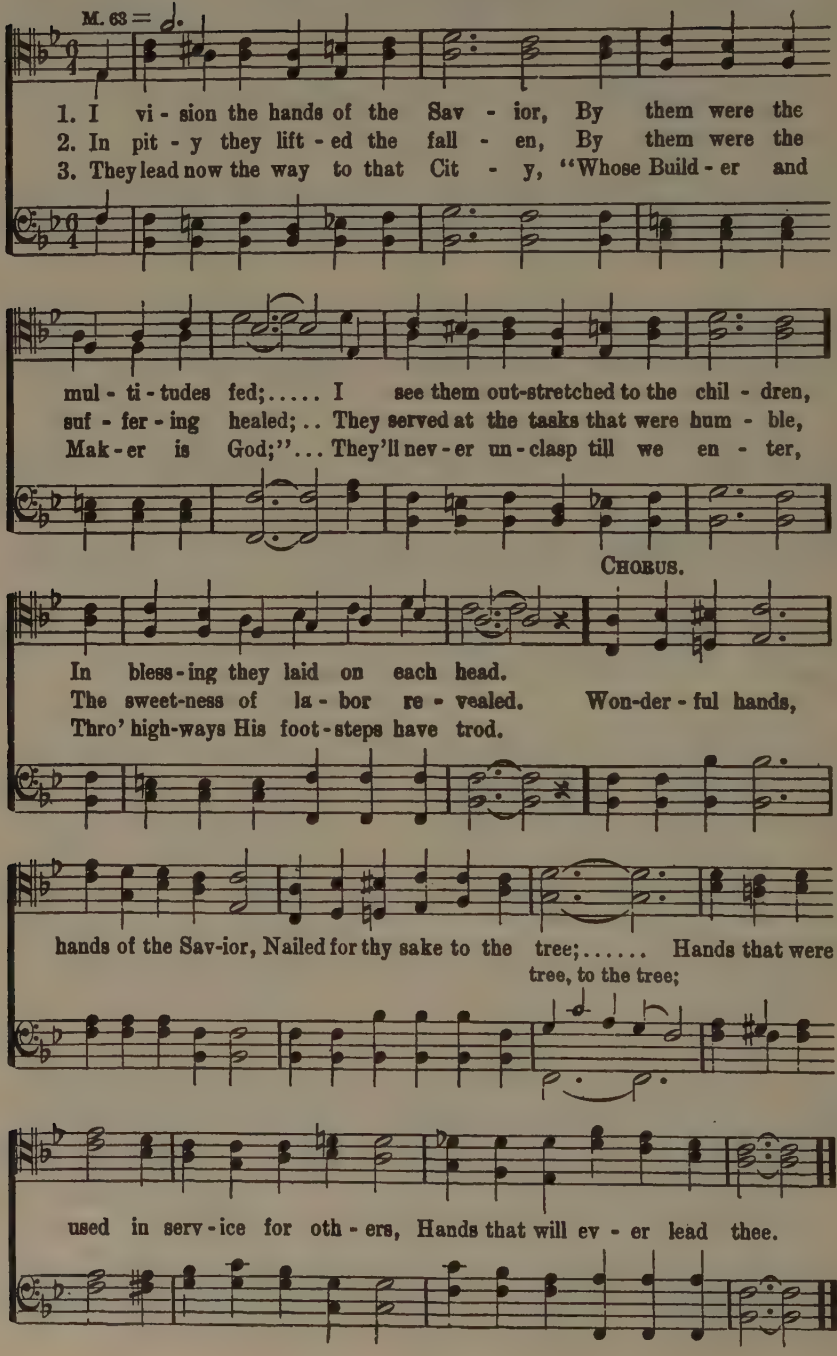
W. C. Poole.

B. D. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.

M. 63 = ♩.


1. I vi - sion the hands of the Sav - ior, By them were the
2. In pit - y they lift - ed the fall - en, By them were the
3. They lead now the way to that Cit - y, "Whose Build - er and
mul - ti - tudes fed;..... I see them out-stretched to the chil - dren,
suf - fer - ing healed;.. They served at the tasks that were hum - ble,
Mak - er is God;"... They'll nev - er un - clasp till we en - ter,
CHORUS.
In bless - ing they laid on each head.
The sweet-ness of la - bor re - vealed. Won-der - ful hands,
Thro' high-ways His foot - steps have trod.
hands of the Sav-ior, Nailed for thy sake to the tree;..... Hands that were
tree, to the tree;
used in serv - ice for oth - ers, Hands that will ev - er lead thee.

# 17 Watch in the Garden With Jesus.

E. C. Baird.

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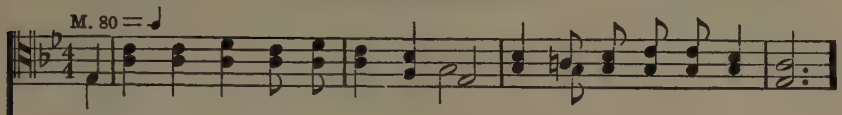
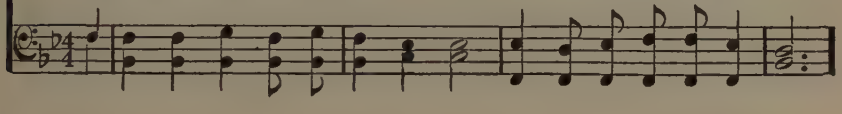
Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.

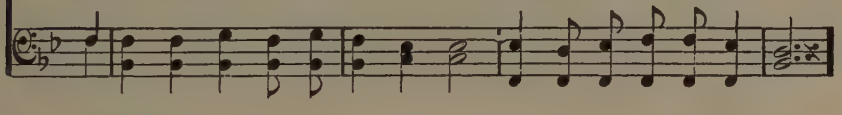
M. 80 = ♩



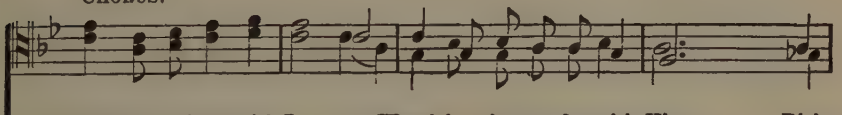
1. If mist and dark-ness be-cloud life's day, Watch in the gar-den with Him;
2. If you are troub-led with doubt and fear, Watch in the gar-den with Him;
3. If you are bur-dened with grief and pain, Watch in the gar-den with Him;
4. Tho' cold and dark be Geth-sem-a - ne, Watch in the gar-den with Him;



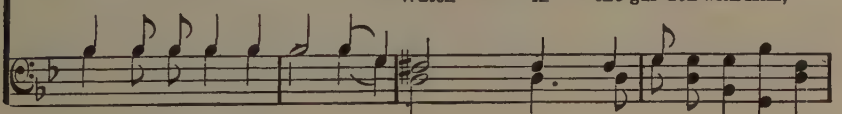
For gloom and shad-ow will flee a - way, Watch in the gar-den with Him.
For clouds will rift and the sky will clear, Watch in the gar-den with Him.
For thro' your tears you shall smile a - gain, Watch in the gar-den with Him.
The sun will shine out from Cal - va - ry, Watch in the gar-den with Him.



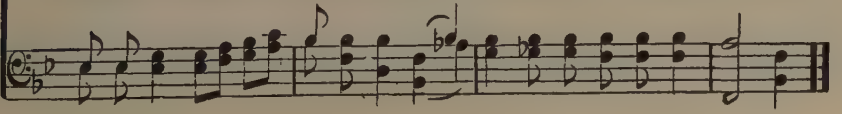
CHORUS.



Watch for an hour with Je - sus, Watch in the gar-den with Him; Rich
Watch in the gar-den with Him;



blessings He'll share, He'll banish your care; Watch in the gar-den with Je - sus.



# Sleep, Sleep.

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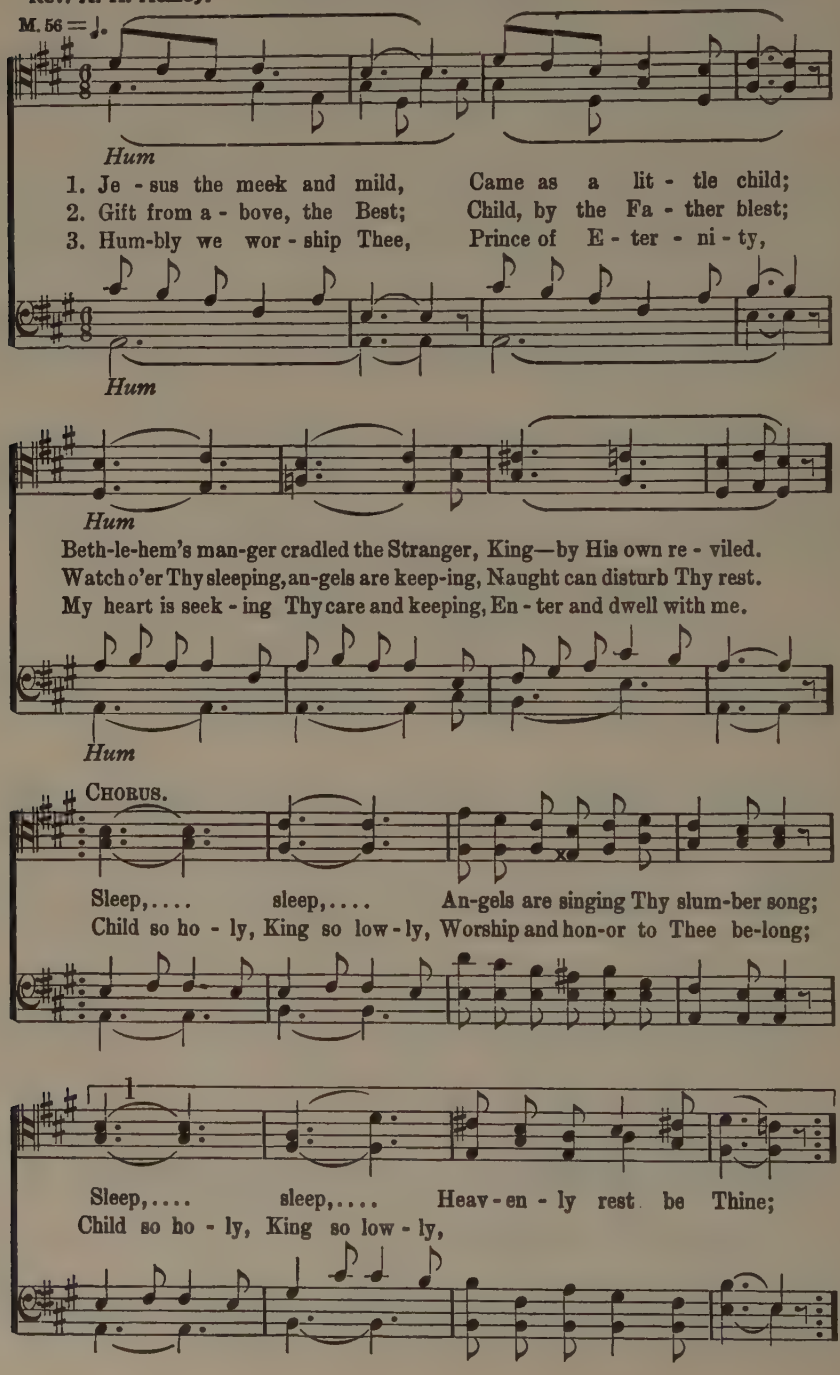
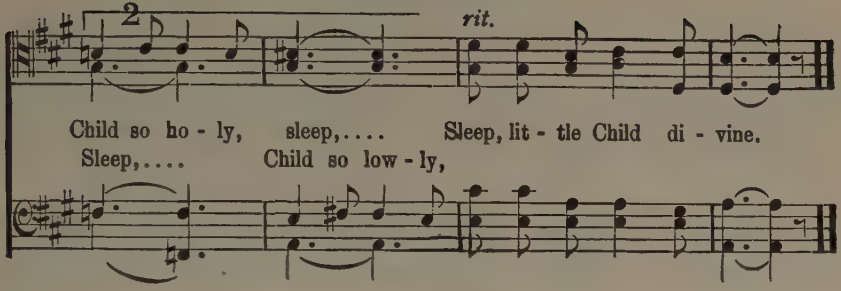
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.


M. 56 = ♩.
Hum
1. Je - sus the meek and mild, Came as a lit - tle child;
2. Gift from a - bove, the Best; Child, by the Fa - ther blest;
3. Hum-bly we wor - ship Thee, Prince of E - ter - ni - ty,
Hum
Hum
Beth-le-hem's man-ger cradled the Stranger, King—by His own re - viled.
Watch o'er Thy sleeping, an-gels are keep-ing, Naught can disturb Thy rest.
My heart is seek - ing Thy care and keeping, En - ter and dwell with me.
Hum
CHORUS.
Sleep,.... sleep,.... An-gels are singing Thy slum-ber song;
Child so ho - ly, King so low - ly, Worship and hon-or to Thee be-long;
1
Sleep,.... sleep,.... Heav - en - ly rest be Thine;
Child so ho - ly, King so low - ly,

## Sleep, Sleep.




## 19 Something For Thee.

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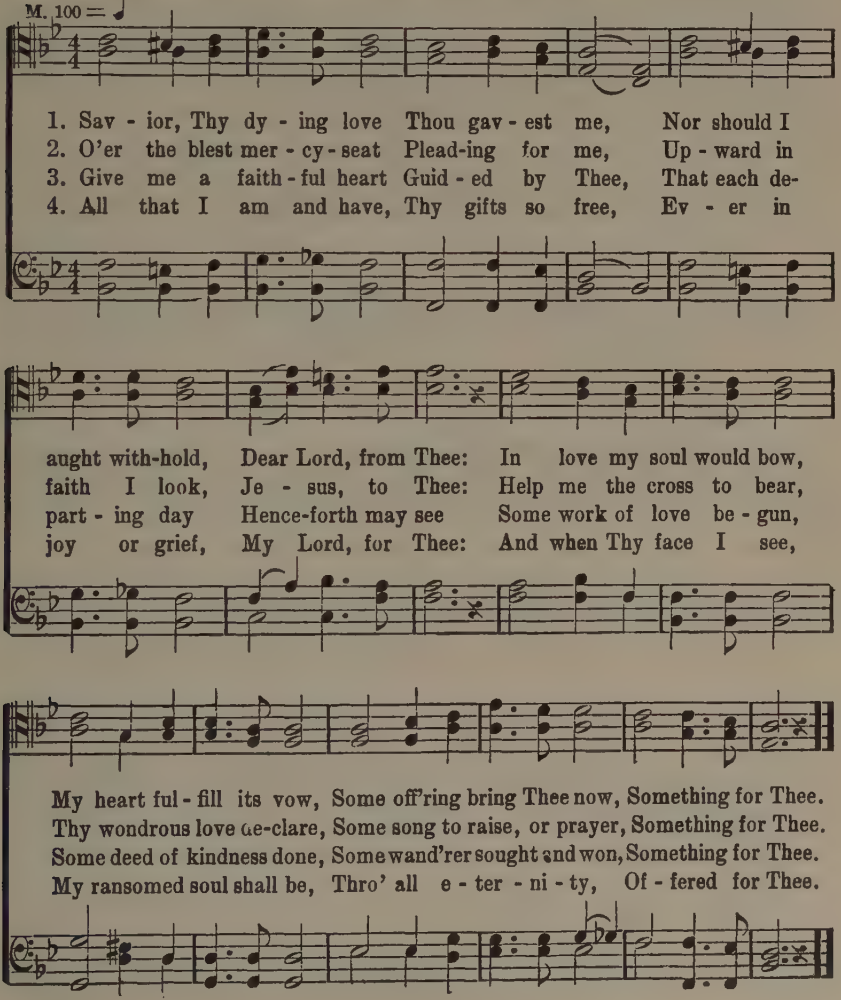
S. Dryden Phelps. B. T. Worden.

M. 100 = ♩


1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer - cy - seat Plead-ing for me, Up - ward in
3. Give me a faith - ful heart Guid - ed by Thee, That each de-
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, Ev - er in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith I look, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
joy or grief, My Lord, for Thee: And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Of - fered for Thee.

# Praise His Name.

C. H. G.

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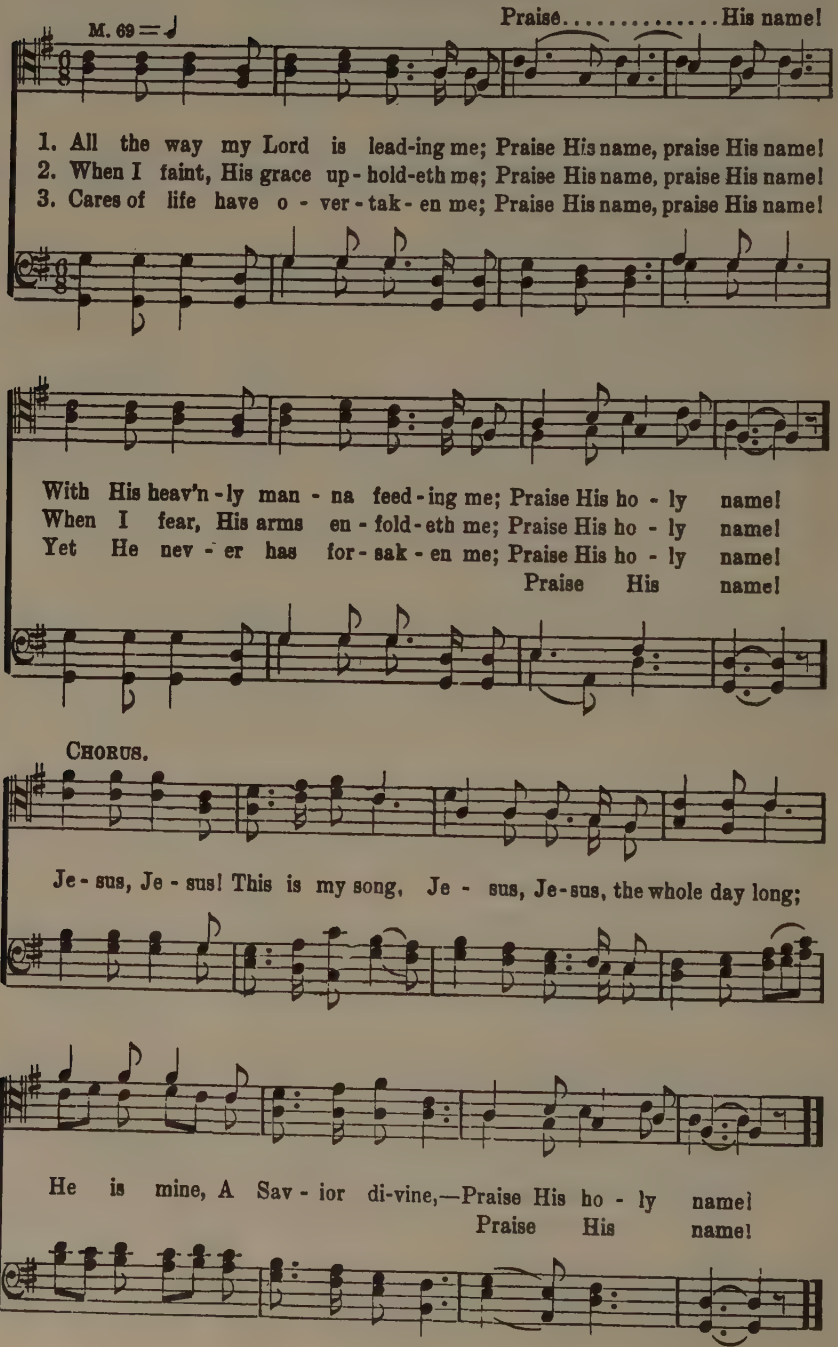
Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.


M. 69 = ♩
Praise.....His name!
1. All the way my Lord is lead-ing me; Praise His name, praise His name!
2. When I faint, His grace up-hold-eth me; Praise His name, praise His name!
3. Cares of life have o-ver-tak-en me; Praise His name, praise His name!
With His heav'n-ly man-na feed-ing me; Praise His ho-ly name!
When I fear, His arms en-fold-eth me; Praise His ho-ly name!
Yet He nev-er has for-sak-en me; Praise His ho-ly name!
Praise His name!
CHORUS.
Je-sus, Je-sus! This is my song, Je-sus, Je-sus, the whole day long;
He is mine, A Sav-ior di-vine,—Praise His ho-ly name!
Praise His name!

# 21 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

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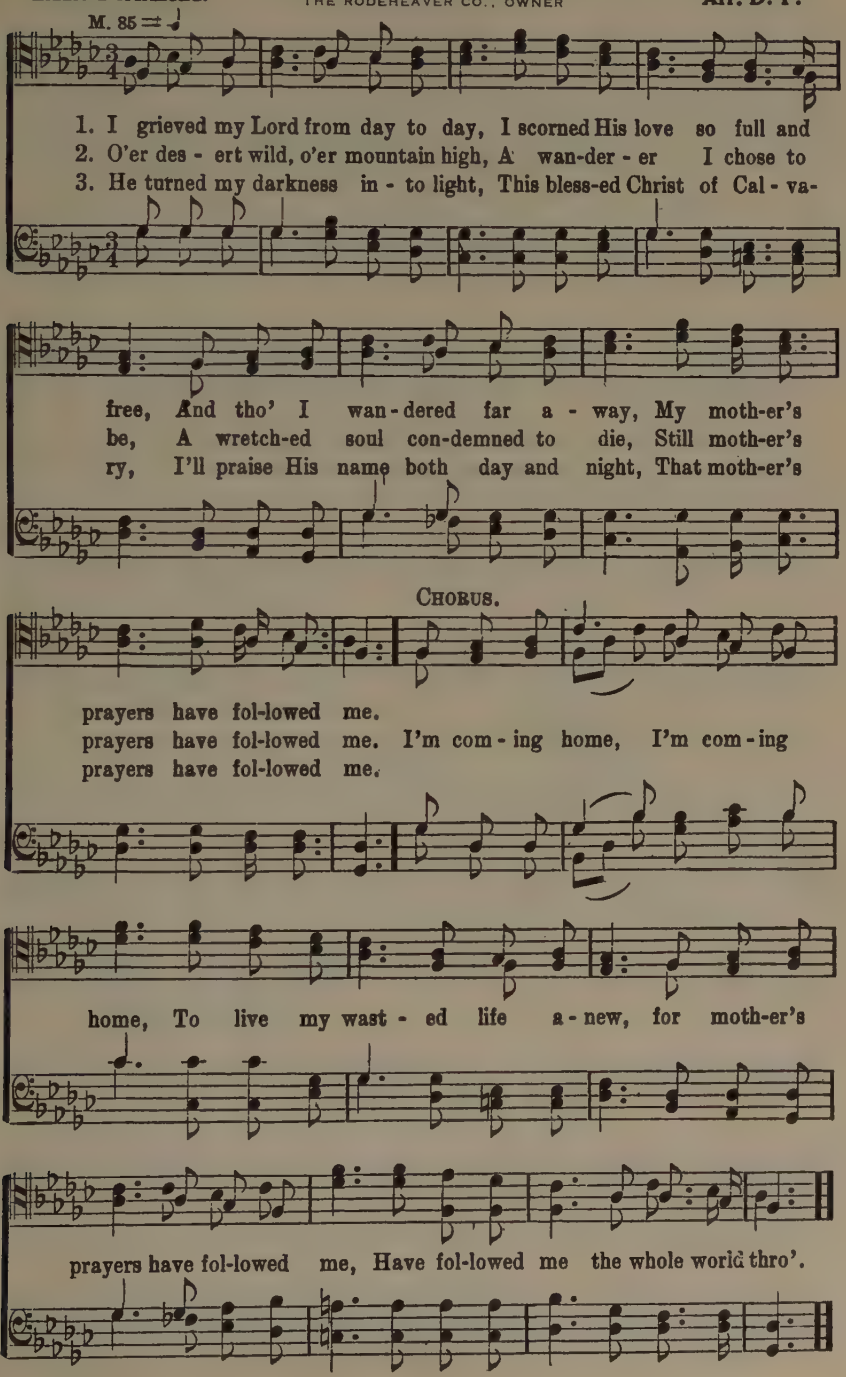
THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley. Arr. D. P.


M. 85
1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
2. O'er des - ert wild, o'er mountain high, A wan-der - er I chose to
3. He turned my darkness in - to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal - va-
free, And tho' I wan - dered far a - way, My moth-er's
be, A wretch-ed soul con-demned to die, Still moth-er's
ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth-er's
CHORUS.
prayers have fol-lowed me.
prayers have fol-lowed me. I'm com - ing home, I'm com - ing
prayers have fol-lowed me.
home, To live my wast - ed life a - new, for moth-er's
prayers have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

# 22 Back to the Faith of My Childhood.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.

M. 69 = ♩

1. Lord, take me back to the faith of my child-hood, Back to the place where my
2. Lord, take me back to the faith of my child-hood, Back to the faith that I
3. Lord, take me back to the faith of my child-hood, Back to the hope once so

heart loved to pray, Back to the friendship of Chris-tian be-liev-ers, Back to the
lost long a - go, Back to the place where I part - ed with Je-sus, Back to the
strong in my breast; Give back the joy I once had in be-liev-ing, An - chor my

CHORUS.

hope that burned brighter each day.
joy that my soul longs to know. Lord, take me back to the faith of my childhood;
soul in that ha - ven of rest.

Like the lost sheep I have wan-dered a - way; Back to the fold, gen-tle

Shep - herd, now lead me, Cleanse me, for-give me, and keep me, I pray.

# The Call to Arms.

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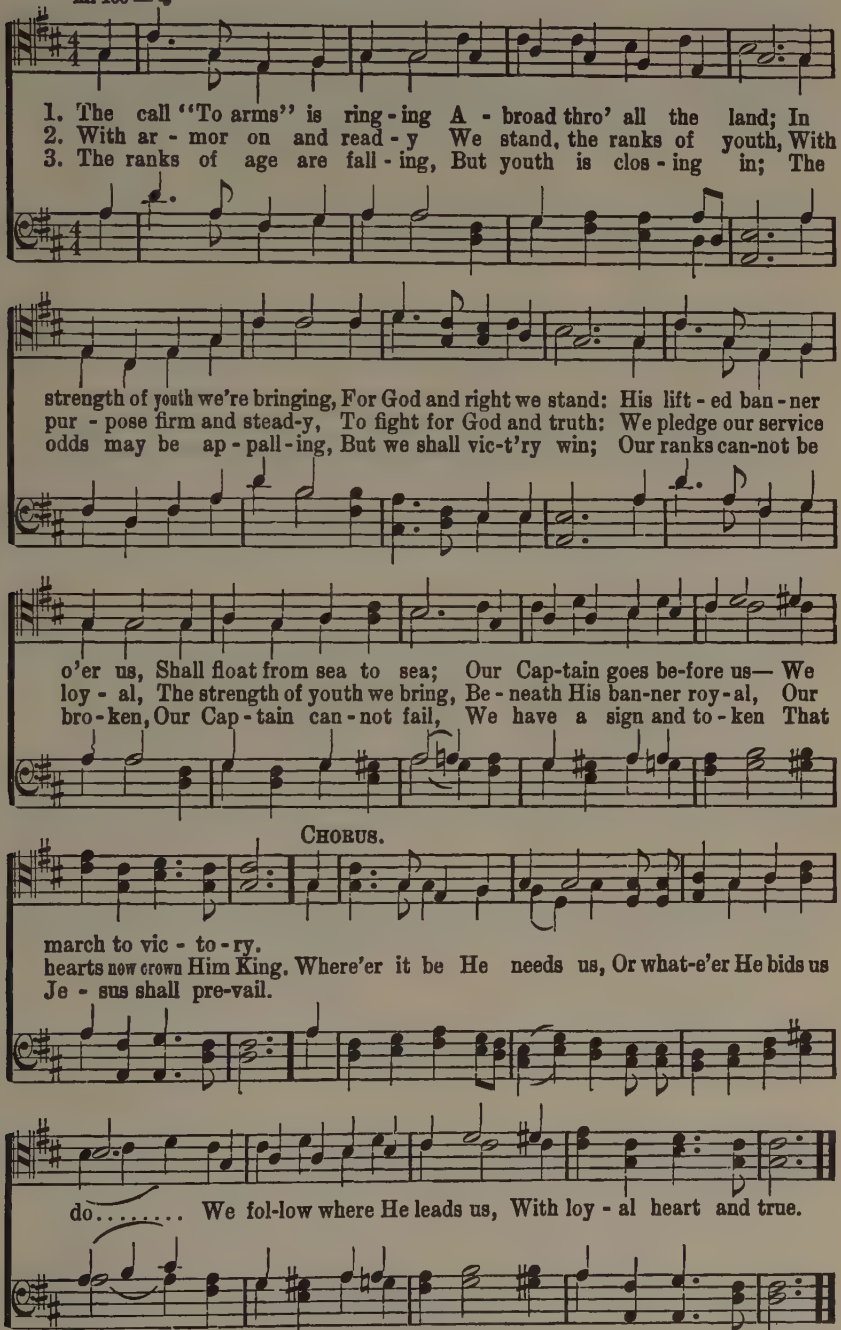
George O. Webster. Homer A. Rodeheaver.
Arr. D. P.

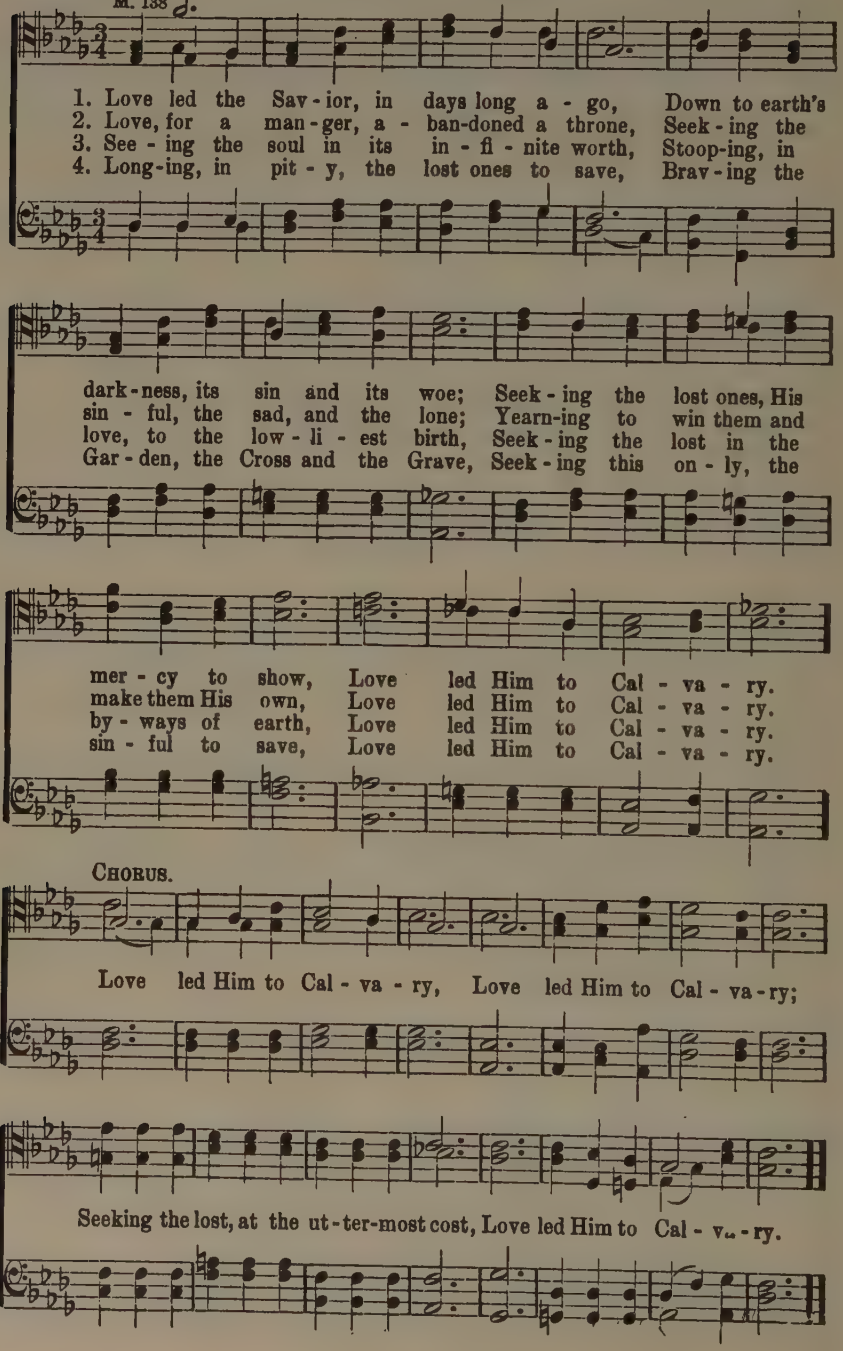
M. 100 = ♩


1. The call "To arms" is ring - ing A - broad thro' all the land; In
2. With ar - mor on and read - y We stand, the ranks of youth, With
3. The ranks of age are fall - ing, But youth is clos - ing in; The
strength of youth we're bringing, For God and right we stand: His lift - ed ban - ner
pur - pose firm and stead-y, To fight for God and truth: We pledge our service
odds may be ap - pall - ing, But we shall vic-t'ry win; Our ranks can-not be
o'er us, Shall float from sea to sea; Our Cap-tain goes be-fore us— We
loy - al, The strength of youth we bring, Be - neath His ban-ner roy - al, Our
bro - ken, Our Cap - tain can - not fail, We have a sign and to - ken That
CHORUS.
march to vic - to - ry.
hearts now crown Him King. Where'er it be He needs us, Or what-e'er He bids us
Je - sus shall pre-vail.
do..... We fol-low where He leads us, With loy - al heart and true.

# 24 Love Led Him to Calvary.

Geo. O. Webster. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel. Arr. D. P.

M. 138


1. Love led the Sav - ior, in days long a - go, Down to earth's dark - ness, its sin and its woe; Seek - ing the lost ones, His mer - cy to show, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
2. Love, for a man - ger, a - ban-doned a throne, Seek - ing the sin - ful, the sad, and the lone; Yearn-ing to win them and make them His own, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
3. See - ing the soul in its in - fi - nite worth, Stoop-ing, in love, to the low - li - est birth, Seek - ing the lost in the by - ways of earth, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
4. Long-ing, in pit - y, the lost ones to save, Brav - ing the Gar - den, the Cross and the Grave, Seek - ing this on - ly, the sin - ful to save, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Love led Him to Cal - va - ry, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry;
Seeking the lost, at the ut - ter-most cost, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.

# The Heavenly Shepherd.

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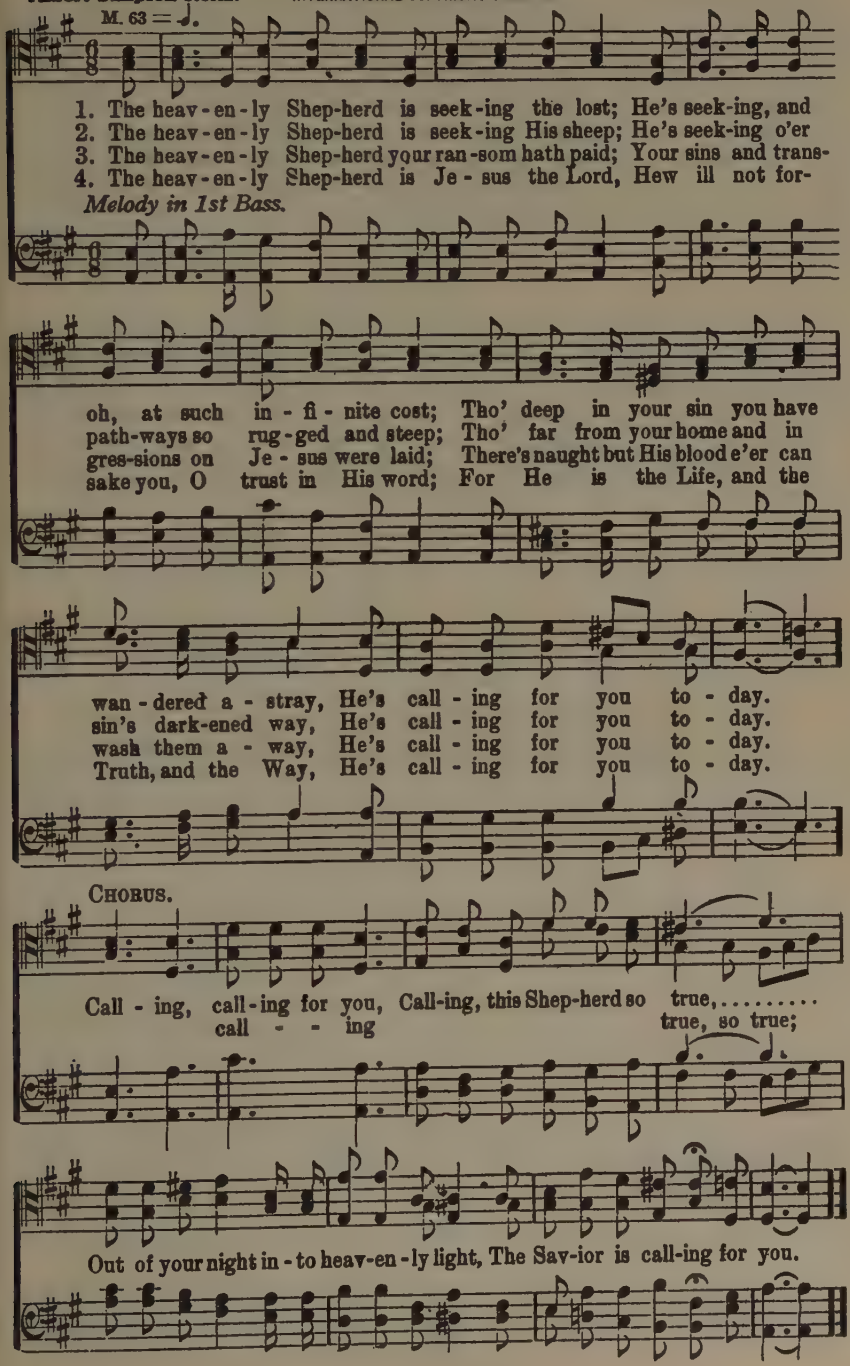
Albert Simpson Reitz. Daniel Protheroe.

M. 63 = ♩.


1. The heav-en-ly Shep-herd is seek-ing the lost; He's seek-ing, and
2. The heav-en-ly Shep-herd is seek-ing His sheep; He's seek-ing o'er
3. The heav-en-ly Shep-herd your ran-som hath paid; Your sins and trans-
4. The heav-en-ly Shep-herd is Je-sus the Lord, Hew ill not for-
Melody in 1st Bass.
oh, at such in-fi-nite cost; Tho' deep in your sin you have
path-ways so rug-ged and steep; Tho' far from your home and in
gres-sions on Je-sus were laid; There's naught but His blood e'er can
sake you, O trust in His word; For He is the Life, and the
wan-dered a-stray, He's call-ing for you to-day.
sin's dark-ened way, He's call-ing for you to-day.
wash them a-way, He's call-ing for you to-day.
Truth, and the Way, He's call-ing for you to-day.
CHORUS.
Call-ing, call-ing for you, Call-ing, this Shep-herd so true,.....
call - - ing true, so true;
Out of your night in-to heav-en-ly light, The Sav-ior is call-ing for you.

# Good Night and Good Morning.

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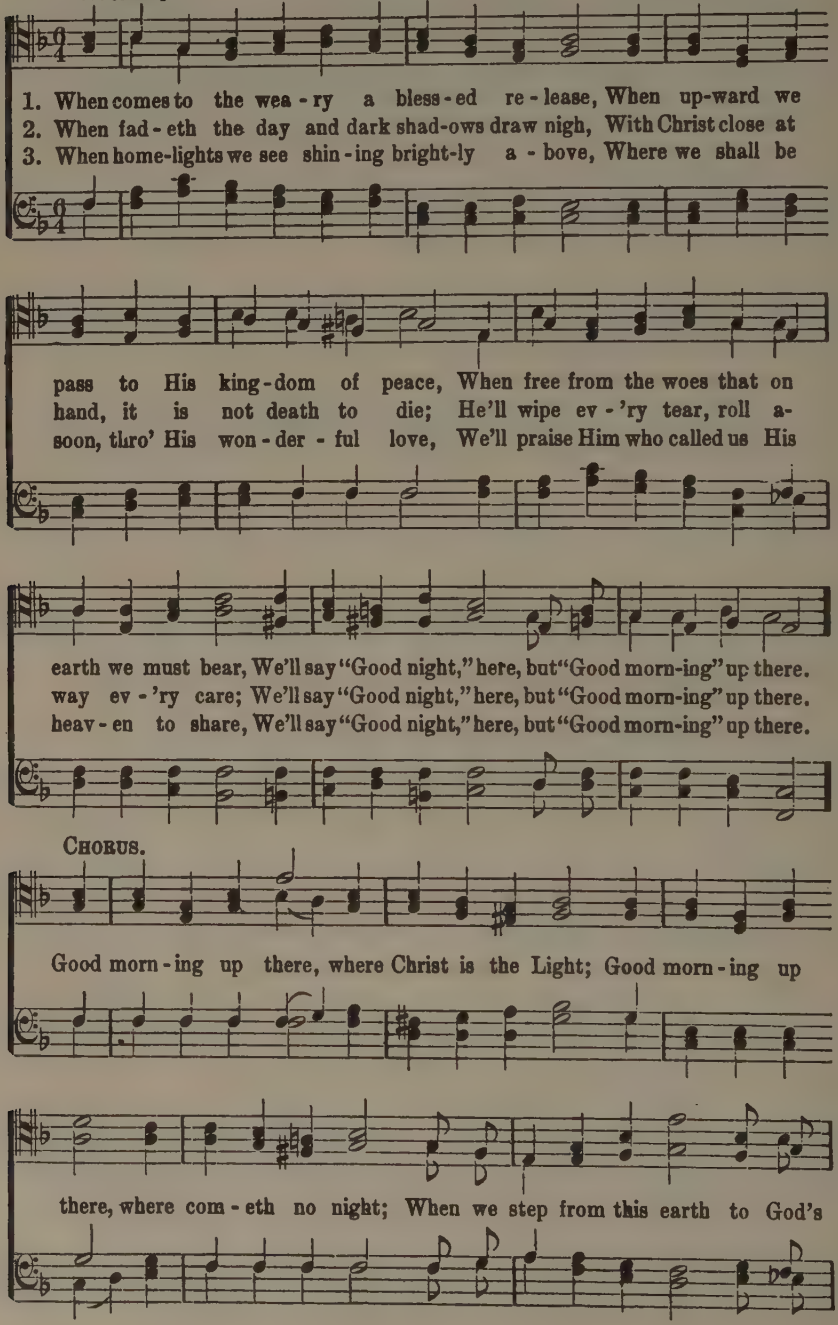
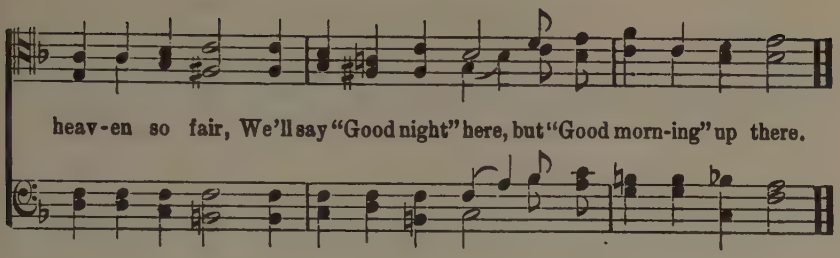
Lizzie DeArmond.

Homer A. Rodeheaver.
Arr. D. P.

M. 85 = ♩


1. When comes to the wea - ry a bless - ed re - lease, When up-ward we pass to His king-dom of peace, When free from the woes that on earth we must bear, We'll say "Good night," here, but "Good morn-ing" up there.
2. When fad - eth the day and dark shad-ows draw nigh, With Christ close at hand, it is not death to die; He'll wipe ev - 'ry tear, roll a- way ev - 'ry care; We'll say "Good night," here, but "Good morn-ing" up there.
3. When home-lights we see shin - ing bright-ly a - bove, Where we shall be soon, thro' His won - der - ful love, We'll praise Him who called us His heav - en to share, We'll say "Good night," here, but "Good morn-ing" up there.
CHORUS.
Good morn - ing up there, where Christ is the Light; Good morn - ing up there, where com - eth no night; When we step from this earth to God's

## Good Night and Good Morning.




## 27 Come Just Now.

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Rev. T. O. Chisholm. Geo. C. Stebbins. Arr. D. P.

M. 60 = ♩.

1. God of-fers now His great sal-va-tion, Come just now! O hear His
2. Do not de-lay a mo-ment lon-ger, Come just now! Nor lin-ger
3. Why thus de-fer with-out a rea-son? Come just now! There will be
4. Why hes-i-tate to make de-ci-sion? Come just now! Why fear a
5. Your soul is in the bal-ance ly-ing, Come just now! The hours of

CHORUS.

gra-cious in-vi-ta-tion, Come just now!...
till de-sire be strong-er, Come just now!...
no "con-ven-ient sea-son," Come just now!... Now, just now! He
dy-ing world's de-ri-sion? Come just now!...
des-ti-ny are fly-ing, Come just now!...

just now!

waits to bless and save; It was for you His life He gave, Come just now!...
just now;

# The Same Old Way.

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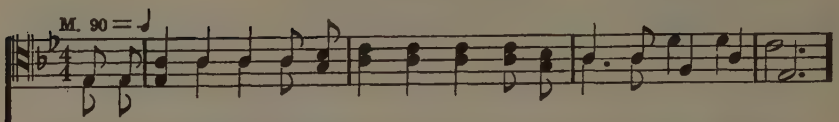
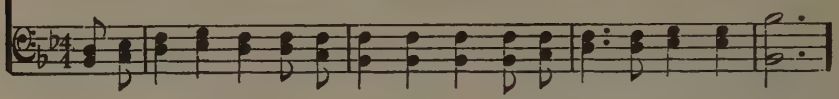
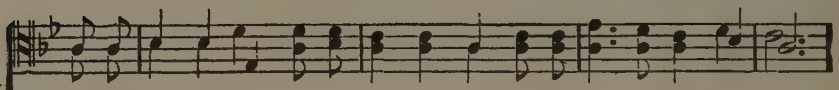
W. T. M.

Mrs. W. T. Morris.
Arr. D. P.

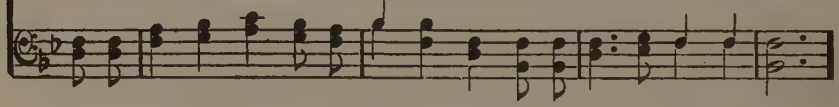



1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fa - thers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Sa-tan will de - lay,
3. Man-y stop to look for a bet - ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar-row, but 'tis straight;

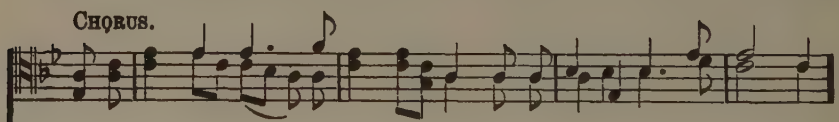




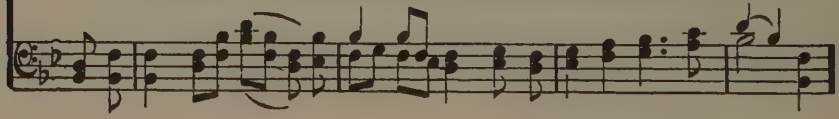
We will join them there in the land of day, And for-ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice, Say-ing, "Keep the nar-row way."
While the faith-ful few, by their stead-y trend, En - ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up - hill, we mount upward still, Tow'rd the heav'nly, pearly gate.

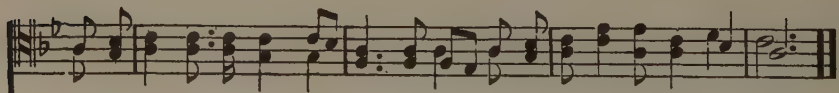


CHORUS.

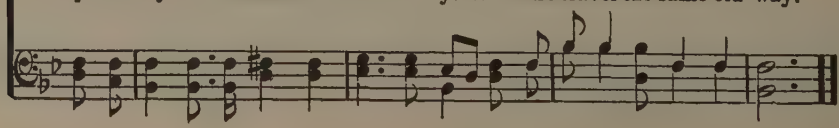


'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus,—





By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.



# Somebody Cares.

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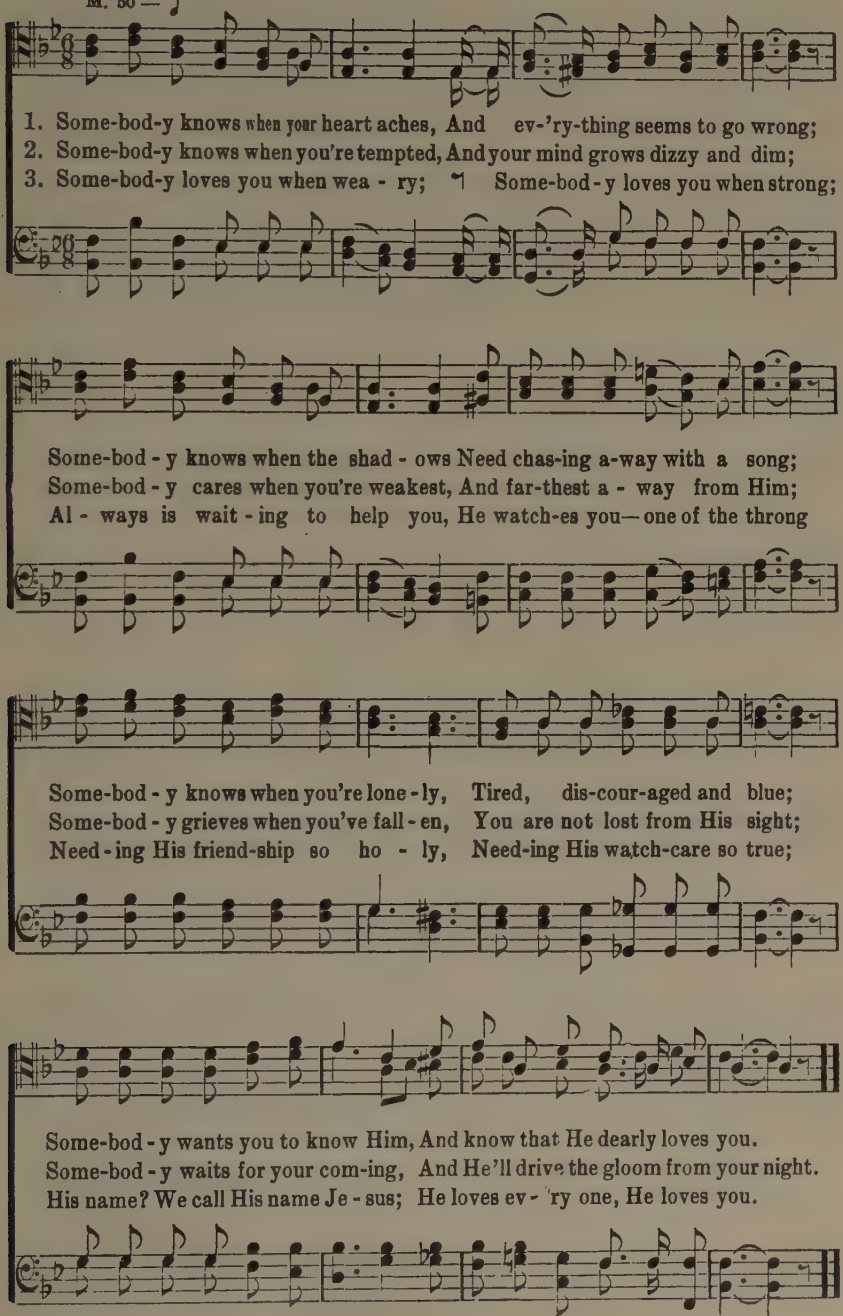
Fannie Edna Stafford.

Homer A. Rodeheaver.
Arr. D. P.

M. 50 = ♩


1. Some-bod-y knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-bod-y knows when you're tempted, And your mind grows dizzy and dim;
3. Some-bod-y loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;
Some-bod - y knows when the shad - ows Need chas-ing a-way with a song;
Some-bod - y cares when you're weakest, And far-thest a - way from Him;
Al - ways is wait - ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng
Some-bod - y knows when you're lone - ly, Tired, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod - y grieves when you've fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need - ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true;
Some-bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dearly loves you.
Some-bod - y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus; He loves ev - 'ry one, He loves you.

# I Need Jesus.

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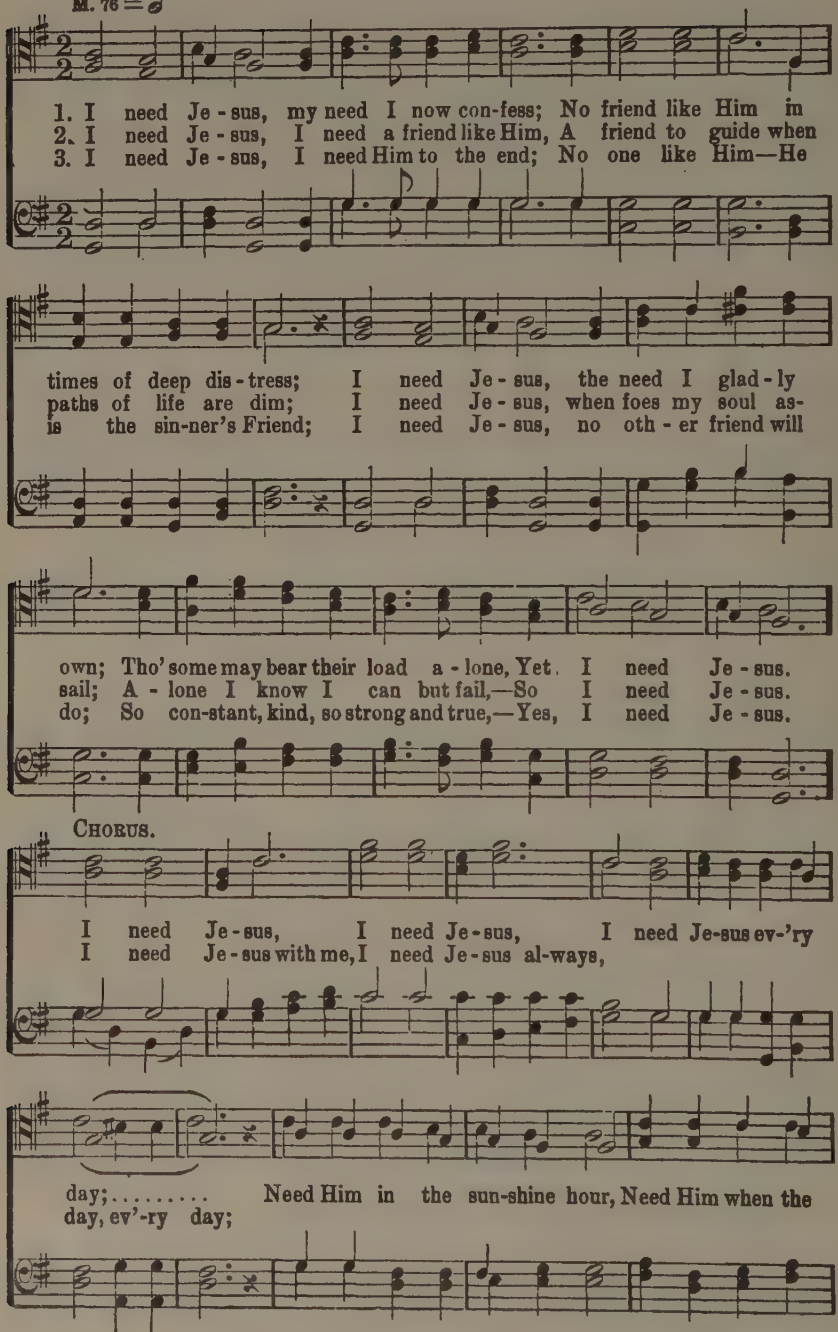
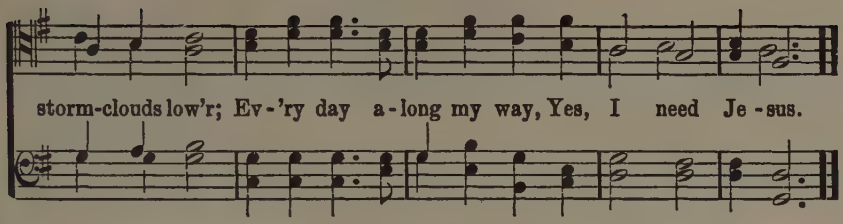
Geo. O. Webster.

Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.

M. 76 = ♩


1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in
2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when
3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him—He
times of deep dis - tress; I need Je - sus, the need I glad - ly
paths of life are dim; I need Je - sus, when foes my soul as-
is the sin-ner's Friend; I need Je - sus, no oth - er friend will
own; Tho' some may bear their load a - lone, Yet I need Je - sus.
sail; A - lone I know I can but fail,—So I need Je - sus.
do; So con-stant, kind, so strong and true,—Yes, I need Je - sus.
CHORUS.
I need Je - sus, I need Je - sus, I need Je-sus ev-'ry
I need Je - sus with me, I need Je - sus al-ways,
day;..... Need Him in the sun-shine hour, Need Him when the
day, ev'-ry day;

## I Need Jesus.




## 31 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. (SANDOW.) C. H. Purday. Arr. D. P.

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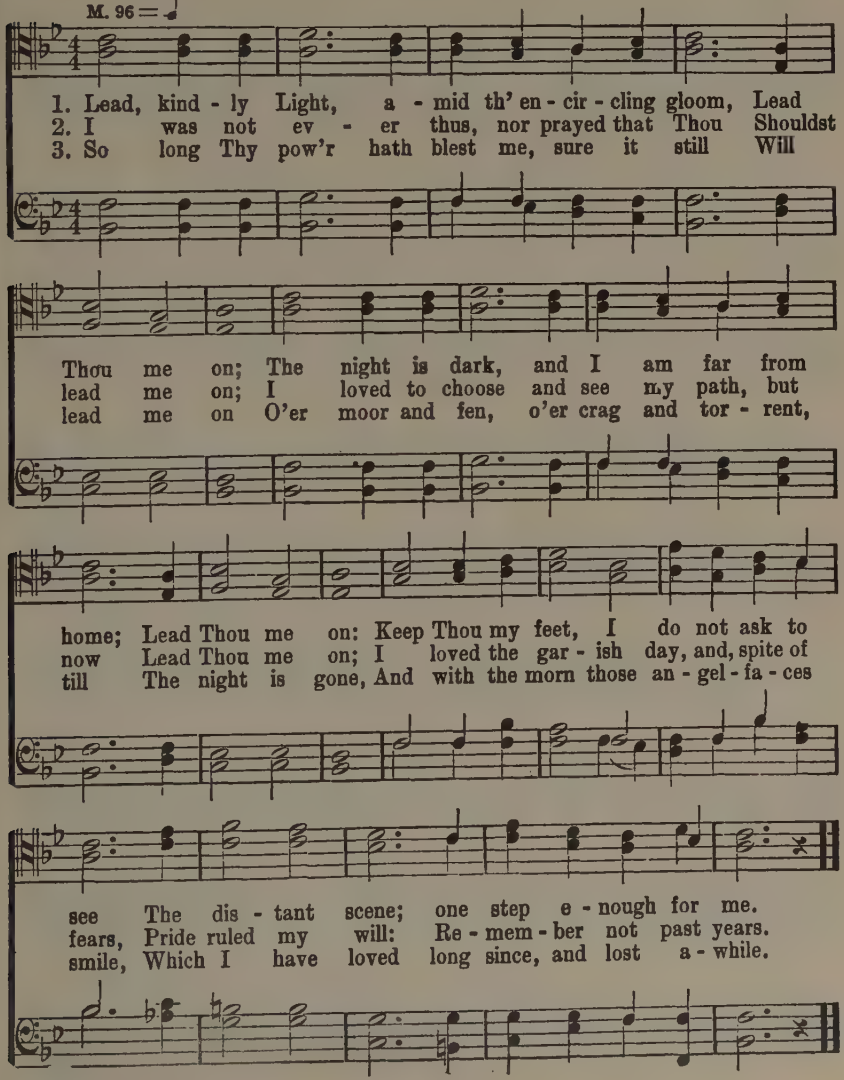
M. 96 = ♩


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will
Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from
lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but
lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent,
home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to
now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of
till The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel-fa-ces
see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

# If Your Heart Keeps Right.

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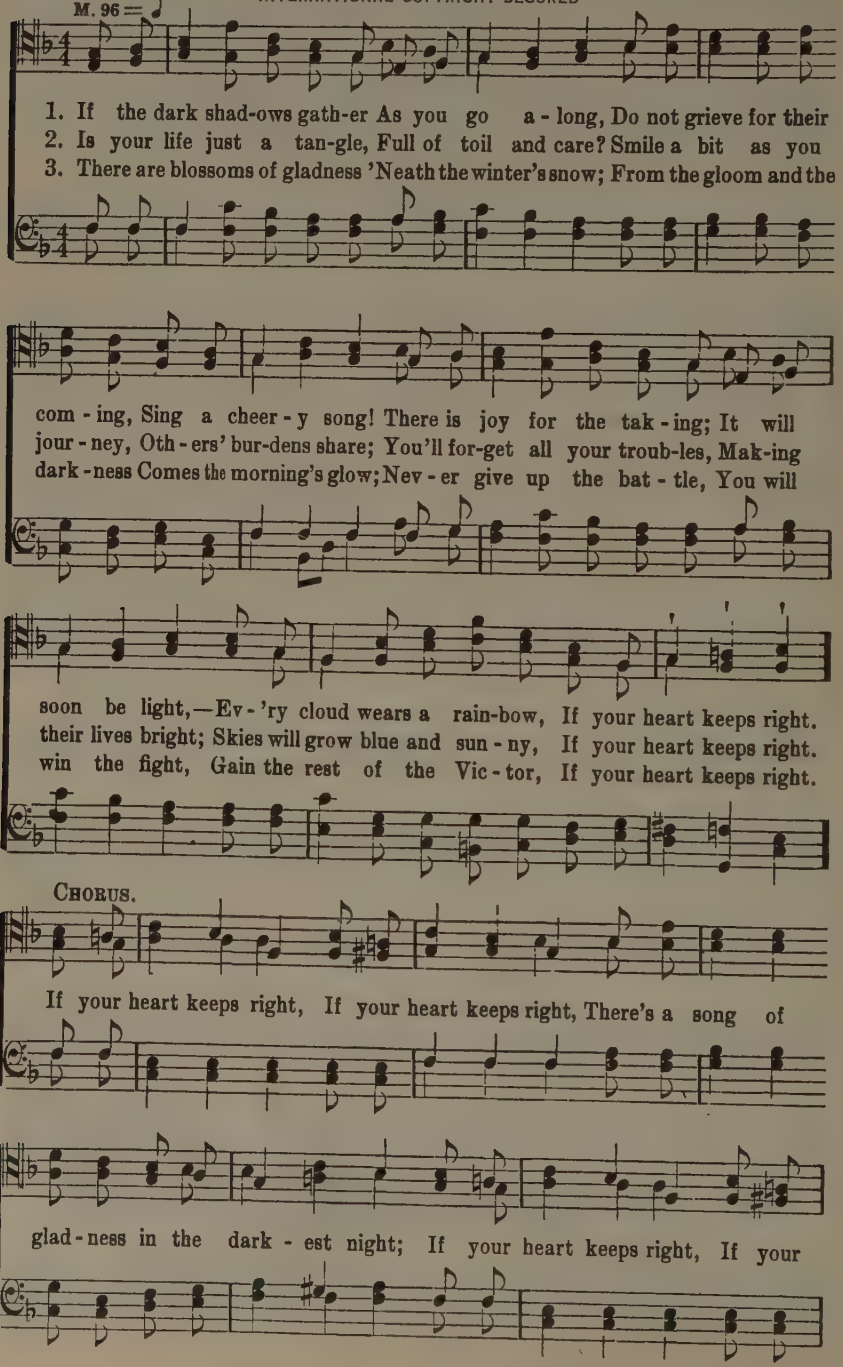
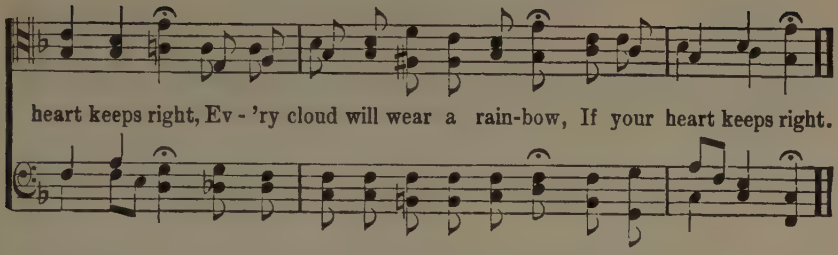
Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley. Arr. D. P.

M. 96 = ♩


1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their com - ing, Sing a cheer - y song! There is joy for the tak - ing; It will soon be light,—Ev - 'ry cloud wears a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.
2. Is your life just a tan-gle, Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you jour - ney, Oth - ers' bur-dens share; You'll for-get all your troub-les, Mak-ing their lives bright; Skies will grow blue and sun - ny, If your heart keeps right.
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow; From the gloom and the dark - ness Comes the morning's glow; Nev - er give up the bat - tle, You will win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic - tor, If your heart keeps right.
CHORUS.
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of glad - ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

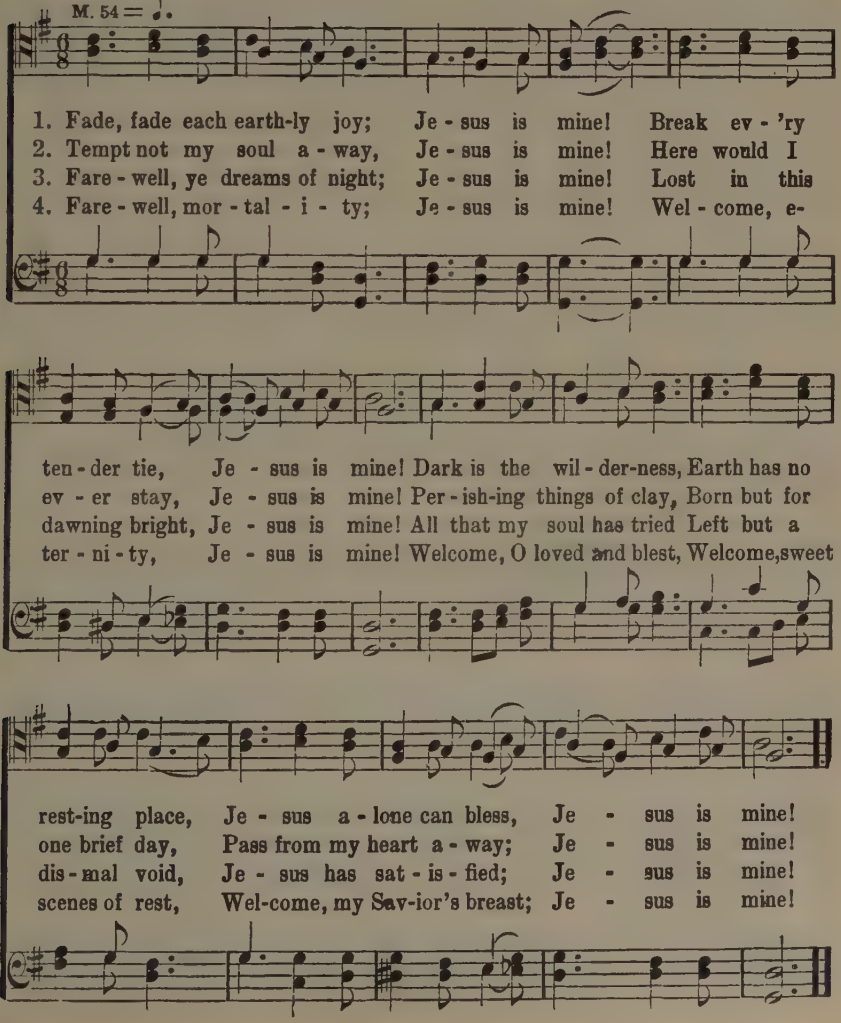
## If Your Heart Keeps Right.




## 33 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar.

Theodore S. Perkins.
Arr. D. P.

M. 54 = ♩.

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e-
ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
dawning bright, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet
rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine!
dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine!
scenes of rest, Wel-come, my Sav-ior's breast; Je - sus is mine!

34

# I Walk With the King.

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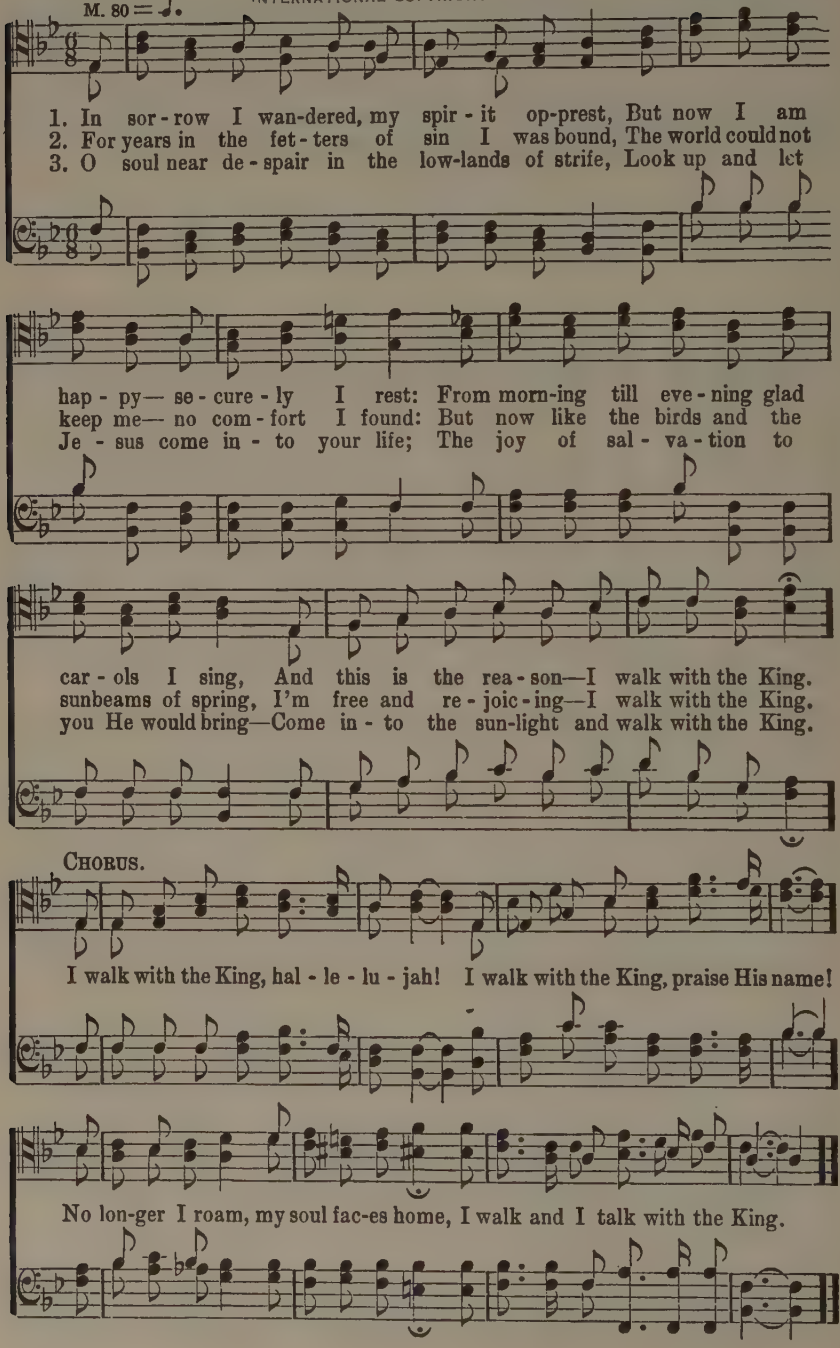
James Rowe.

B. D. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.

M. 80 = ♩.


1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op-prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de - spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let
hap - py— se - cure - ly I rest: From morn-ing till eve - ning glad
keep me— no com - fort I found: But now like the birds and the
Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to
car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son—I walk with the King.
sunbeams of spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in - to the sun-light and walk with the King.
Chorus.
I walk with the King, hal - le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No lon-ger I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

# 35 Tell What the Lord Hath Done.

Psalms 30 and 66.

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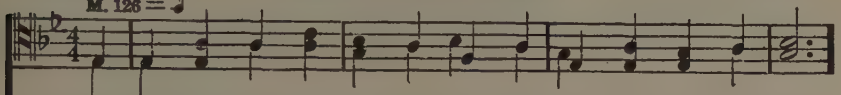
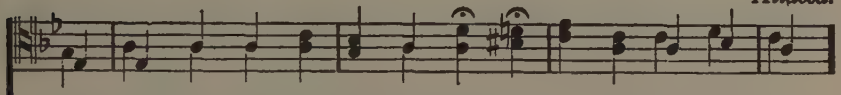
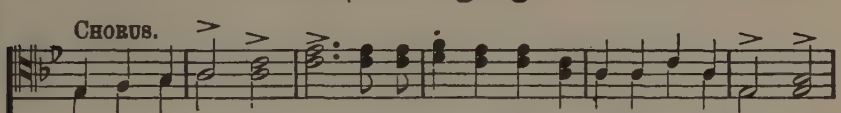
J. B. Herbert.
Arr. D. P.

M. 126 = ♩



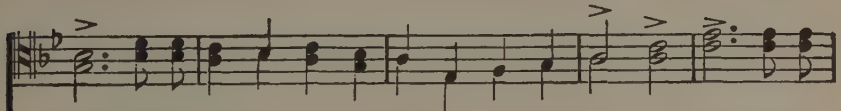
1. Ye that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell What He did for my soul:
2. O let the Lord, our gra-cious God, For - ev - er bless - ed be;
3. I cried to Thee, O Lord, my God, Thou didst me heal and save;

*Attacca.*

I cried to Him, He heard my prayer, And I will Him ex - tol.
Who hath not turned my prayer from Him, Nor yet His face from me.
From death Thou didst de - liv - er me, And ran - som from the grave.

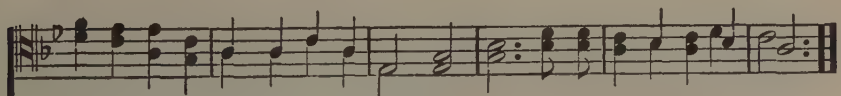


CHORUS.

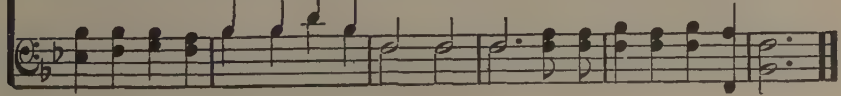
O I will tell, tell, tell what the Lord hath done for me; Yes, I will tell, tell,



tell how the Lord hath set me free; O I will tell, tell, tell what the



Lord hath done for me; Yes, I will tell, tell, tell how the Lord hath set me free.



# Receive My Cry.

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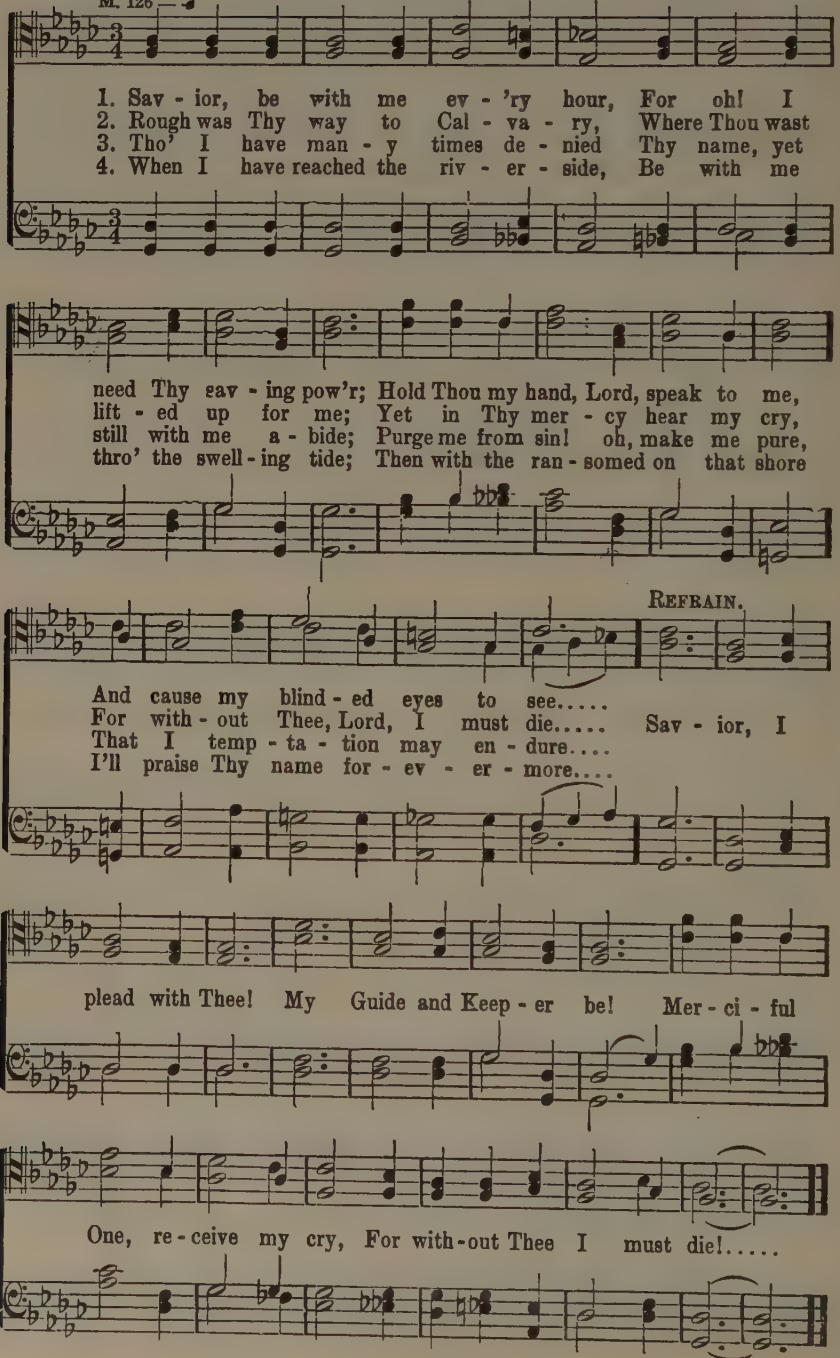
C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.

M. 126 = ♩


1. Sav - ior, be with me ev - 'ry hour, For oh! I
2. Rough was Thy way to Cal - va - ry, Where Thou wast
3. Tho' I have man - y times de - nied Thy name, yet
4. When I have reached the riv - er - side, Be with me
need Thy sav - ing pow'r; Hold Thou my hand, Lord, speak to me,
lift - ed up for me; Yet in Thy mer - cy hear my cry,
still with me a - bide; Purge me from sin! oh, make me pure,
thro' the swell - ing tide; Then with the ran - somed on that shore
REFRAIN.
And cause my blind - ed eyes to see.....
For with - out Thee, Lord, I must die..... Sav - ior, I
That I temp - ta - tion may en - dure....
I'll praise Thy name for - ev - er - more....
plead with Thee! My Guide and Keep - er be! Mer - ci - ful
One, re - ceive my cry, For with - out Thee I must die!.....

# 37 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. M. 66 = ♩.

Mrs. C. H. Morris. Arr. D. P.

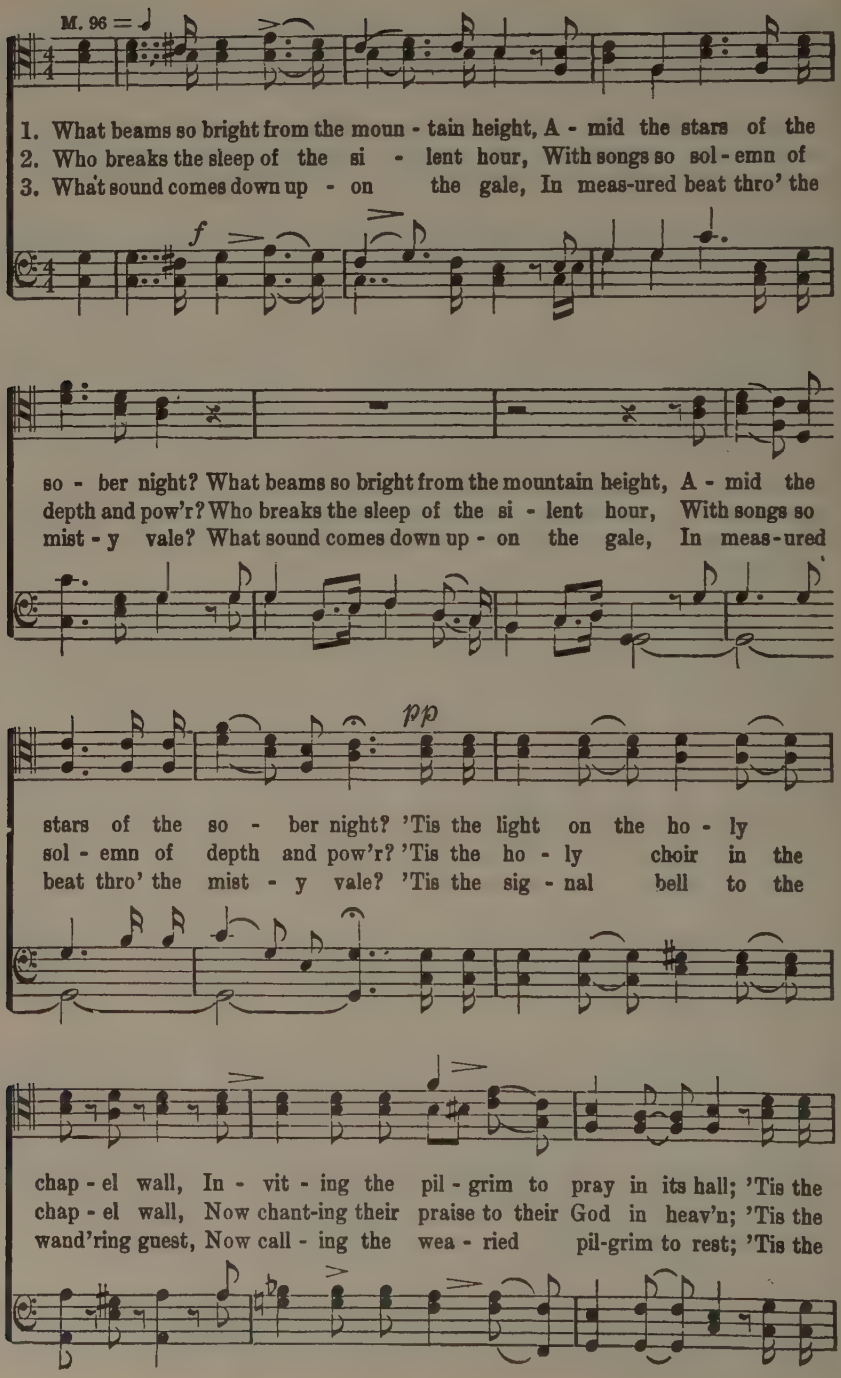
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;.... If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;.... Fountains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;.... If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;.... If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,

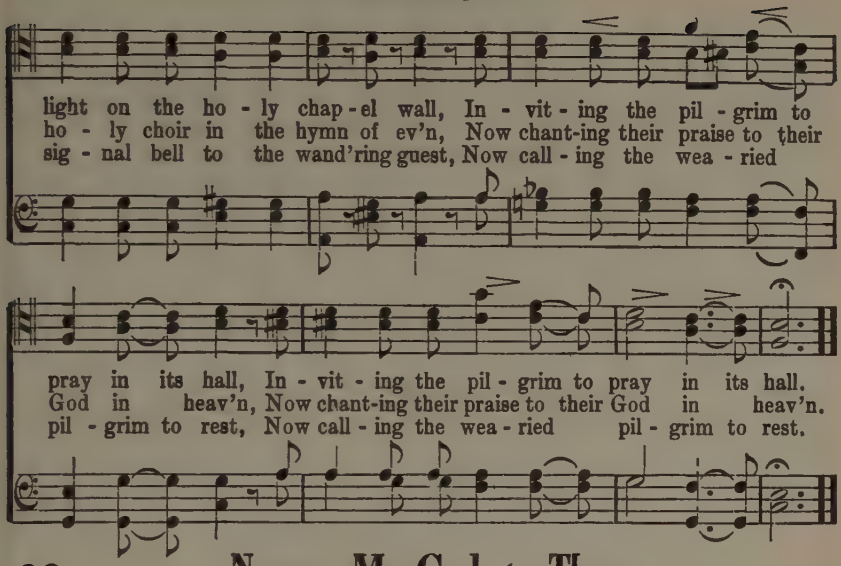
CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. 1–3. Just now your doubt-ings give o'er, Just now re - ject Him no more, Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. doubt-ings are o'er, Just now, re - ject-ing no more, Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. 4. Just now my

# The Chapel.

C. Kreutzer.


M. 96 = ♩
1. What beams so bright from the moun - tain height, A - mid the stars of the
2. Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour, With songs so sol - emn of
3. What sound comes down up - on the gale, In meas-ured beat thro' the
f
so - ber night? What beams so bright from the mountain height, A - mid the
depth and pow'r? Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour, With songs so
mist - y vale? What sound comes down up - on the gale, In meas-ured
pp
stars of the so - ber night? 'Tis the light on the ho - ly
sol - emn of depth and pow'r? 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the
beat thro' the mist - y vale? 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the
chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall; 'Tis the
chap - el wall, Now chant-ing their praise to their God in heav'n; 'Tis the
wand'ring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried pil-grim to rest; 'Tis the

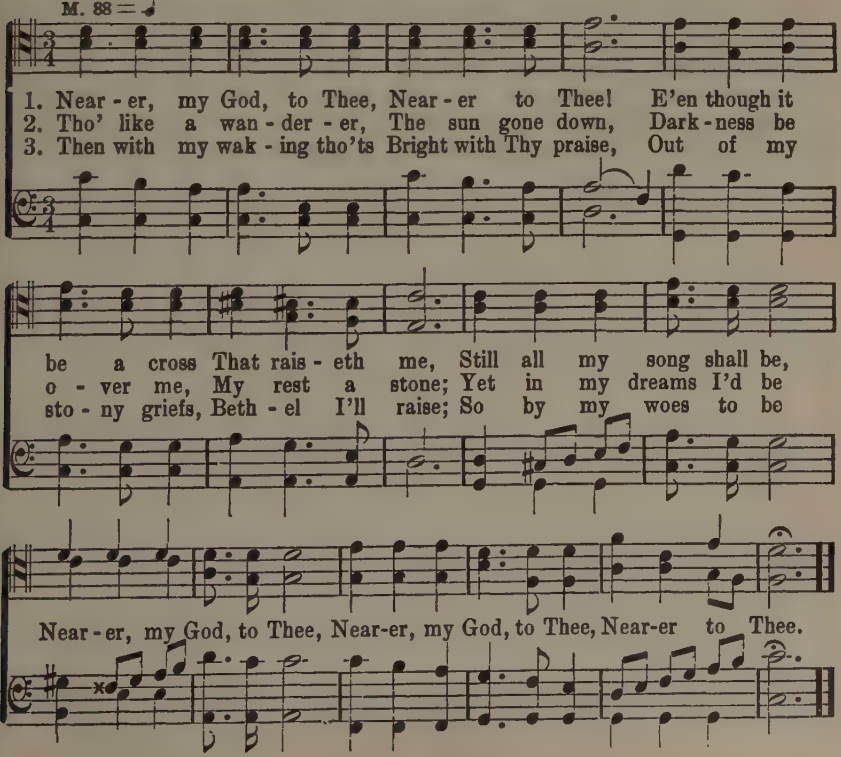

light on the ho - ly chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to
ho - ly choir in the hymn of ev'n, Now chant-ing their praise to their
sig - nal bell to the wand'ring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried
pray in its hall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall.
God in heav'n, Now chant-ing their praise to their God in heav'n.
pil - grim to rest, Now call - ing the wea - ried pil - grim to rest.

## 39 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

**Sarah F. Adams.** **Jungst. Arr. M. L. B.**

*p Smooth and with expression. Baritone prominent.*

M. 88 = ♩


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
sto - ny griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

# I Am Coming Home.

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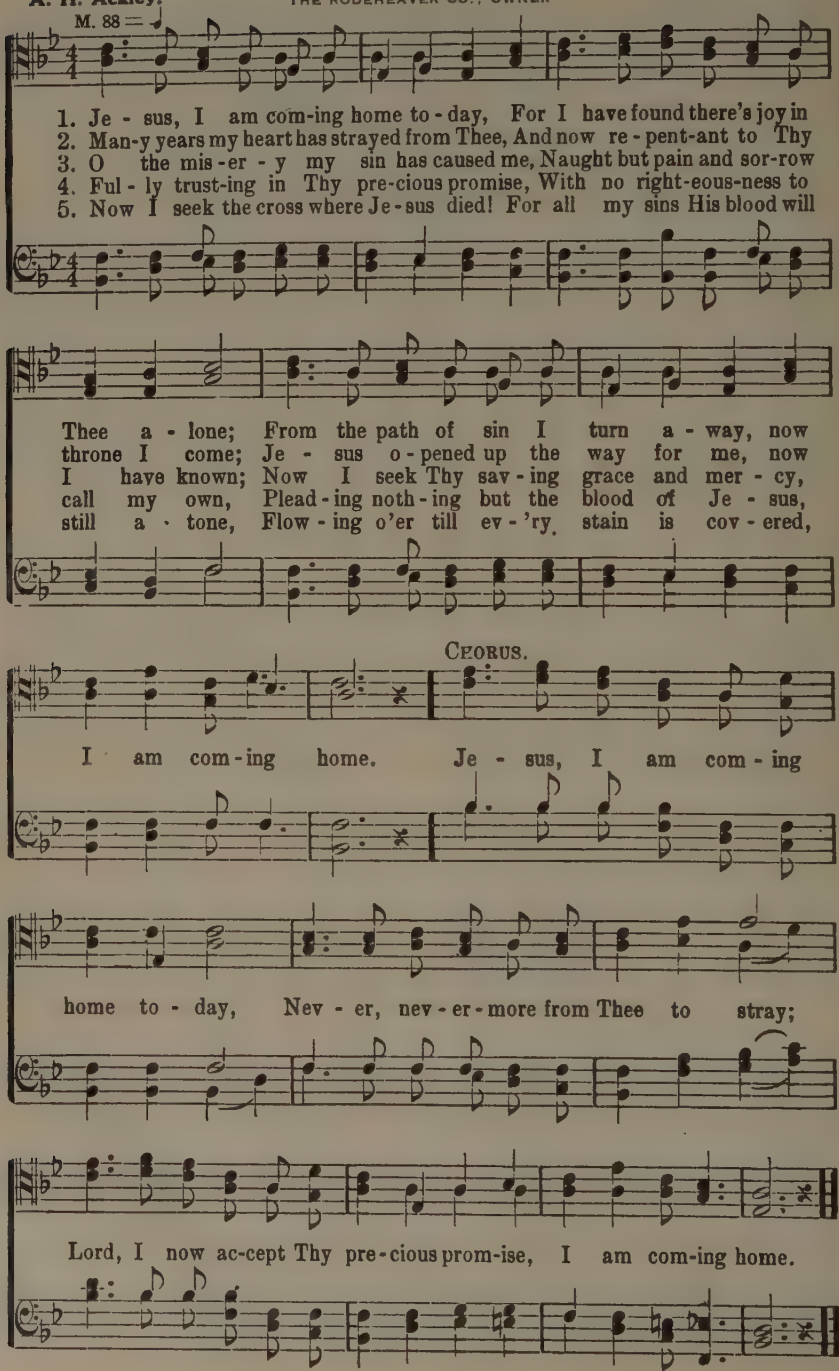
A. H. Ackley.

B. D. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.

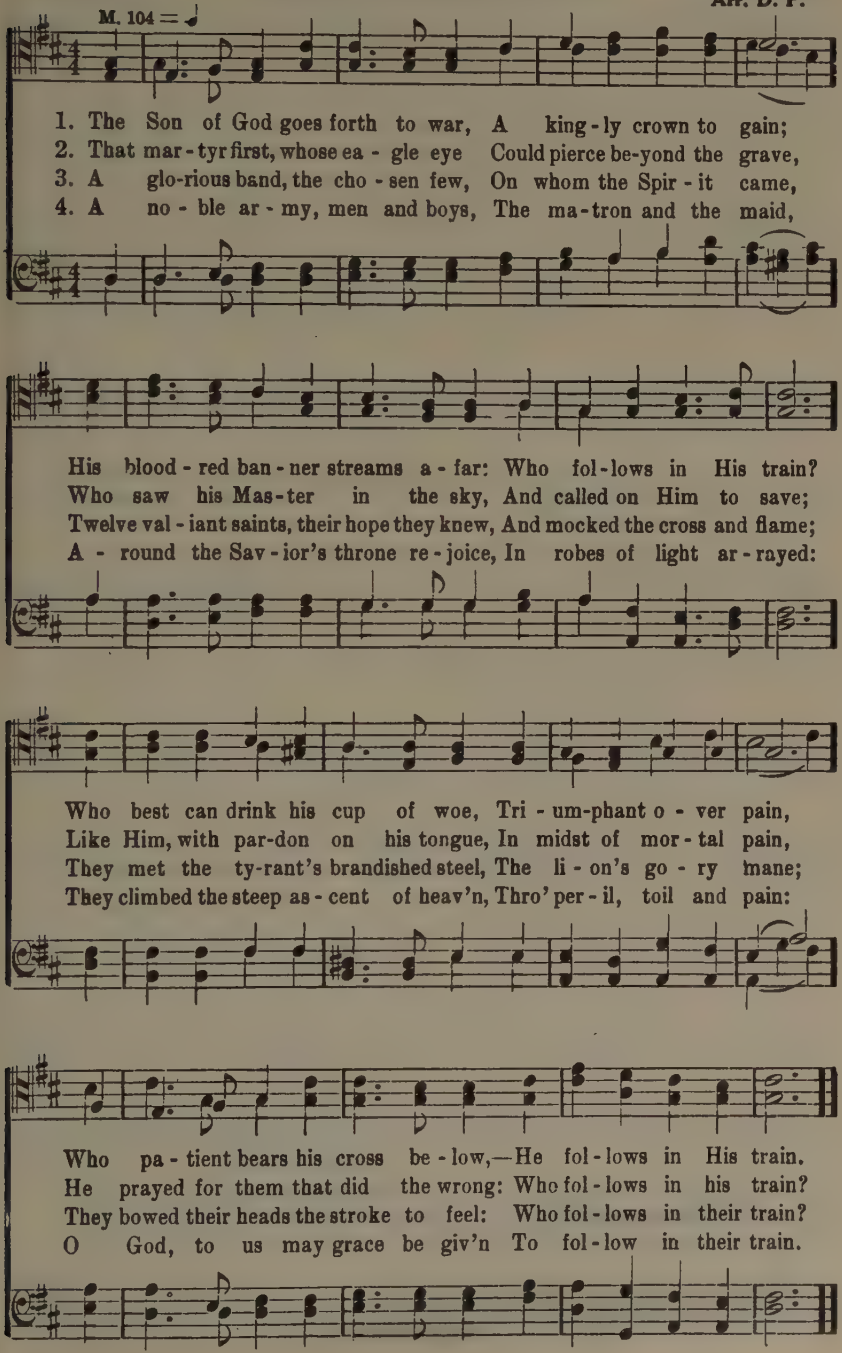
M. 88 = ♩


1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Man-y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re - pent-ant to Thy
3. O the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious promise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sins His blood will
Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
I have known; Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,
CHORUS.
I am com - ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing
home to - day, Nev - er, nev - er - more from Thee to stray;
Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre - cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

# 41 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. H. S. Cutler. Arr. D. P.

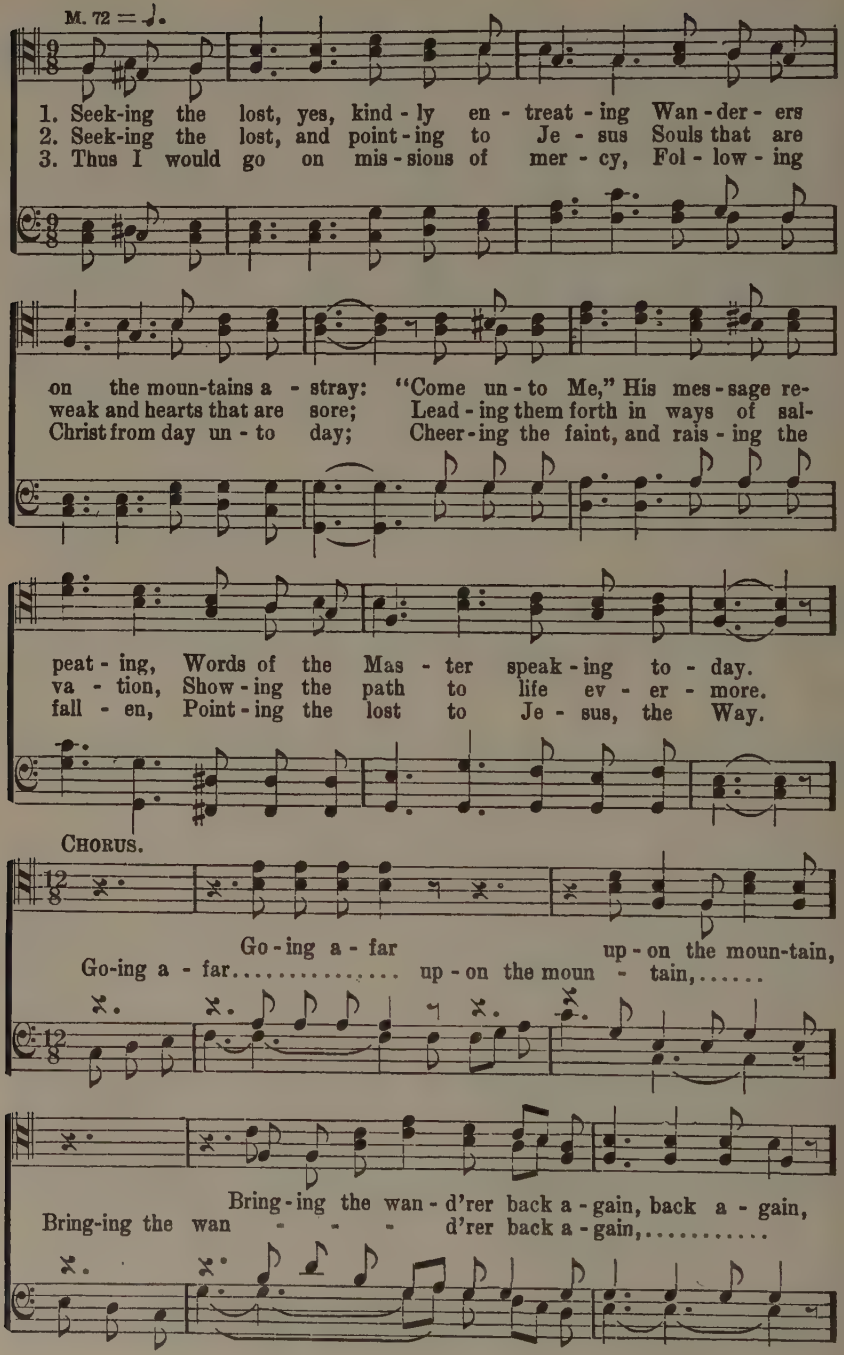
M. 104 = ♩

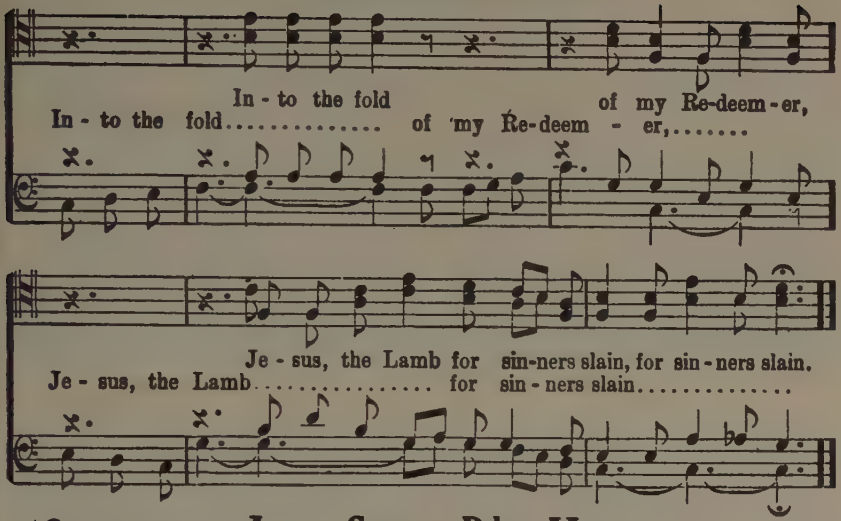

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. That mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
A-round the Sav-ior's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n, Thro' per-il, toil and pain:
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

# Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.
Arr. D. P.

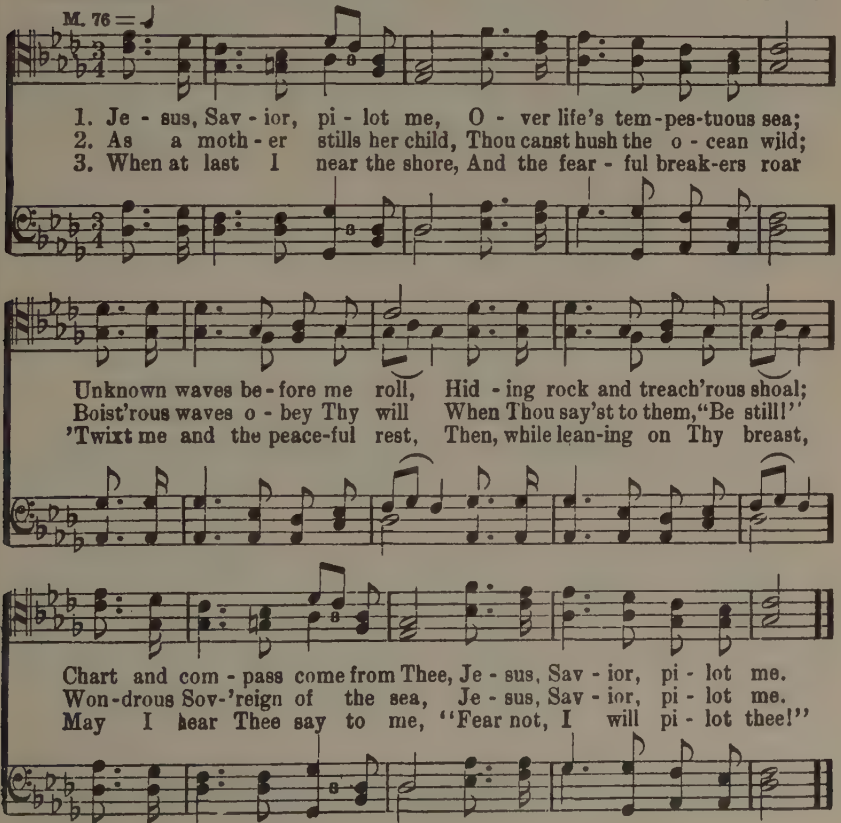

M. 72 = ♩.
1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing
on the moun-tains a-stray: "Come un-to Me," His mes-sage re-
weak and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-
Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the
peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
fall-en, Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the Way.
CHORUS.
Go-ing a-far up-on the moun-tain,
Go-ing a-far..... up-on the moun-tain,.....
Bring-ing the wan-d'rer back a-gain, back a-gain,
Bring-ing the wan-d'rer back a-gain,.....


In - to the fold of my Re-deem - er,
In - to the fold..... of my Re-deem - er,.....
Je - sus, the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sin - ners slain.
Je - sus, the Lamb..... for sin - ners slain.....

## 43 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

**Edward Hopper, D.D.** **John E. Gould.**

M. 76 = ♩


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

# Somebody Needs Us.

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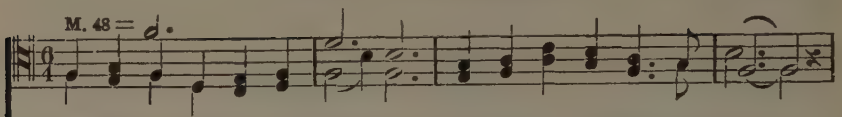
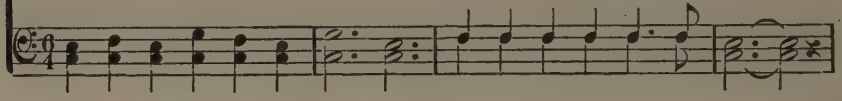
James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel. Arr. D. P.

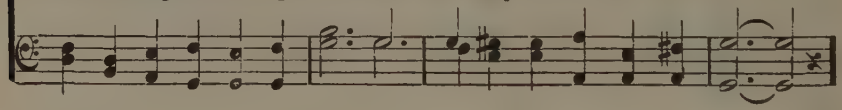
M. 48 = ♩.



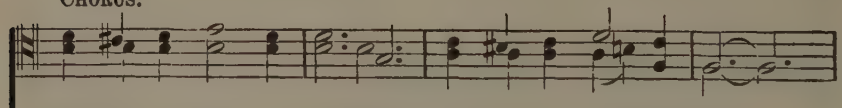
1. Some-bod-y near us is bend-ing Un-der a bur-den of care;
2. Some-bod-y near us is sigh-ing, Har-ried by doubt and with fear;
3. Some-bod-y weak and de-flect-ing, Pleads for a soul-guid-ing word;
4. Then, by the Mas-ter di-rect-ed, Let us be watch-ful and true,



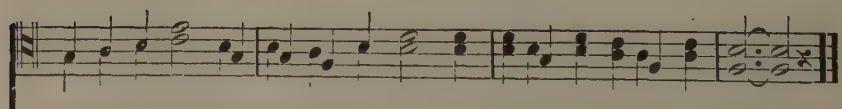
Je-sus on us is de-pend-ing Some-bod-y's bur-den to share.
Je-sus on us is re-ly-ing Some-one to com-fort and cheer.
Je-sus looks our way, ex-pect-ing Some-bod-y's plea to be heard.
That nothing shall be neg-lect-ed We may be a-ble to do.



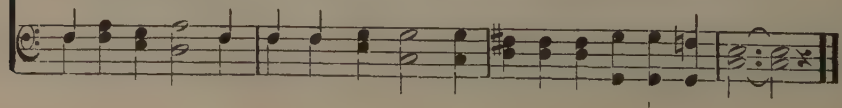
CHORUS.



Some-bod-y needs you some-where, Some-bod-y needs me, too;



Some-bod-y needs a word you can say—Some deed that you only can do.

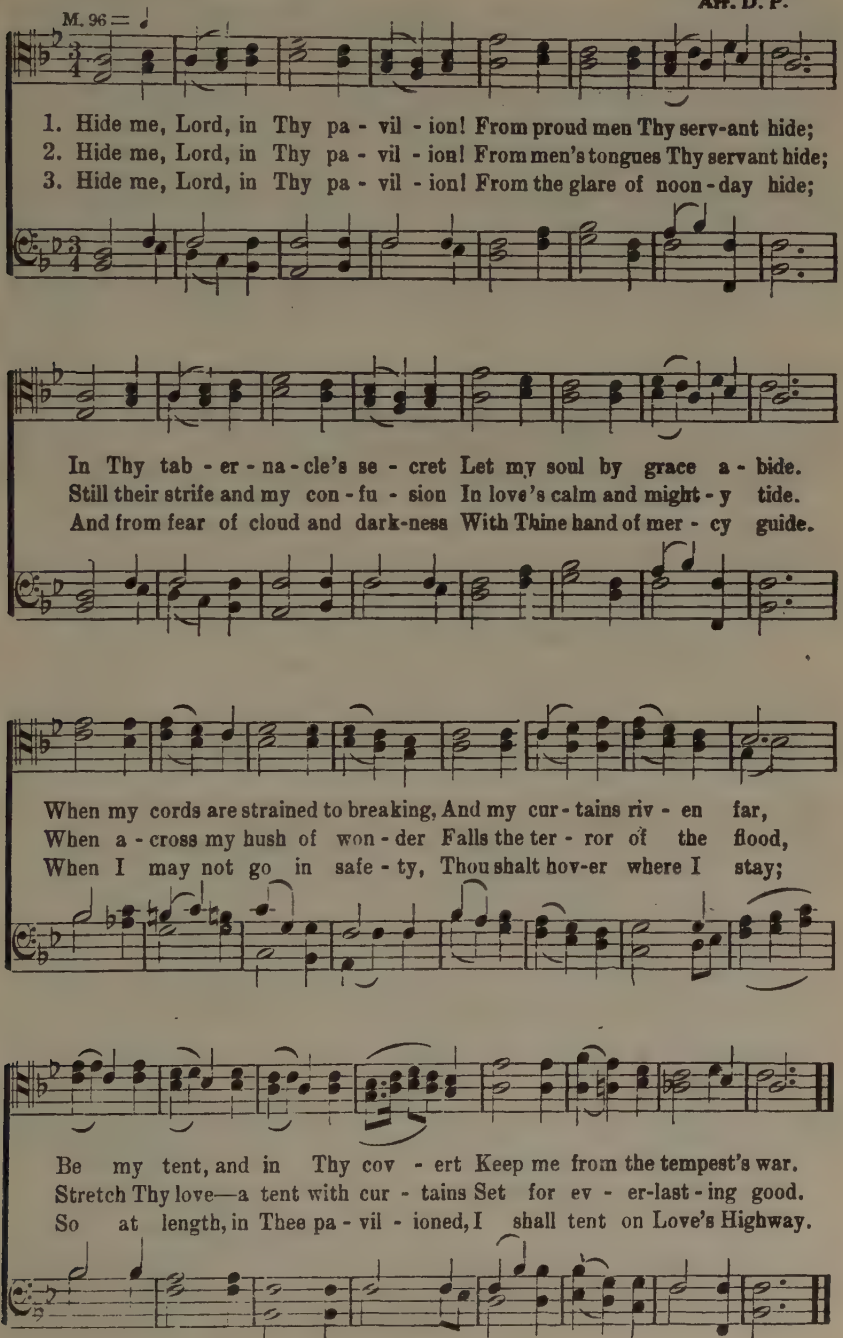


# 45 Hide Me, Lord, in Thy Pavilion!

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D.

R. H. Pritchard.
Arr. D. P.


M. 96 = ♩
1. Hide me, Lord, in Thy pa - vil - ion! From proud men Thy serv-ant hide;
2. Hide me, Lord, in Thy pa - vil - ion! From men's tongues Thy servant hide;
3. Hide me, Lord, in Thy pa - vil - ion! From the glare of noon - day hide;
In Thy tab - er - na - cle's se - cret Let my soul by grace a - bide.
Still their strife and my con - fu - sion In love's calm and might - y tide.
And from fear of cloud and dark-ness With Thine hand of mer - cy guide.
When my cords are strained to breaking, And my cur - tains riv - en far,
When a - cross my hush of won - der Falls the ter - ror of the flood,
When I may not go in safe - ty, Thou shalt hov-er where I stay;
Be my tent, and in Thy cov - ert Keep me from the tempest's war.
Stretch Thy love—a tent with cur - tains Set for ev - er-last - ing good.
So at length, in Thee pa - vil - ioned, I shall tent on Love's Highway.

# Come In.

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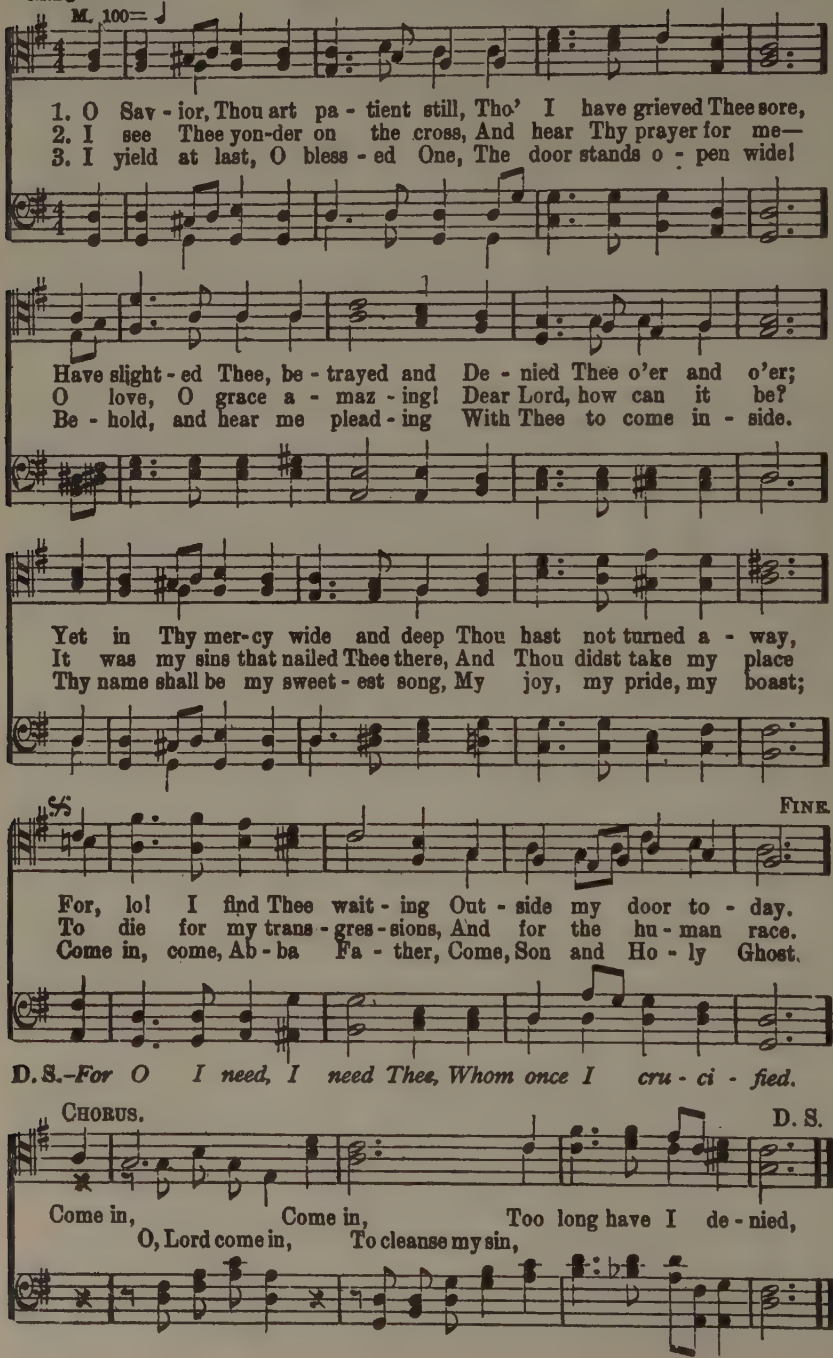
Margaret Adams. Ethel Wakefield.
Arr. D. P.

M. 100=♩


1. O Sav - ior, Thou art pa - tient still, Tho' I have grieved Thee sore,
2. I see Thee yon-der on the cross, And hear Thy prayer for me—
3. I yield at last, O bless - ed One, The door stands o - pen wide!
Have slight - ed Thee, be - trayed and De - nied Thee o'er and o'er;
O love, O grace a - maz - ing! Dear Lord, how can it be?
Be - hold, and hear me plead - ing With Thee to come in - side.
Yet in Thy mer-cy wide and deep Thou hast not turned a - way,
It was my sins that nailed Thee there, And Thou didst take my place
Thy name shall be my sweet - est song, My joy, my pride, my boast;
FINE.
For, lo! I find Thee wait - ing Out - side my door to - day.
To die for my trans - gres - sions, And for the hu - man race.
Come in, come, Ab - ba Fa - ther, Come, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.
D. S.—For O I need, I need Thee, Whom once I cru - ci - fied.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Come in, Come in, Too long have I de - nied,
O, Lord come in, To cleanse my sin,

# 47 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Charles Wesley.

Mendelssohn.
Arr. D. P.

M. 100 =

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King,
2. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness!
3. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom - an's conqu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser-pent's head;

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:

With th' an-gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth;
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in-state us in Thy love;

With th' an-gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in-state us in Thy love.

# 48 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

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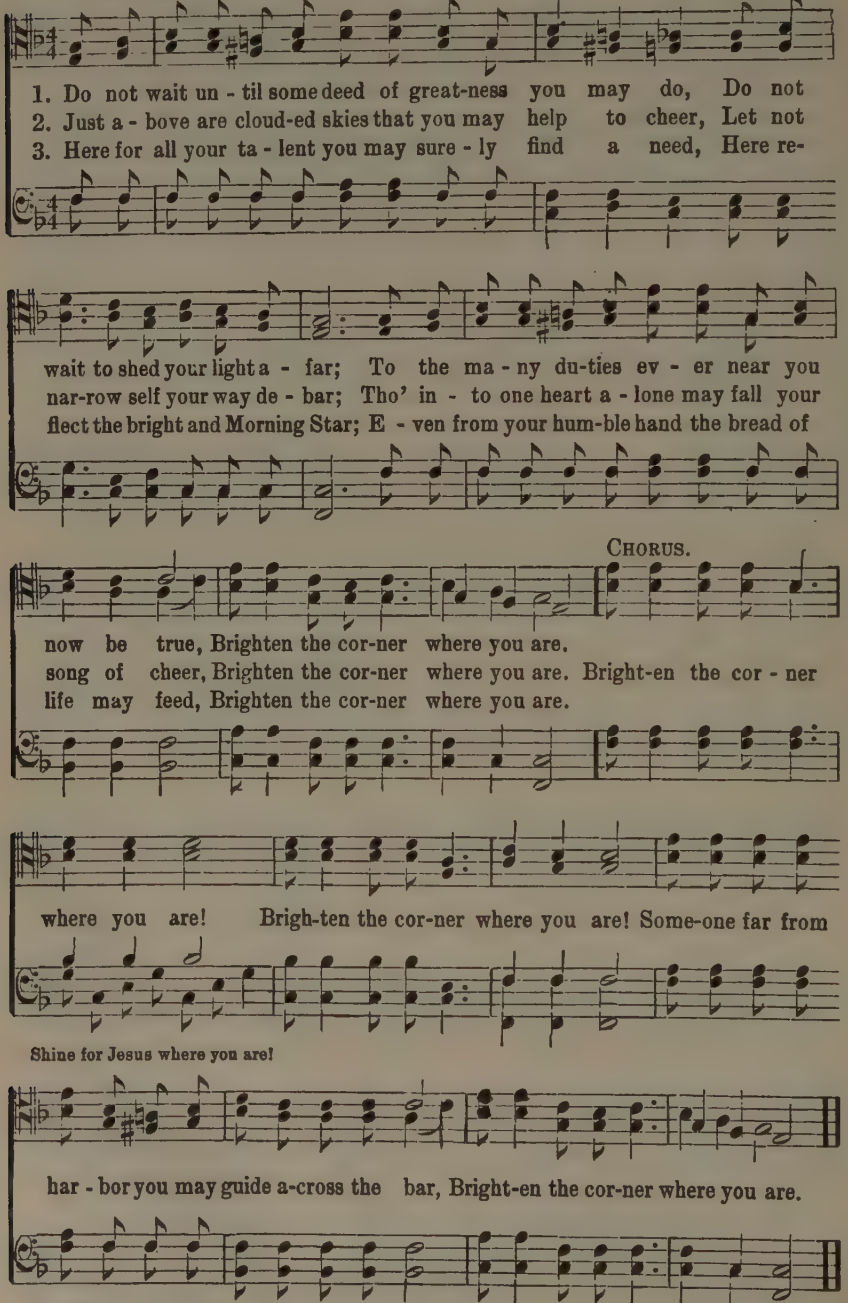
THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to cheer, Let not
3. Here for all your ta - lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-
wait to shed your light a - far; To the ma - ny du-ties ev - er near you
nar-row self your way de - bar; Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and Morning Star; E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of
CHORUS.
now be true, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor - ner
life may feed, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
where you are! Brigh-ten the cor-ner where you are! Some-one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!
har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

# Till We Get Home.

E. O. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY E. O. SELLERS.

E. O. Sellers.
Arr. D. P.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Thro' toil and sor - row, thro' pain and strife, Thro' days of bless-ing,
2. Tho' oft the jour - ney seem dark and drear, And rough the path-way
3. He will not suf - fer us to be tried More than we're a - ble,
4. All thro' the jour - ney of life be - low, His bless - ed Spir - it

and all thro' life, His word is faith - ful: wher-e'er we roam
we trav - el here, Still He is lead - ing wher-e'er we roam,
and will pro - vide A way more bless-ed for us who roam,—
He will be - stow, And won-drous glo - ry is yet to come

CHORUS.

He will be with us till we get home. 1-3. Till we get home,
His pow'r will keep us till we get home.
His pres-ence with us till we get home.
Aft - er the strug - gle, when we get home. 4. When we get home,

till we get home,— He will be with us till we get home.
when we get home,— And won-drous glo - ry when we get home.

# 50 Walking and Talking With Jesus.

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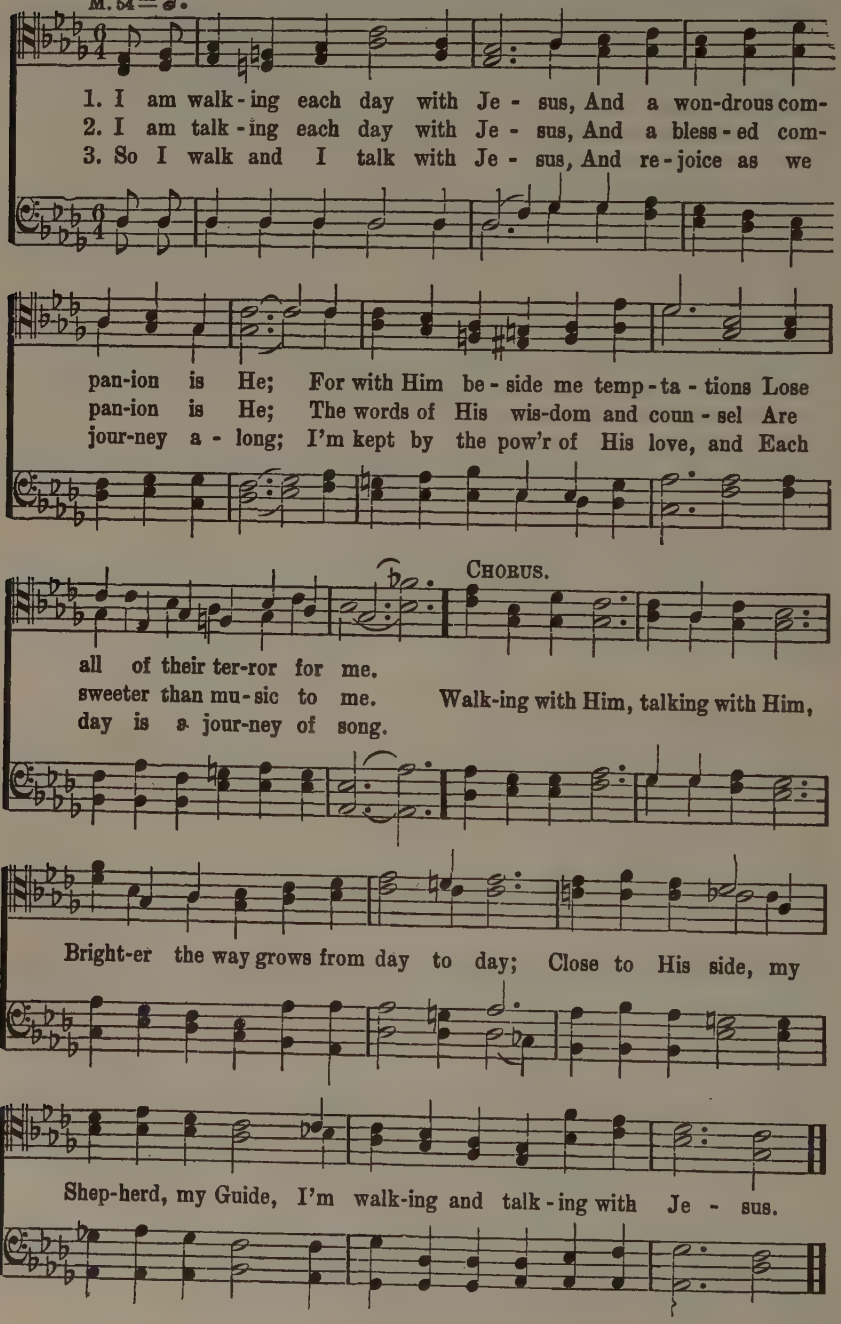
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩.


1. I am walk-ing each day with Je - sus, And a won-drous com-
2. I am talk-ing each day with Je - sus, And a bless-ed com-
3. So I walk and I talk with Je - sus, And re-joice as we
pan-ion is He; For with Him be-side me temp-ta-tions Lose
pan-ion is He; The words of His wis-dom and coun-sel Are
jour-ney a-long; I'm kept by the pow'r of His love, and Each
CHORUS.
all of their ter-ror for me.
sweeter than mu-sic to me.
day is a jour-ney of song.
Walk-ing with Him, talking with Him,
Bright-er the way grows from day to day; Close to His side, my
Shep-herd, my Guide, I'm walk-ing and talk-ing with Je - sus.

# My Lord and I.

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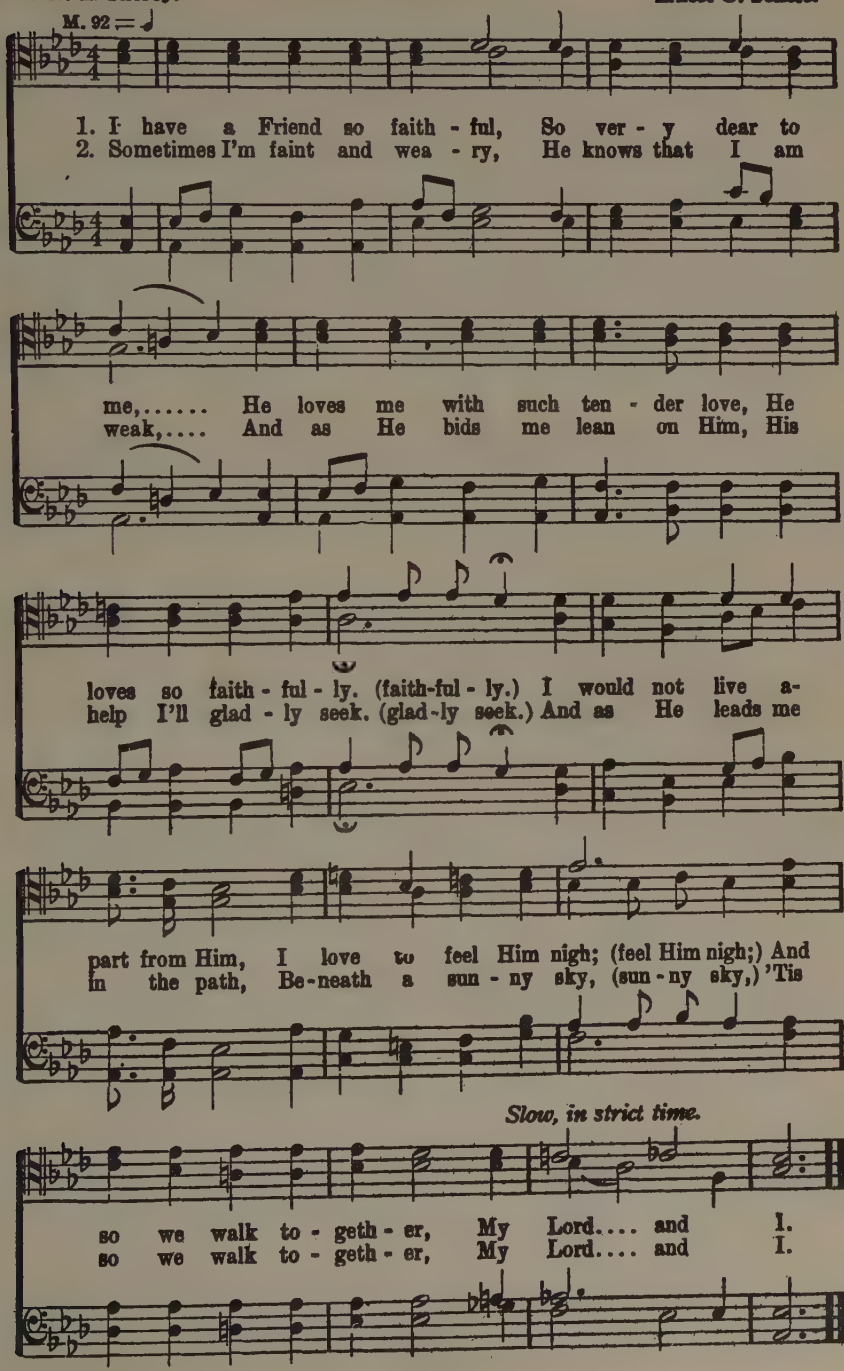
Mrs. L. Shorey. Ernest O. Sellers.

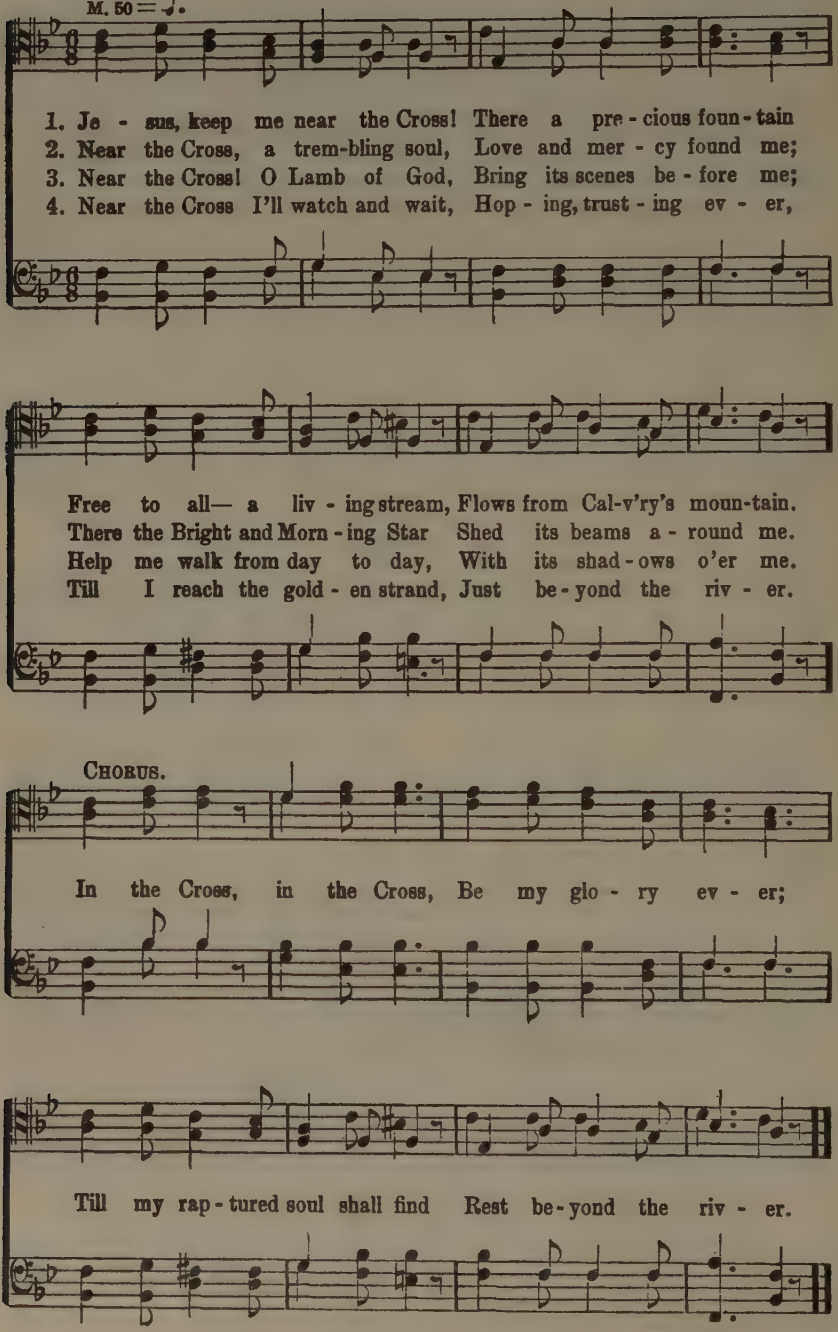

M. 92
1. I have a Friend so faith - ful, So ver - y dear to
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am
me,..... He loves me with such ten - der love, He
weak,..... And as He bids me lean on Him, His
loves so faith - ful - ly. (faith-ful - ly.) I would not live a-
help I'll glad - ly seek. (glad-ly seek.) And as He leads me
part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh; (feel Him nigh;) And
in the path, Be-neath a sun - ny sky, (sun - ny sky,) 'Tis
Slow, in strict time.
so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord.... and I.
so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord.... and I.

# Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.
Arr. D. P.

M. 50 = ♩.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross! There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the Cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all— a liv - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun-tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
Chorus.
In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

# He Led Aright.

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WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY LORENZ PUB. CO., IN THE CHOIR HERALD FOR DECEMBER.

Herman von Berge. Daniel Protheroe.

M. 76 = ♩.

1. I trust - ed in Him for guid - ance And help up - on my way, And He, in His lov - ing - kind - ness, Has led me day by day. I oft - en would not have cho - sen The paths that He bade me go;.... But e'en tho' His ways seemed hid - den, He led a - right, I know, He led a - right, I know.

2. Be - fore His throne I'm bow - ing In grat - i - tude and praise To Him who will nev - er fail me Un - to the end of days. To Him will I leave the guid - ing Thro' what re - mains for me,.... Un - til at the jour - ney's end - ing, with Him at home I'll be,.... With Him at home I'll be.....

# Will You Come?

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS.

Anon. Ernest O. Sellers.

M. 92 = ♩

1. We are trav-'ling home to heav'n a-bove, Will you come? Will you come?
2. We are going to see the bleed-ing Lamb, Will you come? Will you come?
3. We are going to join the heav'n-ly choir, Will you come? Will you come?

will you come?

To sing the Sav-ior's dy - ing love, Will you come? Will you come?
In rapturous strains to praise His name, Will you come? Will you come?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you come? Will you come?

Mil - lions have reached that blest abode, A - noint - ed kings and priests to God,
The crown of life we there shall wear, The conq'ror's palm our hands shall lear,
There saints and an-gels glad-ly sing Ho-san - nas to their God and King,

rit.

And mil-lions more are on the road;—Will you come? Will you come?
And all the joys of heav'n we'll share:—Will you come? Will you come?
And make the heav'n-ly arch - es ring:—Will you come? Will you come?

Will you come?

# All For Me.

Albert S. Reitz.

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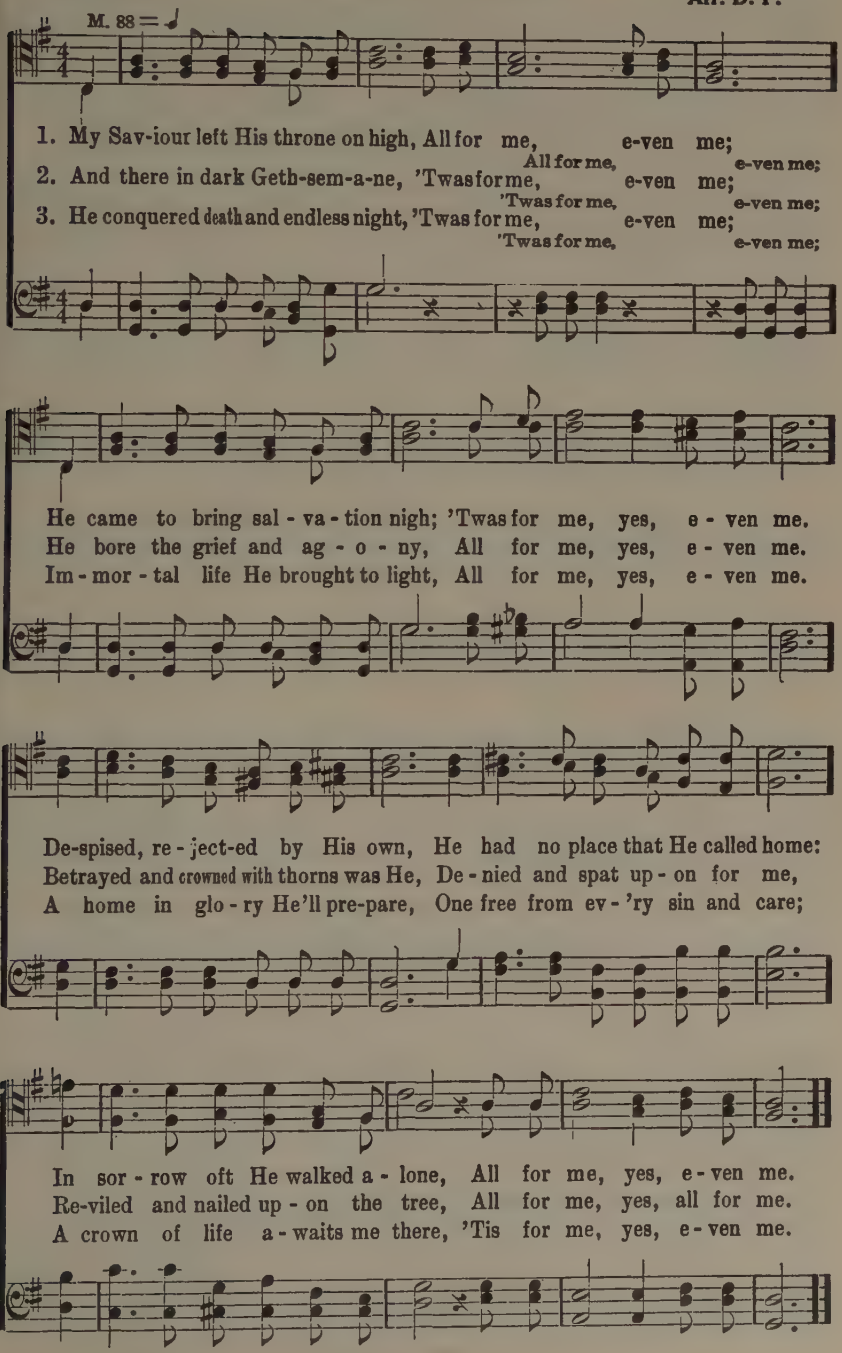
Ernest O. Sellers.
Arr. D. P.


M. 88 = ♩
1. My Sav-iour left His throne on high, All for me, e-ven me;
All for me, e-ven me;
2. And there in dark Geth-sem-a-ne, 'Twas for me, e-ven me;
'Twas for me, e-ven me;
3. He conquered death and endless night, 'Twas for me, e-ven me;
'Twas for me, e-ven me;
He came to bring sal - va - tion nigh; 'Twas for me, yes, e - ven me.
He bore the grief and ag - o - ny, All for me, yes, e - ven me.
Im - mor - tal life He brought to light, All for me, yes, e - ven me.
De-spised, re - ject-ed by His own, He had no place that He called home:
Betrayed and crowned with thorns was He, De - nied and spat up - on for me,
A home in glo - ry He'll pre-pare, One free from ev - 'ry sin and care;
In sor - row oft He walked a - lone, All for me, yes, e - ven me.
Re-viled and nailed up - on the tree, All for me, yes, all for me.
A crown of life a - waits me there, 'Tis for me, yes, e - ven me.

## 56 Softly Now the Light of Day.

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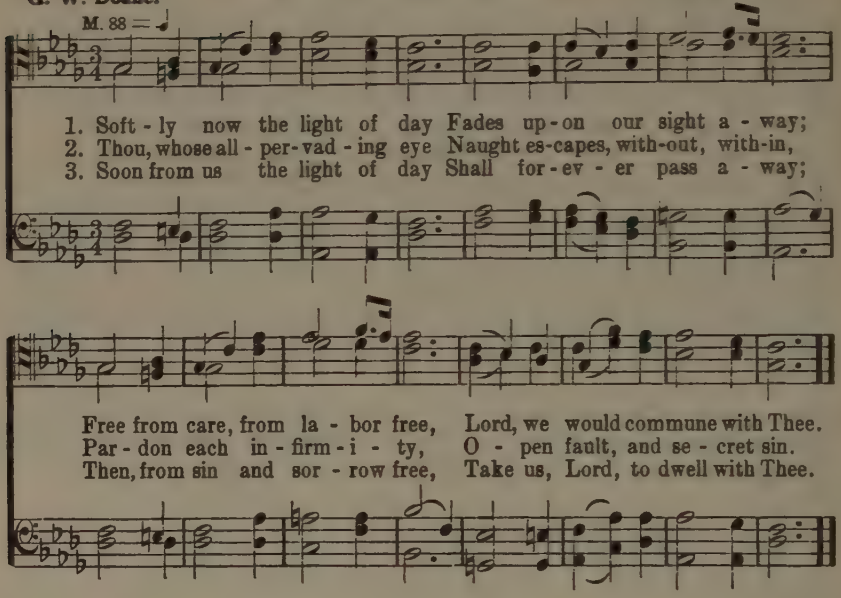
G. W. Doane. Louis M. Gottschalk. Arr. D. P.

M. 88 = ♩

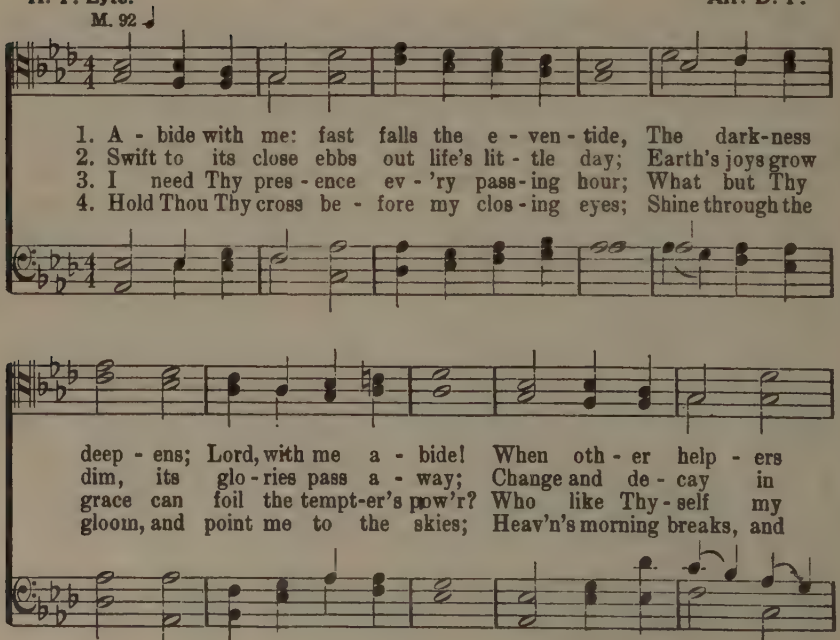

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

## 57 Abide With Me.

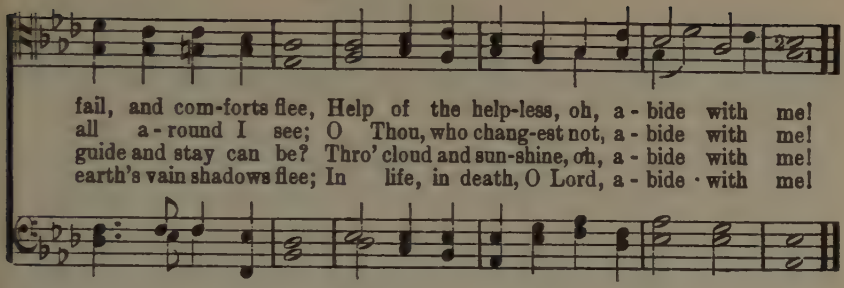
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk. Arr. D. P.

M. 92 ♩


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and

## Abide With Me.


fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide · with me!

## 58 O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

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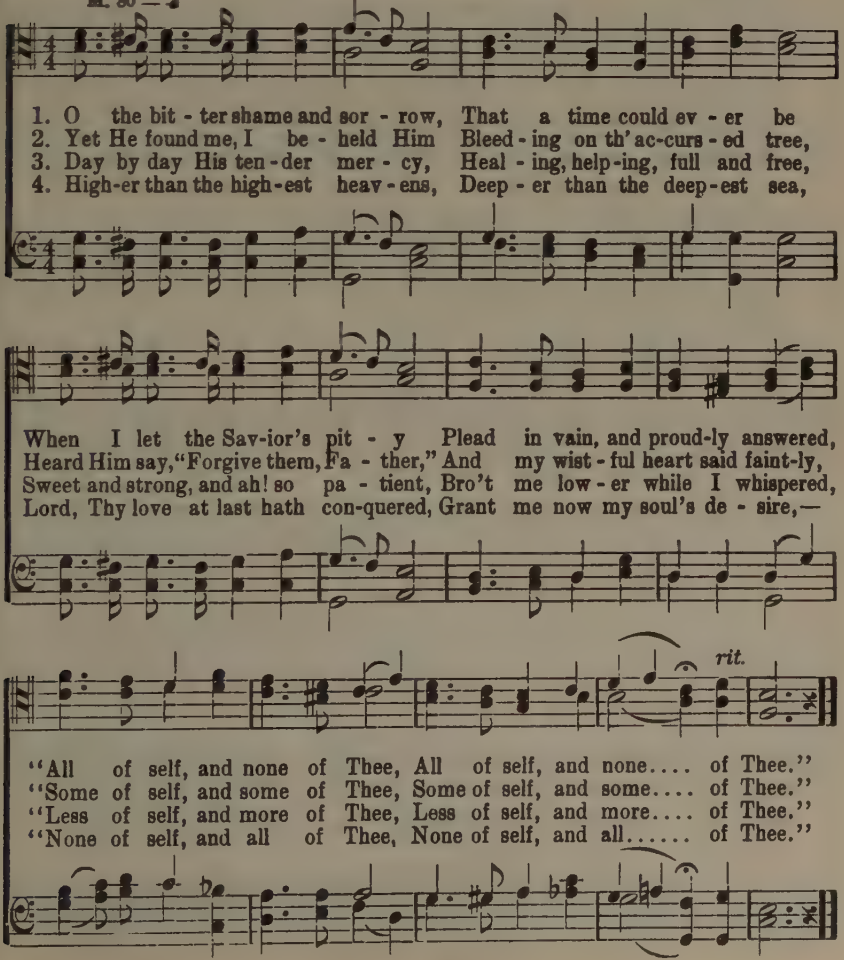
Theodore Monad.

J. B. Herbert.
Arr. D. P.

M. 80 = ♩


1. O the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be
2. Yet He found me, I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th' ac-curs - ed tree,
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help-ing, full and free,
4. High-er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,
When I let the Sav-ior's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud-ly answered,
Heard Him say, "Forgive them, Fa - ther," And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so pa - tient, Bro't me low - er while I whispered,
Lord, Thy love at last hath con-quered, Grant me now my soul's de - sire,—
rit.
"All of self, and none of Thee, All of self, and none.... of Thee."
"Some of self, and some of Thee, Some of self, and some.... of Thee."
"Less of self, and more of Thee, Less of self, and more.... of Thee."
"None of self, and all of Thee, None of self, and all..... of Thee."

# Wonderful Jesus

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS.

Annie B. Russell.

Ernest O. Sellers.
Arr. D. P.

M. 50 = ♩.

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a night so long, But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus Will
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a weight of woe, But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be-
3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a grief or loss, But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a wan - d'ring one, But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thro'

CHORUS.

some-where find a song.
cause He lov - eth so.
car - ried to the cross.
Je - sus Christ, His Son.

Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je - sus,
In the heart He im-plant-eth a song: A song of de - liv'rance, of
cour - age, of strength, In the heart He im - plant-eth a song.

# 60 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.

M. 80 = ♩

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y, I know, Since Je-sus came

in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py, as on-ward I go,

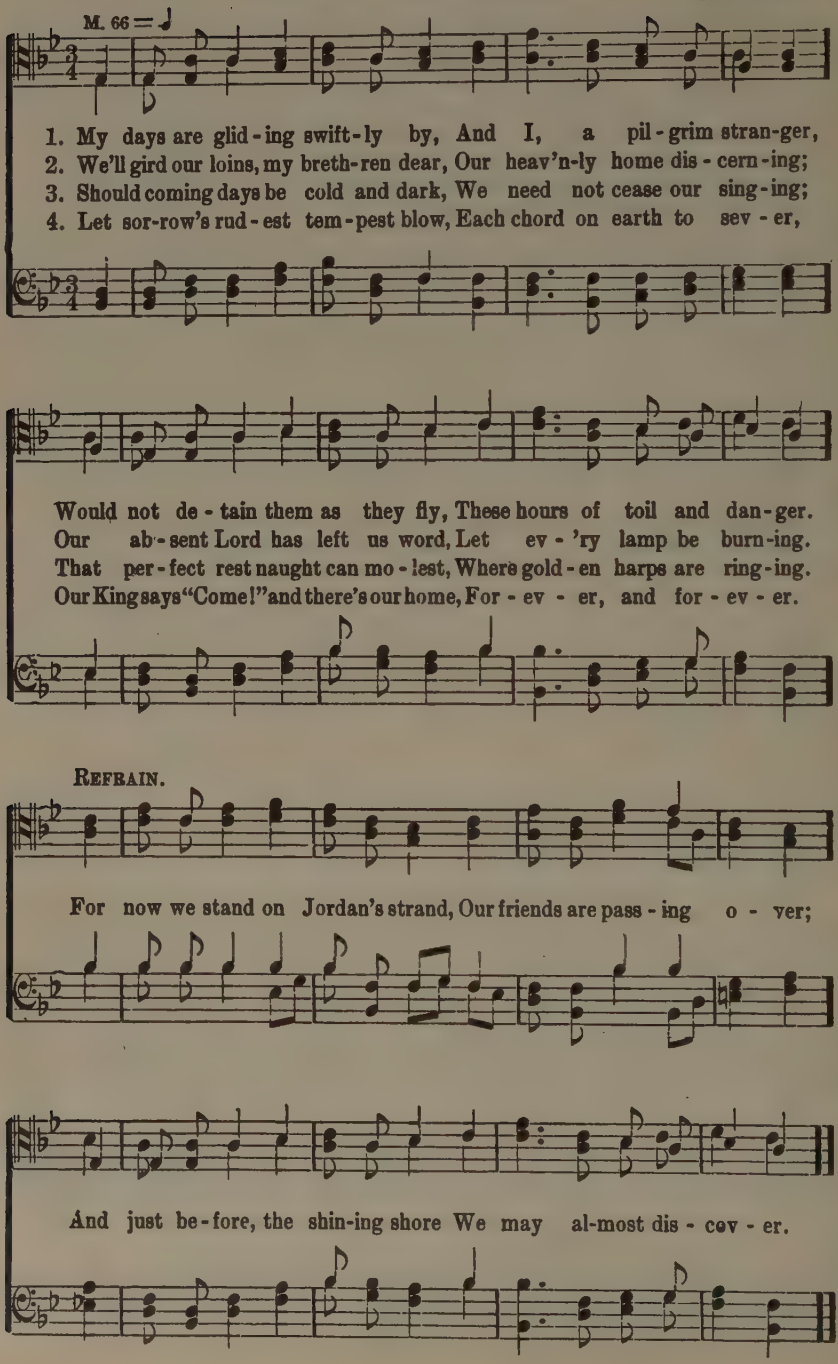
CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart..... Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea-bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

# The Shining Shore.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Geo. F. Root.
Arr. D. P.


M. 66 = ♩
1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth-ren dear, Our heav'n-ly home dis-cern-ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er,
Would not de-tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan-ger.
Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev-'ry lamp be burn-ing.
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev-er, and for-ev-er.
REFRAIN.
For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver;
And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

62 ✓

# The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

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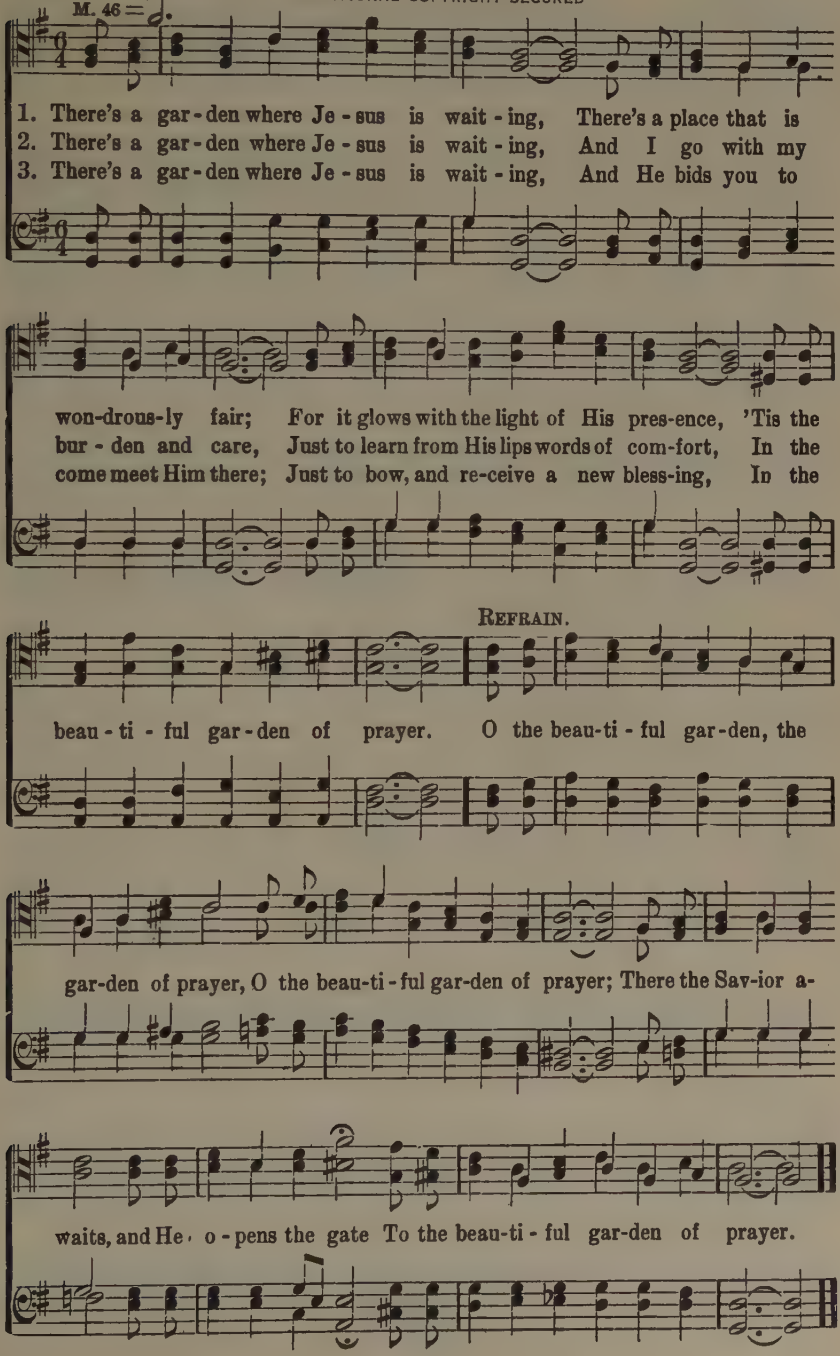
Eleanor Allen Schroll. J. H. Fillmore. Arr. D. P.

M. 46 =


1. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, There's a place that is won-drous-ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres-ence, 'Tis the
2. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And I go with my bur-den and care, Just to learn from His lips words of com-fort, In the
3. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And He bids you to come meet Him there; Just to bow, and re-ceive a new bless-ing, In the
REFRAIN.
beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer. O the beau-ti-ful gar-den, the
gar-den of prayer, O the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer; There the Sav-ior a-
waits, and He o-pens the gate To the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer.

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phoebe Cary. Robert S. Ambrose.

M. 88 = ♩

One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

sol - emn thought

I am near - er home to - day, Than I've ev - er been be - fore.

Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the man - y man-sions be;

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

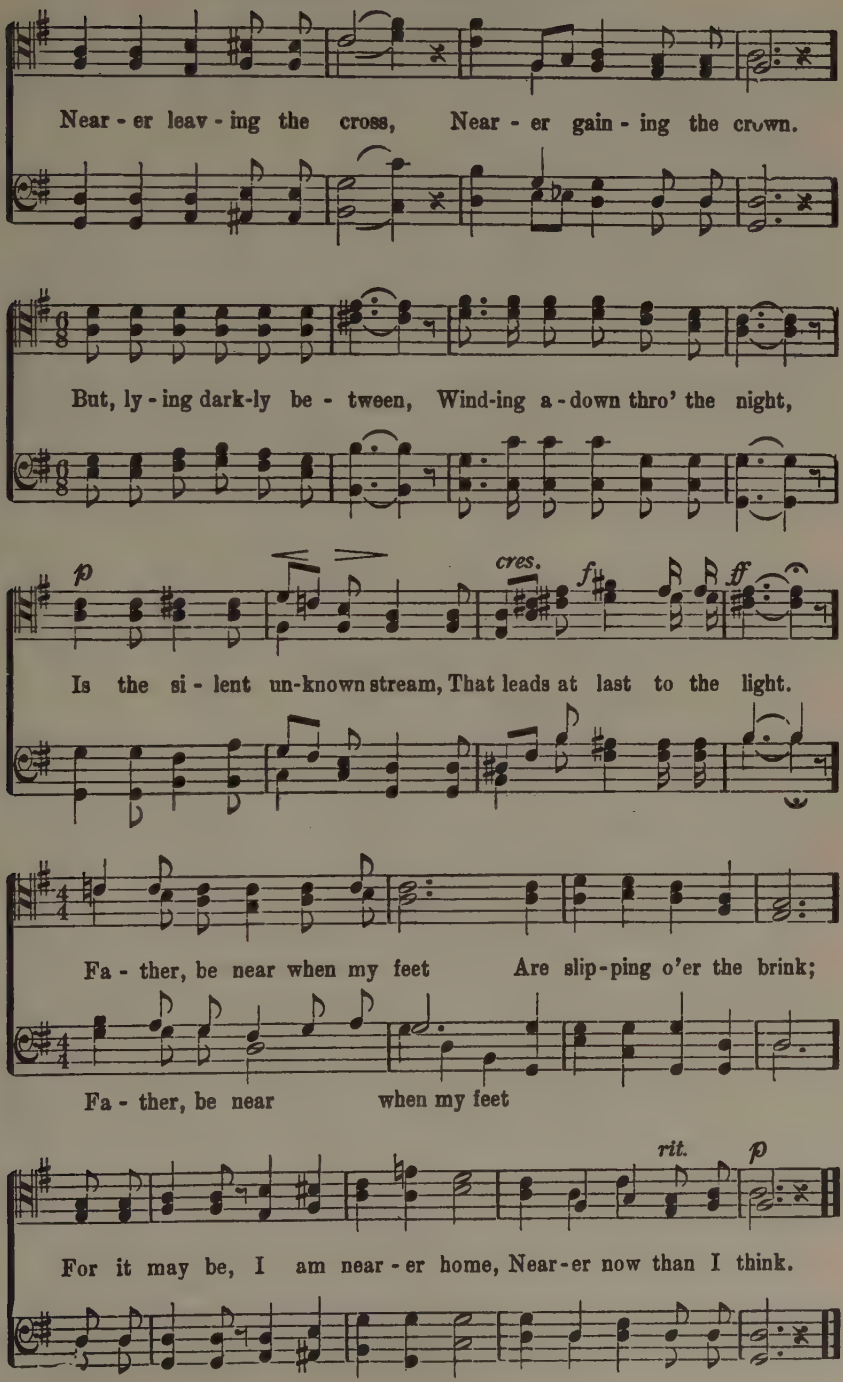
Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.

crys - tal sea.

Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down;

the bounds of life,

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought


Near - er leav - ing the cross, Near - er gain - ing the crown.
But, ly - ing dark-ly be - tween, Wind-ing a - down thro' the night,
p
cres.
f
ff
Is the si - lent un-known stream, That leads at last to the light.
Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink;
Fa - ther, be near when my feet
rit.
p
For it may be, I am near - er home, Near-er now than I think.

# Light of the World.

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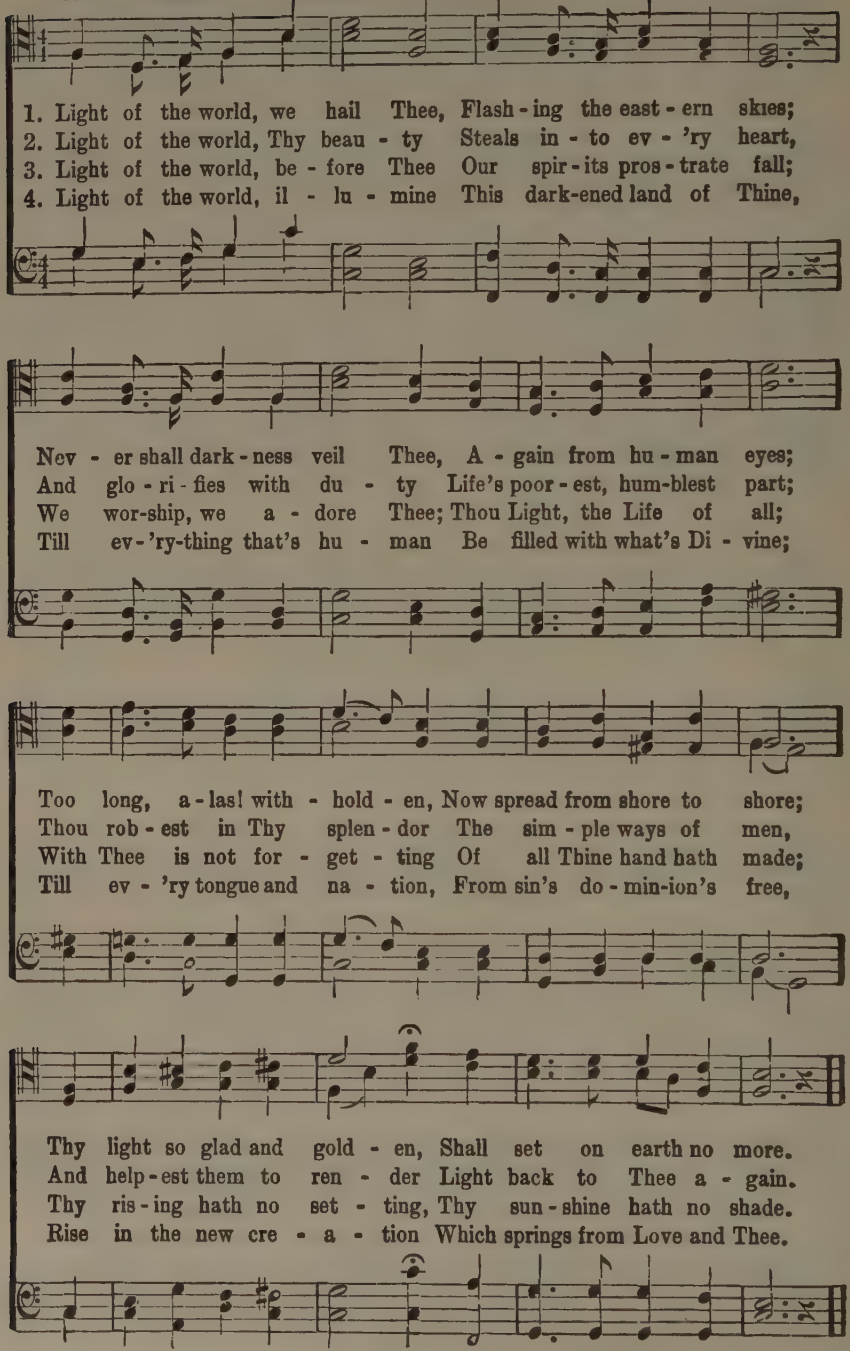
J. S. B. Monsell. B. T. Worden.


1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flash - ing the east - ern skies;
2. Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - 'ry heart,
3. Light of the world, be - fore Thee Our spir - its pros - trate fall;
4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine This dark-ened land of Thine,
Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee, A - gain from hu - man eyes;
And glo - ri - fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, hum-blest part;
We wor-ship, we a - dore Thee; Thou Light, the Life of all;
Till ev - 'ry-thing that's hu - man Be filled with what's Di - vine;
Too long, a - las! with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;
Thou rob - est in Thy splen - dor The sim - ple ways of men,
With Thee is not for - get - ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
Till ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion, From sin's do - min-ion's free,
Thy light so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.
And help - est them to ren - der Light back to Thee a - gain.
Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting, Thy sun - shine hath no shade.
Rise in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from Love and Thee.

# I Want To Be True Every Day.

W. C. Poole.

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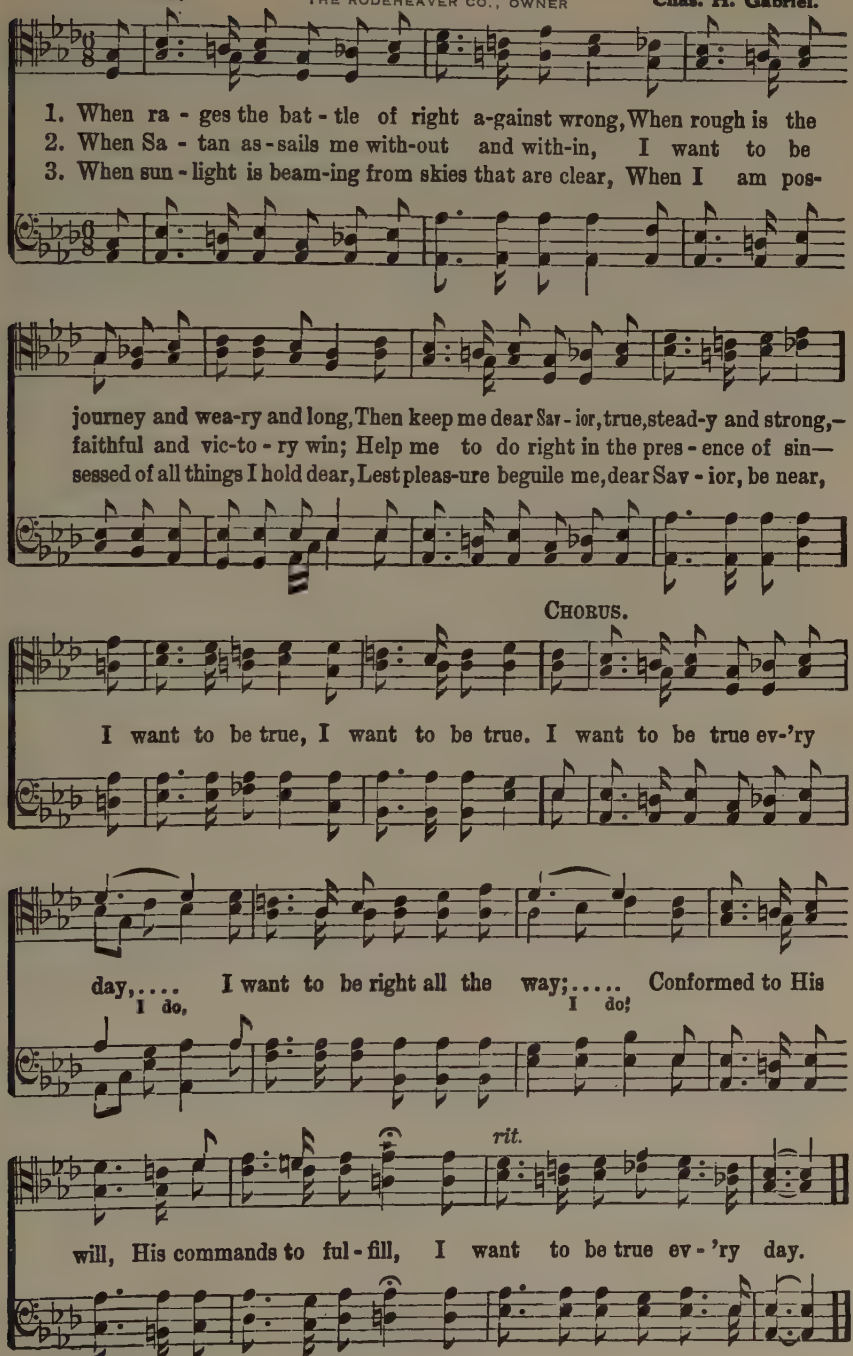
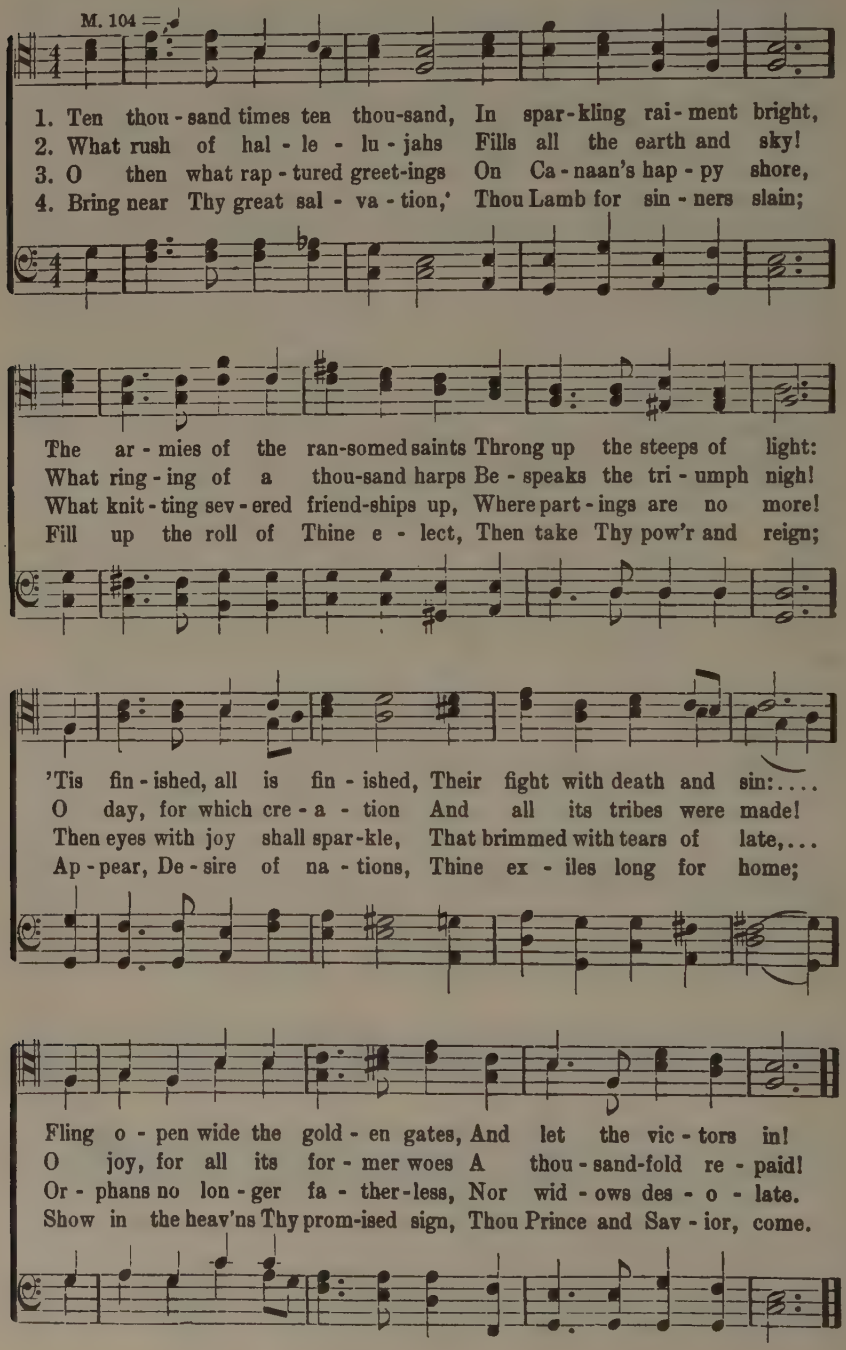
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When ra - ges the bat - tle of right a-gainst wrong, When rough is the
2. When Sa - tan as - sails me with-out and with-in, I want to be
3. When sun - light is beam-ing from skies that are clear, When I am pos-
journey and wea-ry and long, Then keep me dear Sav - ior, true, stead-y and strong,—
faithful and vic-to - ry win; Help me to do right in the pres - ence of sin—
sessed of all things I hold dear, Lest pleas-ure beguile me, dear Sav - ior, be near,
CHORUS.
I want to be true, I want to be true. I want to be true ev-'ry
day,.... I want to be right all the way;..... Conformed to His
I do, I do;
rit.
will, His commands to ful - fill, I want to be true ev - 'ry day.

# Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

Henry Alford.

J. B. Dykes.
Arr. G. B. H.

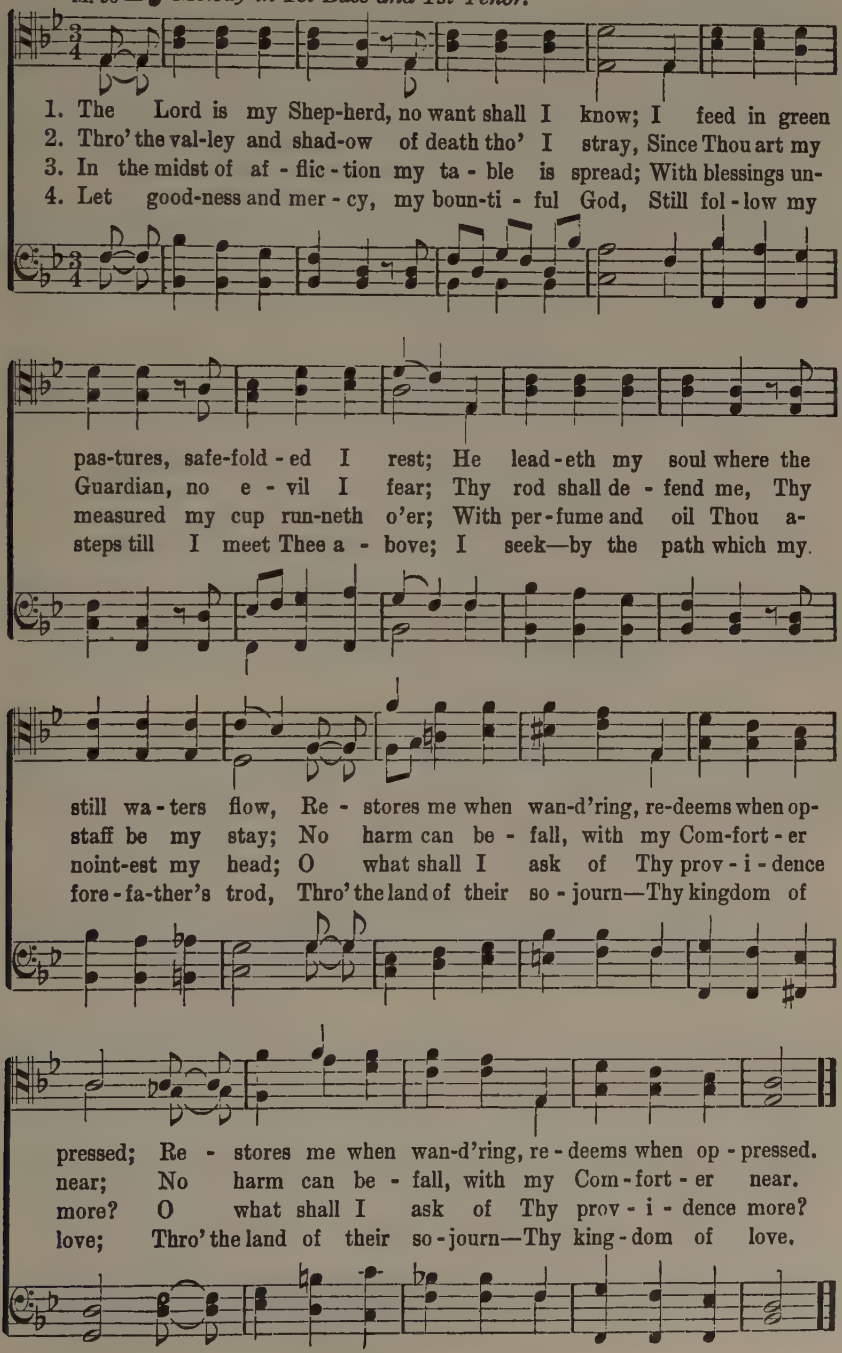

M. 104
1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou-sand, In spar-kling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what rap - tured greet-ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,
4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion,' Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring - ing of a thou-sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!
What knit - ting sev - ered friend-ships up, Where part - ings are no more!
Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign;
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:....
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall spar-kle, That brimmed with tears of late,...
Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home;
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in!
O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand-fold re - paid!
Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther-less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
Show in the heav'ns Thy prom-ised sign, Thou Prince and Sav - ior, come.

# 67 The Lord is My Shepherd.

J. Montgomery.

Fr. Thos. Koschat.
Arr. H. P. M.

M. 96 = ♩ *Melody in 1st Bass and 1st Tenor.*


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my
pas-tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
measured my cup run-neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek—by the path which my.
still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er
noint-est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa-ther's trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ—Thy kingdom of
pressed; Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love; Thro' the land of their so - journ—Thy king - dom of love.

# 68 The Church by the Side of the Road.

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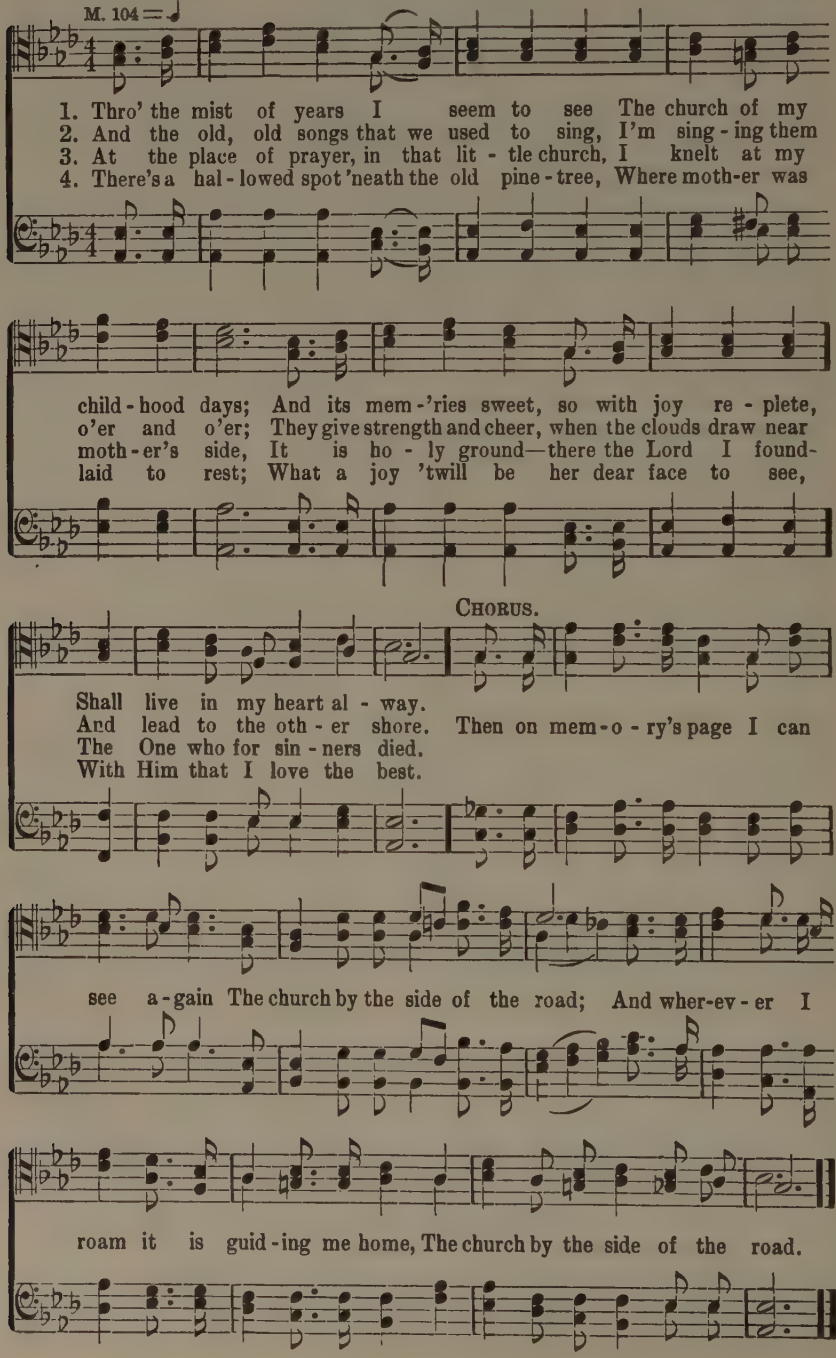
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

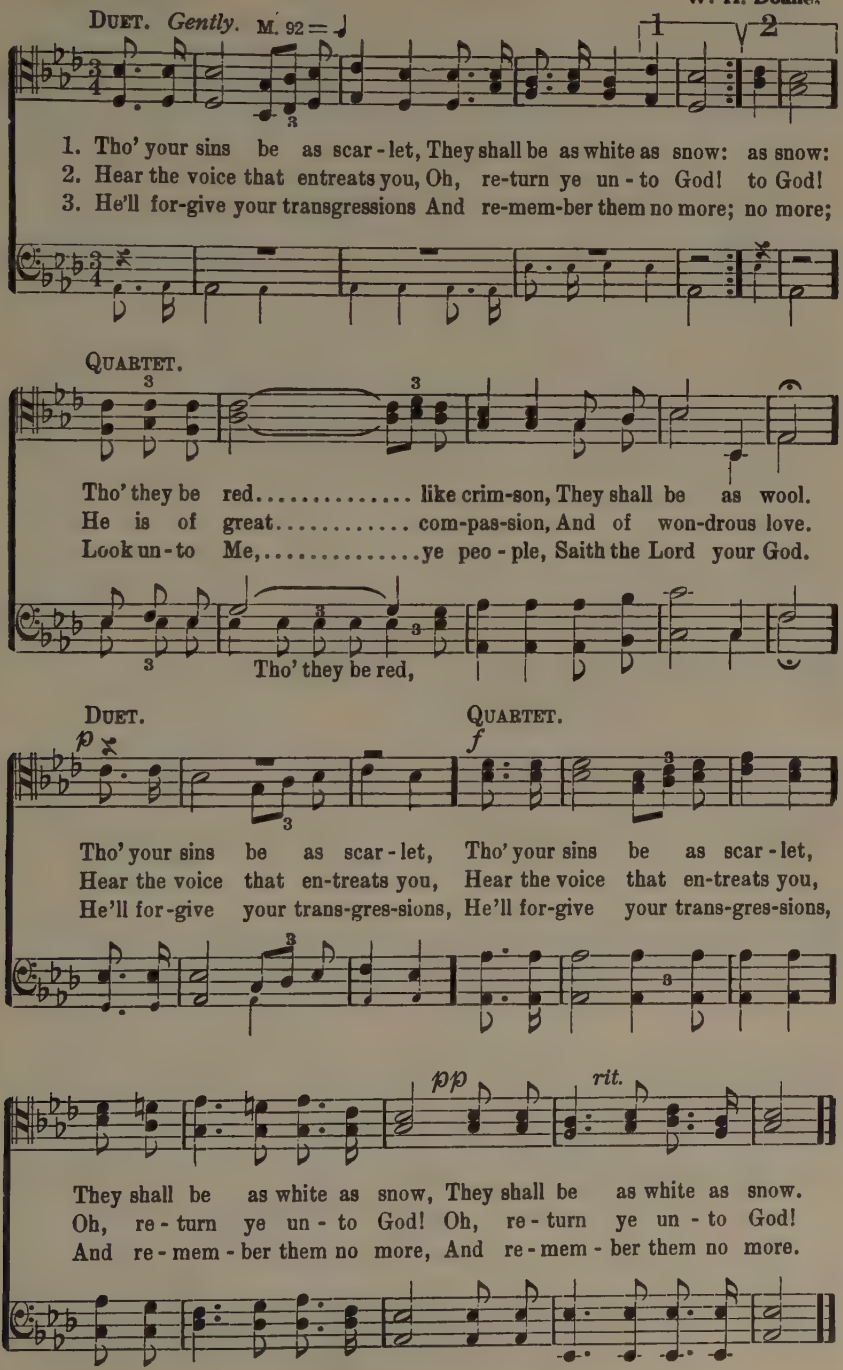
Rev. W. C. Poole. B. D. Ackley. Arr. D. P.

M. 104 = ♩


1. Thro' the mist of years I seem to see The church of my
2. And the old, old songs that we used to sing, I'm sing - ing them
3. At the place of prayer, in that lit - tle church, I knelt at my
4. There's a hal - lowed spot 'neath the old pine - tree, Where moth-er was
child - hood days; And its mem -'ries sweet, so with joy re - plete,
o'er and o'er; They give strength and cheer, when the clouds draw near
moth - er's side, It is ho - ly ground—there the Lord I found-
laid to rest; What a joy 'twill be her dear face to see,
CHORUS.
Shall live in my heart al - way.
And lead to the oth - er shore. Then on mem - o - ry's page I can
The One who for sin - ners died.
With Him that I love the best.
see a - gain The church by the side of the road; And wher-ev - er I
roam it is guid - ing me home, The church by the side of the road.

# Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


DUET. Gently. M. 92 = ♩
1
2
1. Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow: as snow:
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool.
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love.
Look un - to Me,.....ye peo - ple, Saith the Lord your God.
Tho' they be red,
DUET.
QUARTET.
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,
pp
rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

# Dearer Than All.

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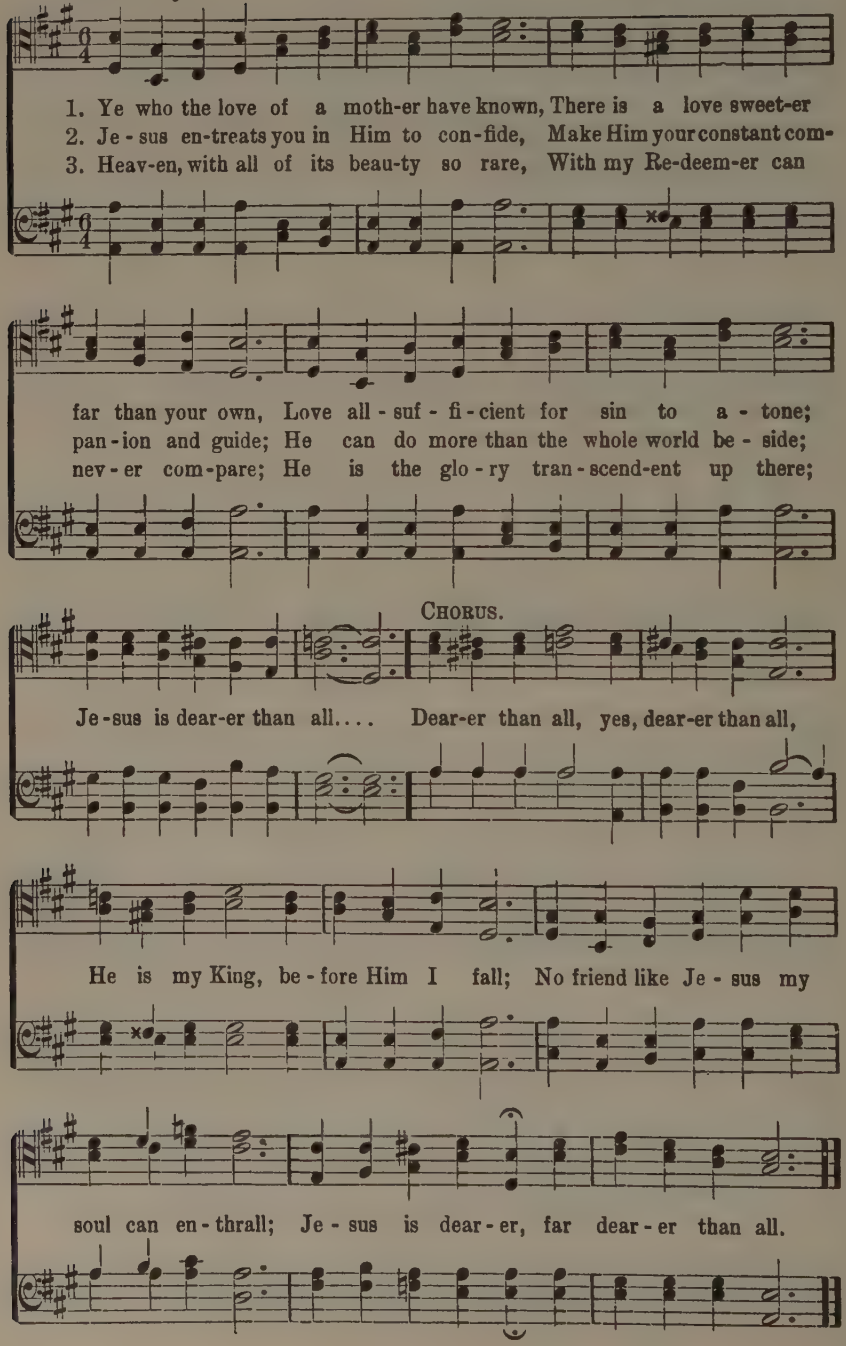
A. H. A.

Alfred H. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.

M. 104 = ♩


1. Ye who the love of a moth-er have known, There is a love sweet-er
2. Je - sus en-treats you in Him to con-fide, Make Him your constant com-
3. Heav-en, with all of its beau-ty so rare, With my Re-deem-er can
far than your own, Love all - suf - fi - cient for sin to a - tone;
pan-ion and guide; He can do more than the whole world be - side;
nev - er com-pare; He is the glo - ry tran - scend-ent up there;
CHORUS.
Je-sus is dear-er than all.... Dear-er than all, yes, dear-er than all,
He is my King, be - fore Him I fall; No friend like Je - sus my
soul can en - thrall; Je - sus is dear - er, far dear - er than all.

# No Night There.

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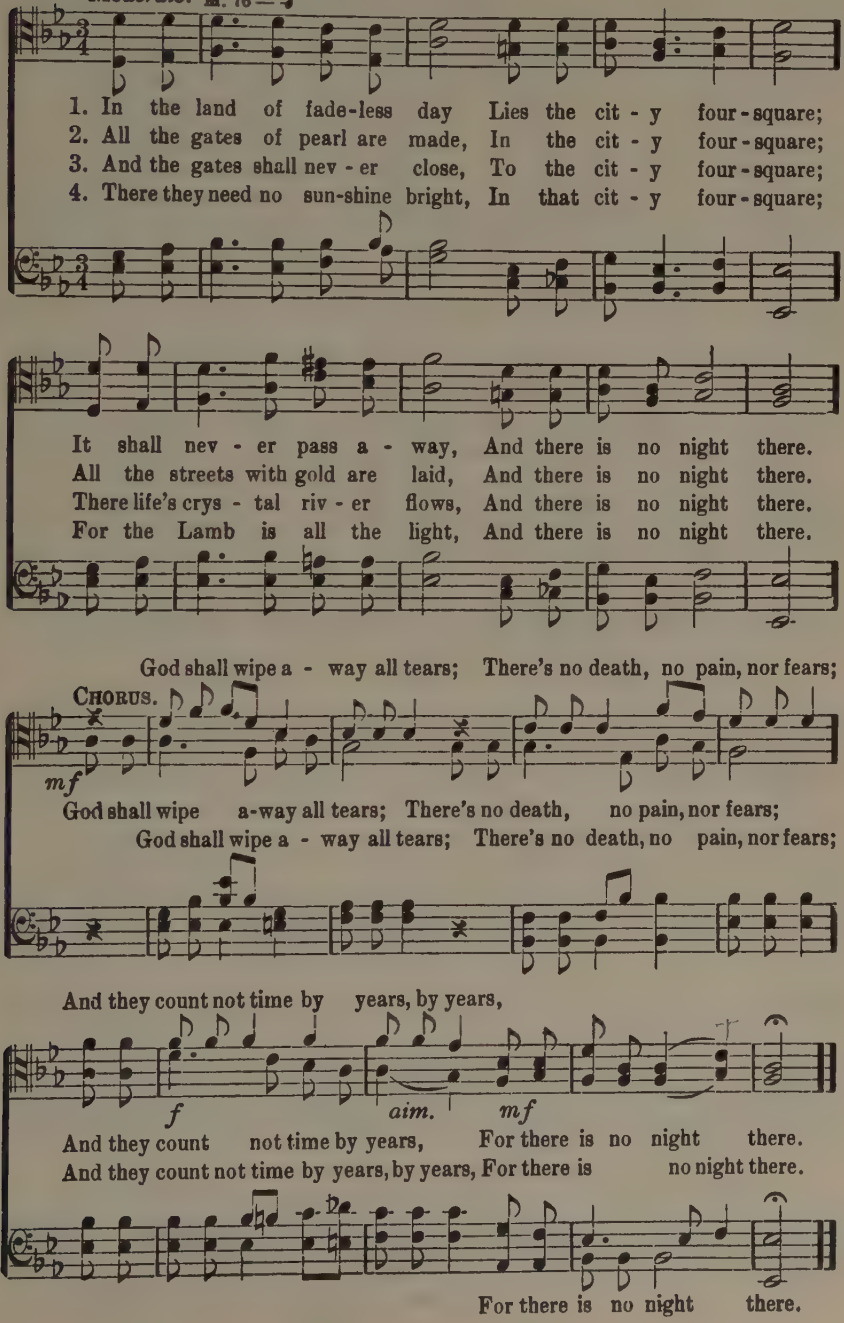
John R. Clements. Hart P. Danks.
Arr. P. H. Metcalf.

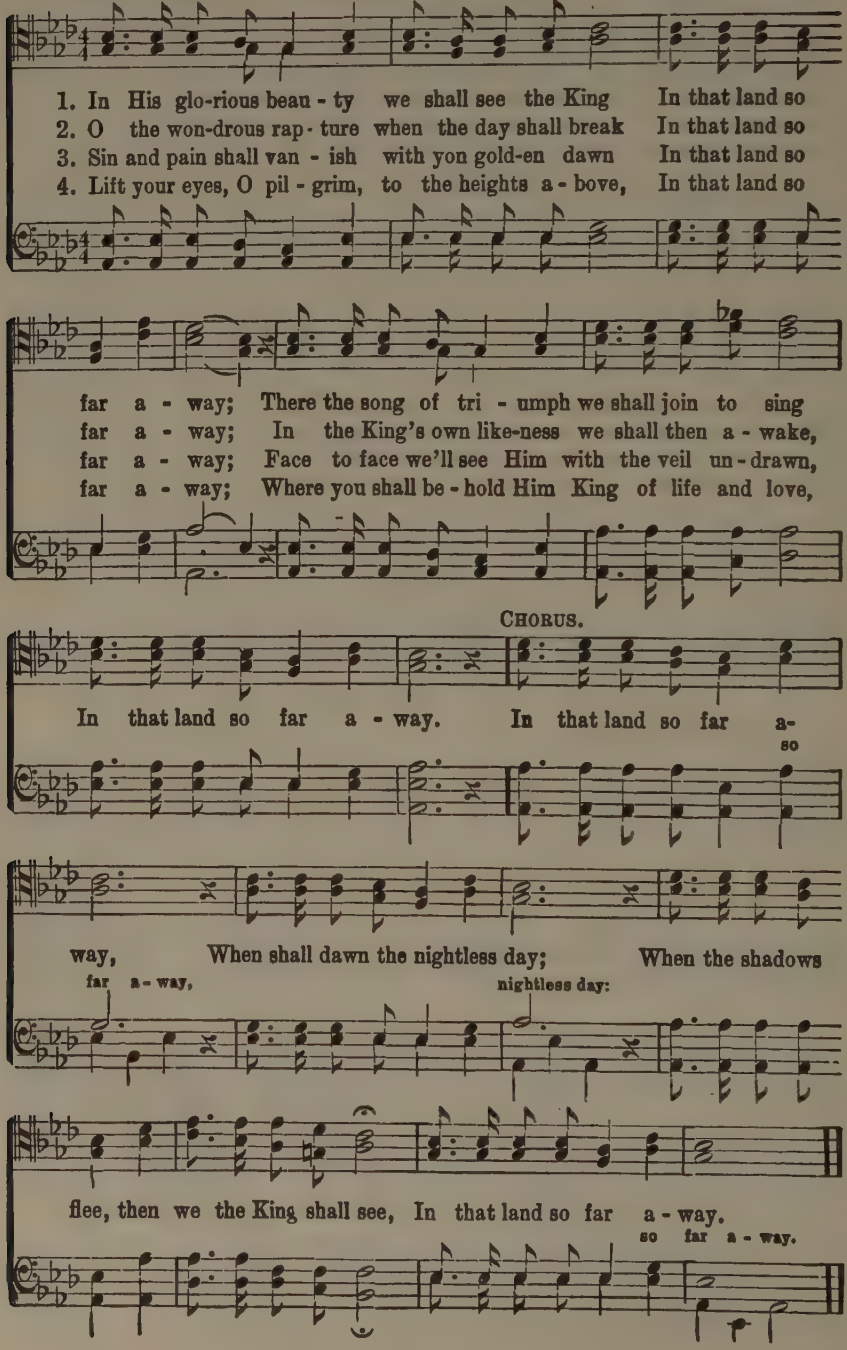
*Melody in 2nd Tenor and 1st Bass.*

*Moderato.* M. 76 = ♩


1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the cit - y four - square;
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the cit - y four - square;
3. And the gates shall nev - er close, To the cit - y four - square;
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that cit - y four - square;
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is no night there.
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is no night there.
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is no night there.
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is no night there.
God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
Chorus.
mf
God shall wipe a-way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
And they count not time by years, by years,
f
aim.
mf
And they count not time by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is no night there.
For there is no night there.

# In That Land So Far Away.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY M. J. BABBITT. M. J. Babbitt.


1. In His glo-rious beau - ty we shall see the King In that land so
2. O the won-drous rap - ture when the day shall break In that land so
3. Sin and pain shall van - ish with yon gold-en dawn In that land so
4. Lift your eyes, O pil - grim, to the heights a - bove, In that land so
far a - way; There the song of tri - umph we shall join to sing
far a - way; In the King's own like-ness we shall then a - wake,
far a - way; Face to face we'll see Him with the veil un - drawn,
far a - way; Where you shall be - hold Him King of life and love,
CHORUS.
In that land so far a - way. In that land so far a-
so
way, When shall dawn the nightless day; When the shadows
far a - way, nightless day:
flee, then we the King shall see, In that land so far a - way.
so far a - way.

# When I See the King.

A. H. A.
*Melody in Baritone.*

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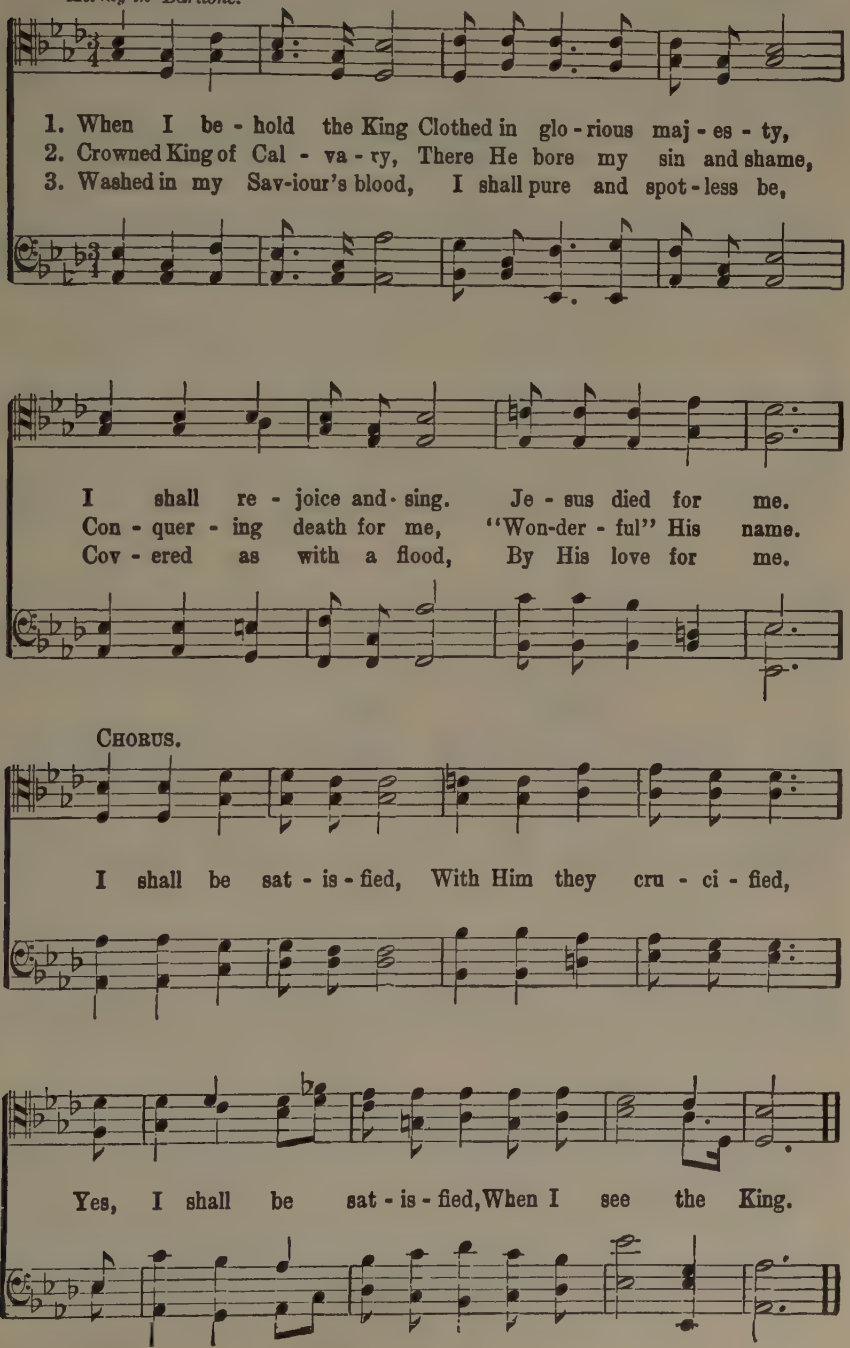
Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. When I be - hold the King Clothed in glo - rious maj - es - ty,
2. Crowned King of Cal - va - ry, There He bore my sin and shame,
3. Washed in my Sav-iour's blood, I shall pure and spot - less be,
I shall re - joice and - sing. Je - sus died for me.
Con - quer - ing death for me, "Won-der - ful" His name.
Cov - ered as with a flood, By His love for me.
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied, With Him they cru - ci - fied,
Yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I see the King.

# Saved by Grace.

(Arranged for and sung by the Amphion Quartet.)

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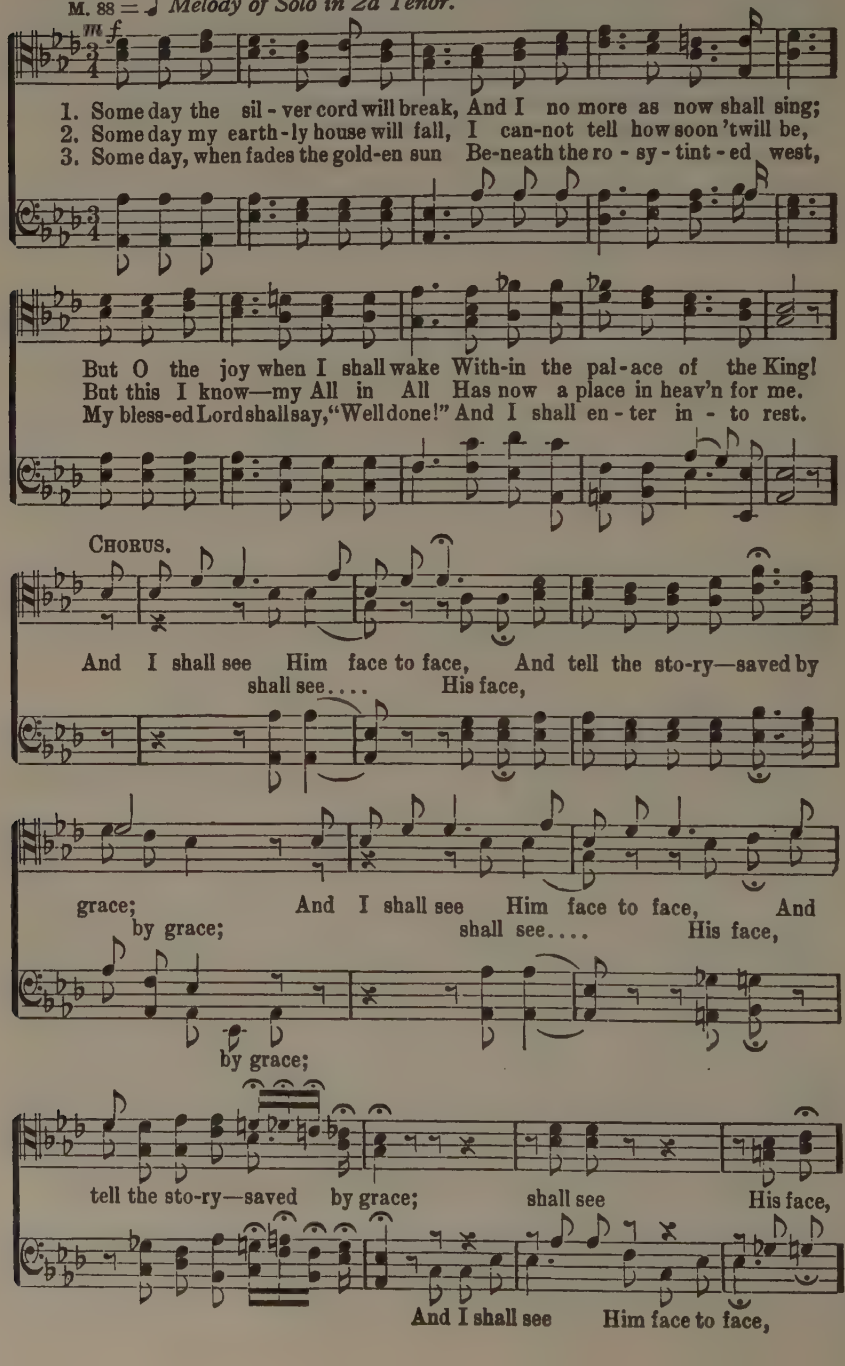
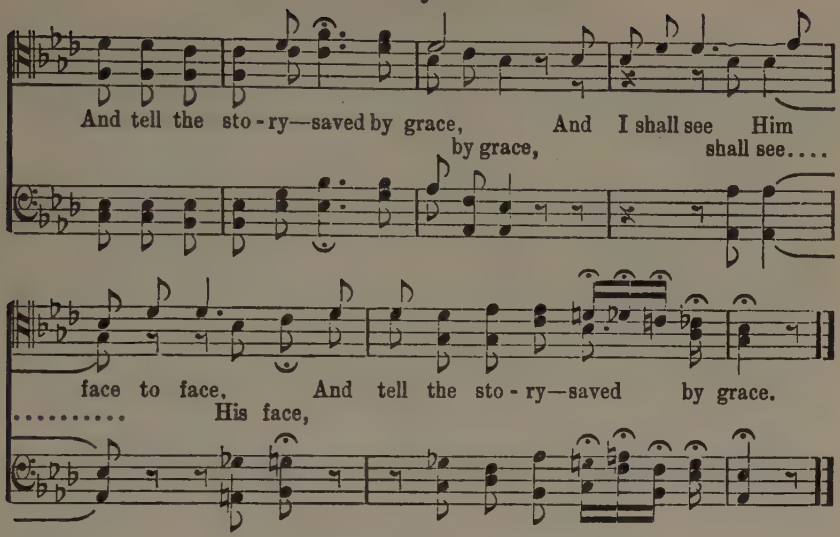
Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 88 = ♩ *Melody of Solo in 2d Tenor.*


mf
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
But O the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
Chorus.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—saved by
shall see.... His face,
grace; And I shall see Him face to face, And
by grace; shall see.... His face,
by grace;
tell the sto-ry—saved by grace; shall see His face,
And I shall see Him face to face,

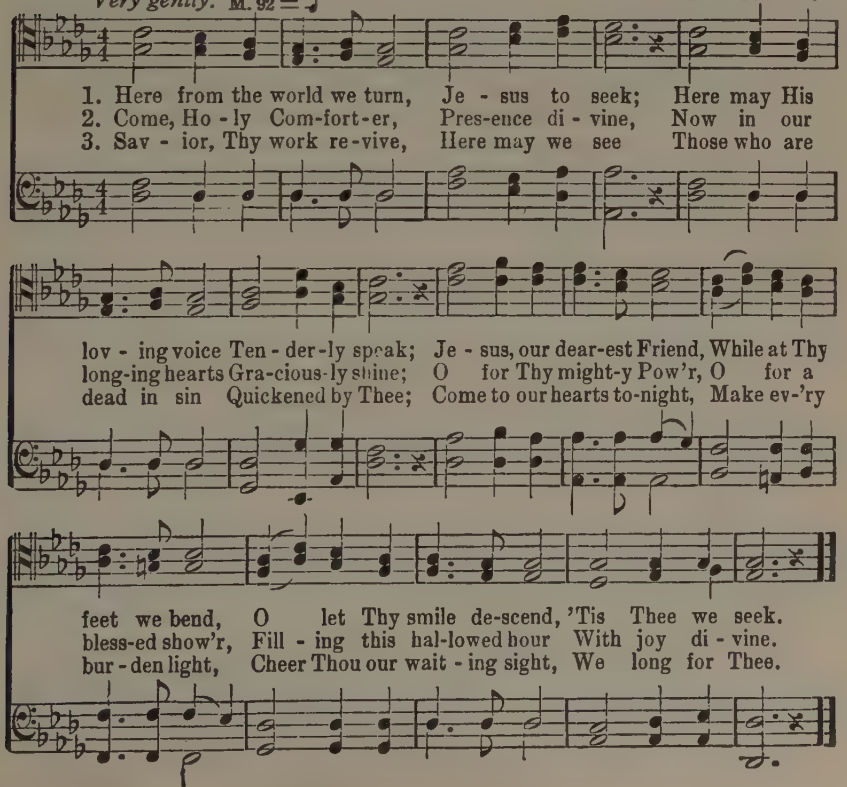
## Saved by Grace.


And tell the sto - ry—saved by grace, And I shall see Him
by grace, shall see....
face to face, And tell the sto - ry—saved by grace.
His face,

## 75 Moments of Prayer.

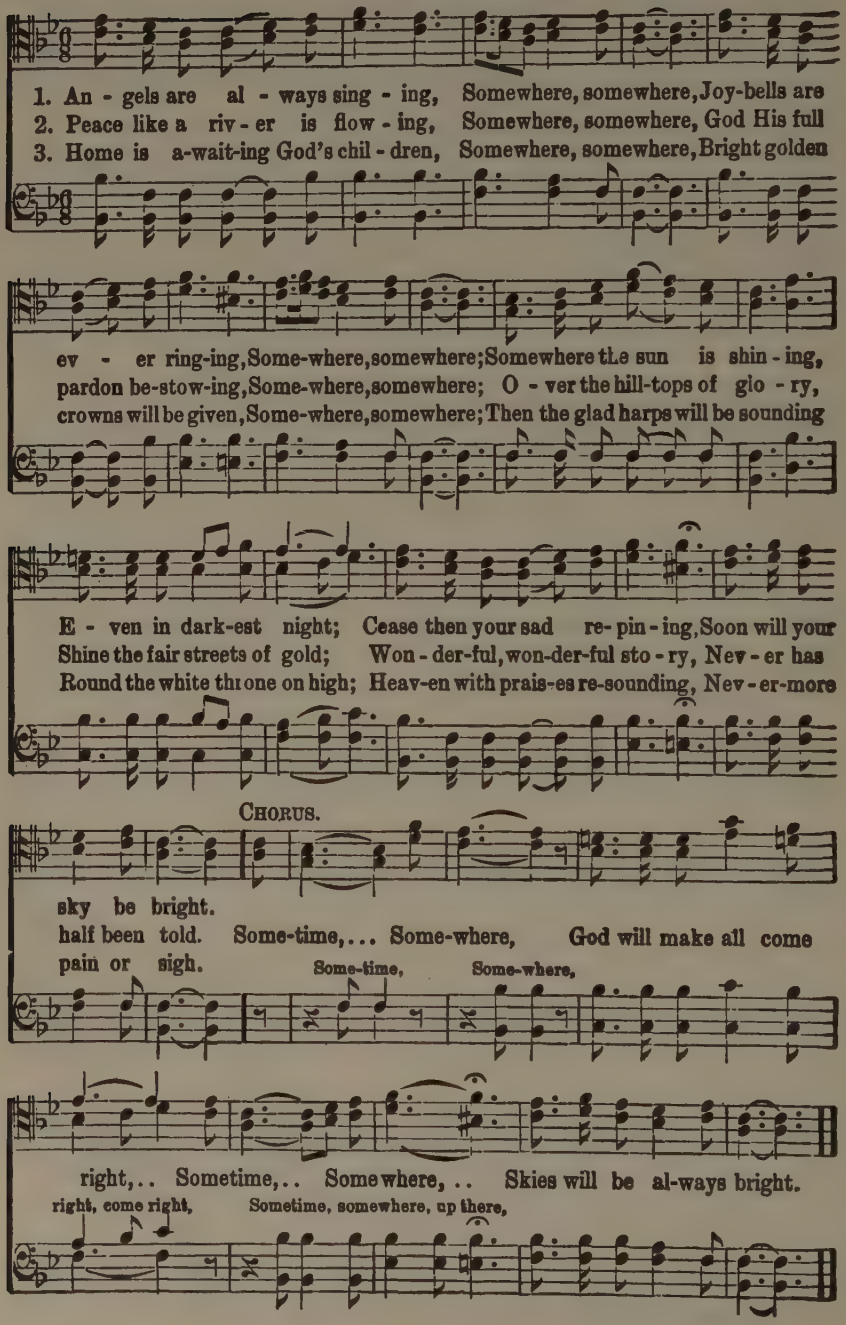
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.
Arr. G. B. H.

*Very gently.* M. 92 = ♩


1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may His
2. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort-er, Pres-ence di - vine, Now in our
3. Sav - ior, Thy work re-vive, Here may we see Those who are
lov - ing voice Ten - der-ly speak; Je - sus, our dear-est Friend, While at Thy
long-ing hearts Gra-cious-ly shine; O for Thy might-y Pow'r, O for a
dead in sin Quickened by Thee; Come to our hearts to-night, Make ev-'ry
feet we bend, O let Thy smile de-scend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
bless-ed show'r, Fill - ing this hal-lowed hour With joy di - vine.
bur - den light, Cheer Thou our wait - ing sight, We long for Thee.

# Sometime, Somewhere.

A. W. S. COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY THE RODEHEAVER CO. Arthur W. Spooner.


1. An - gels are al - ways sing - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, Joy-bells are
2. Peace like a riv - er is flow - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, God His full
3. Home is a-wait-ing God's chil - dren, Somewhere, somewhere, Bright golden
ev - er ring-ing, Some-where, somewhere; Somewhere the sun is shin - ing,
pardon be-stow-ing, Some-where, somewhere; O - ver the hill-tops of glo - ry,
crowns will be given, Some-where, somewhere; Then the glad harps will be sounding
E - ven in dark-est night; Cease then your sad re- pin - ing, Soon will your
Shine the fair streets of gold; Won - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, Nev - er has
Round the white throne on high; Heav-en with prais-es re-sounding, Nev - er-more
CHORUS.
sky be bright.
half been told. Some-time,... Some-where, God will make all come
pain or sigh.
Some-time, Some-where,
right,.. Sometime,.. Somewhere, .. Skies will be al-ways bright.
right, come right, Sometime, somewhere, up there,

# 77 I Shall dwell Forever There.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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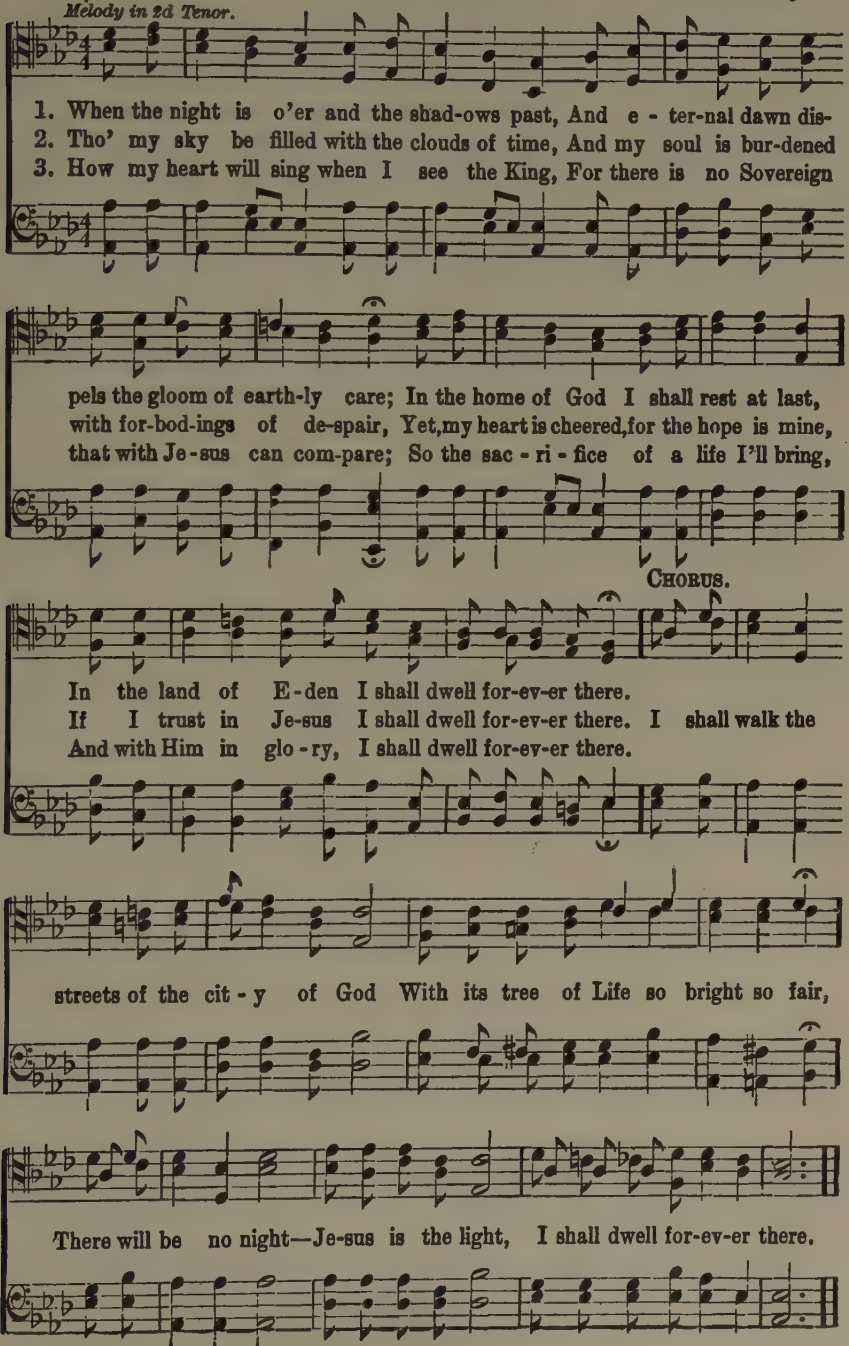
B. D. Ackley.

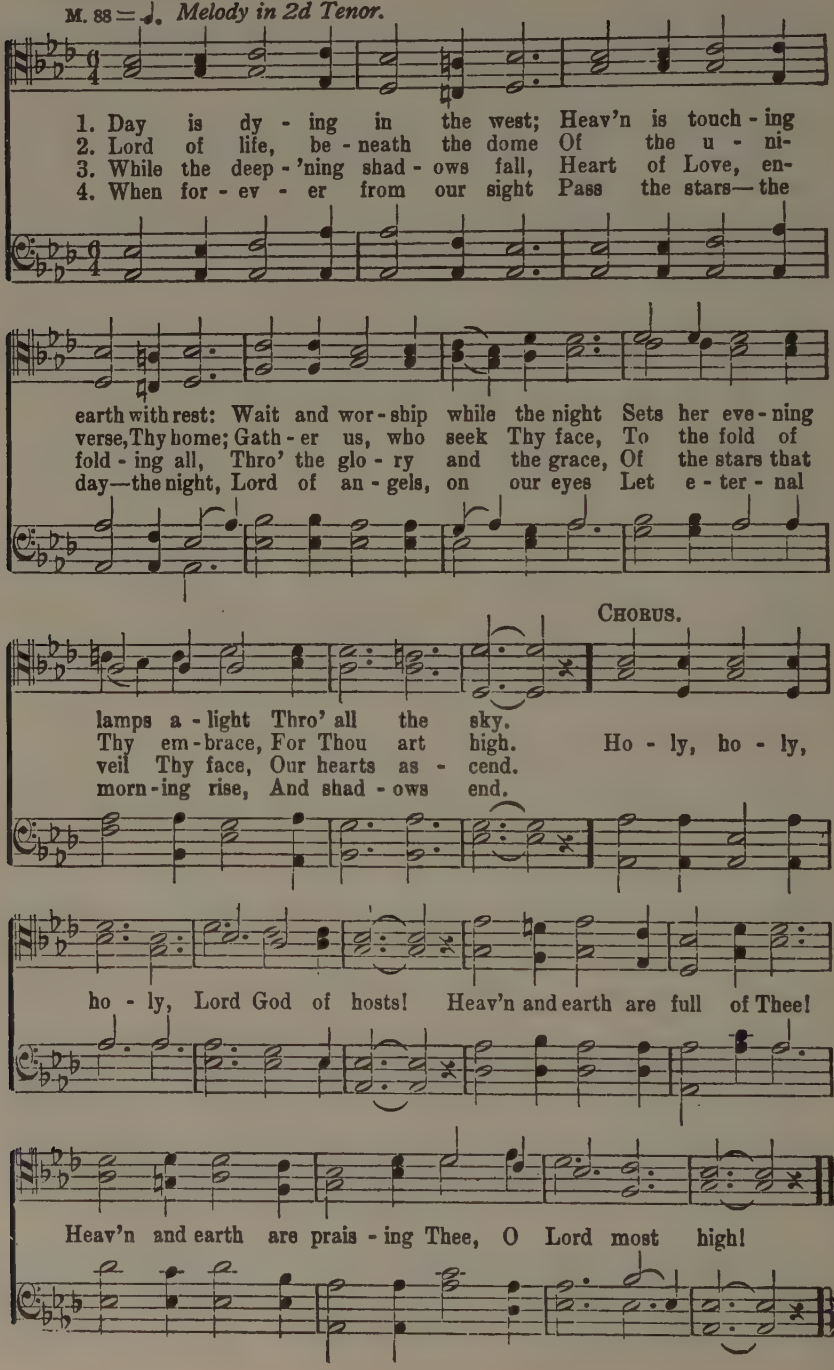
*Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter-nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is bur-dened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no Sovereign
pels the gloom of earth-ly care; In the home of God I shall rest at last,
with for-bod-ings of de-spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the hope is mine,
that with Je-sus can com-pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a life I'll bring,
CHORUS.
In the land of E-den I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
If I trust in Je-sus I shall dwell for-ev-er there. I shall walk the
And with Him in glo - ry, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
streets of the cit - y of God With its tree of Life so bright so fair,
There will be no night—Je-sus is the light, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.

# Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. Wm. F. Sherwin.

M. 88 = ♩. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni-
3. While the deep - 'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en-
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars—the
earth with rest: Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning
verse, Thy home; Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of
fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace, Of the stars that
day—the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal
Chorus.
lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
Thy em - brace, For Thou art high.
veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Ho - ly, ho - ly,
ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

# The Shepherd True.

F. W. Faber. Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 92 = ♩

1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea - ry, When the Sav-ior came un - to me;
2. At first I would not heark-en, But put off till the mor - row,
3. At last I stopped to lis - ten—*His* voice could ne'er de - ceive me;—
4. I thought His love would weak-en As more and more He knew me,

For the paths of sin were drear - y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
Till life be - gan to dark - en, And I grew sick with sor - row;
I saw His kind eye glis - ten, So anx - ious to re - lieve me;
But it burn-eth like a bea - con, And its light and heat go thro' me;

And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a - long His way,—

REFRAIN. *First 2 lines of 2d Tenor prominent.*

Wand'ring soul, O *do* come near Me; My sheep should nev - er

*rit.* *p* *pp*

fear Me; I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep-herd true.

# My Guiding Star.

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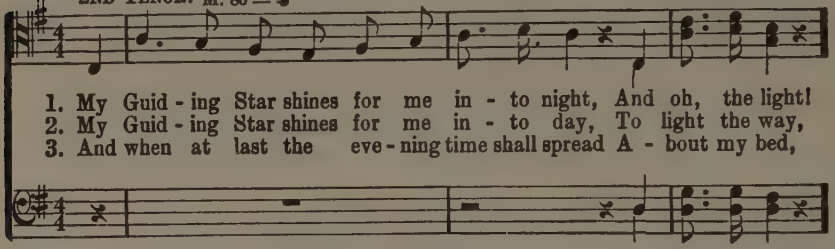
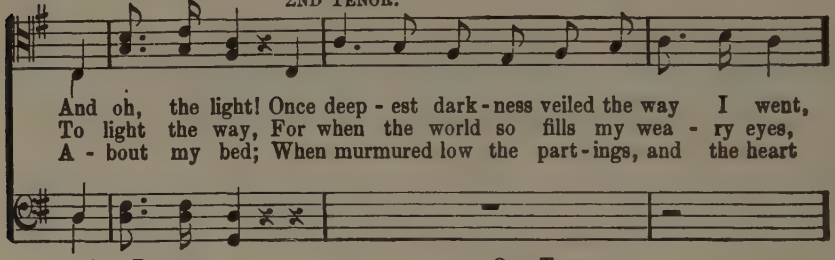
Rev. Chas. W. Collinge. B. D. Ackley.

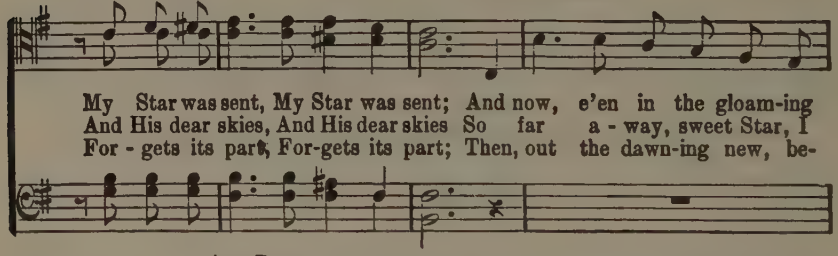
2ND TENOR. M. 80 = ♩ ALL PARTS.

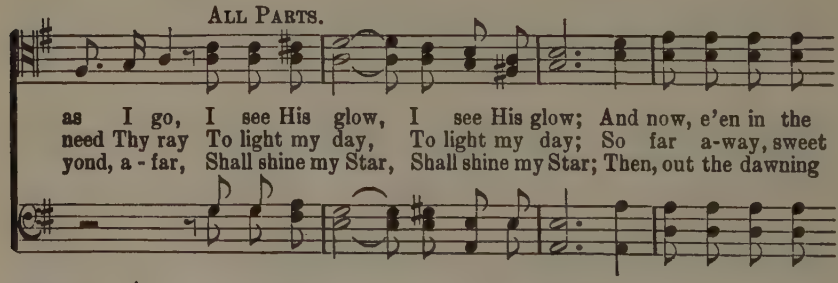
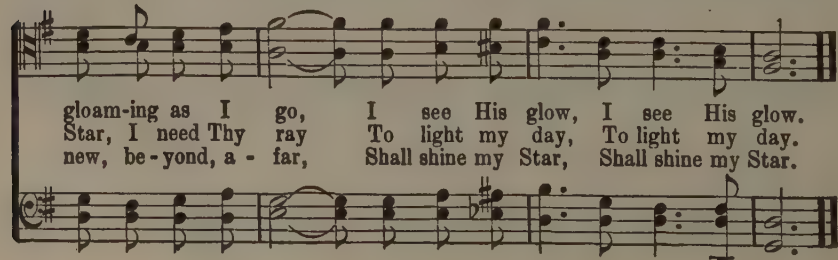

1. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to night, And oh, the light!
2. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to day, To light the way,
3. And when at last the eve - ning time shall spread A - bout my bed,

2ND TENOR.


And oh, the light! Once deep - est dark - ness veiled the way I went,
To light the way, For when the world so fills my wea - ry eyes,
A - bout my bed; When murmured low the part - ings, and the heart

ALL PARTS. 2ND TENOR.


My Star was sent, My Star was sent; And now, e'en in the gloam-ing
And His dear skies, And His dear skies So far a - way, sweet Star, I
For - gets its part, For-gets its part; Then, out the dawn-ing new, be-

ALL PARTS.

as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow; And now, e'en in the
need Thy ray To light my day, To light my day; So far a-way, sweet
yond, a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star; Then, out the dawning

gloam-ing as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow.
Star, I need Thy ray To light my day, To light my day.
new, be - yond, a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star.

# 81 Wandering Child, O Come Home.

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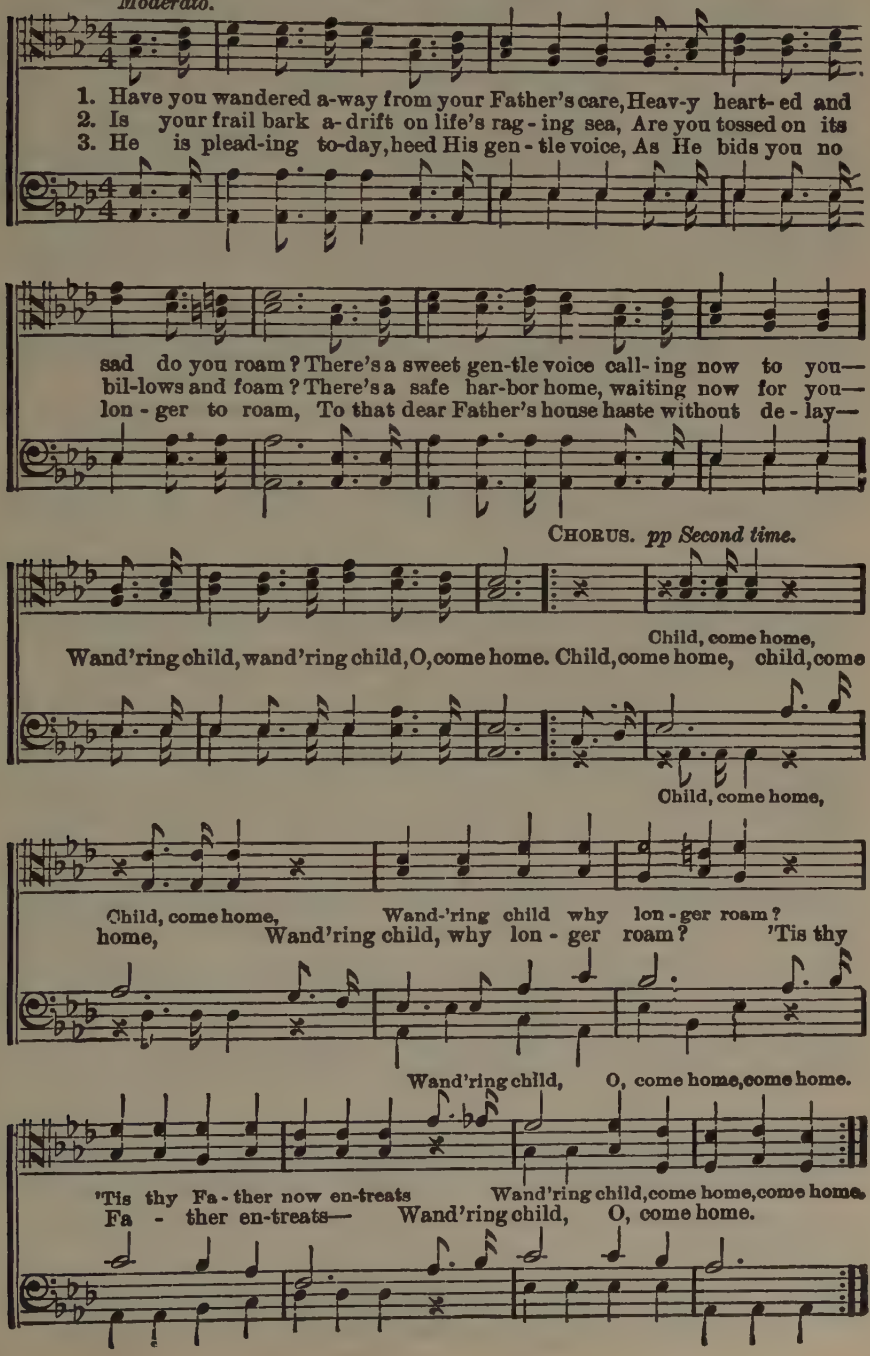
Kem G. Bottorf. Kem G. Bottorf.

*Moderato.*


1. Have you wandered a-way from your Father's care, Heav-y heart- ed and
2. Is your frail bark a- drift on life's rag - ing sea, Are you tossed on its
3. He is plead-ing to-day, heed His gen - tle voice, As He bids you no
sad do you roam? There's a sweet gen-tle voice call- ing now to you—
bil-lows and foam? There's a safe har-bor home, waiting now for you—
lon - ger to roam, To that dear Father's house haste without de - lay—
CHORUS. pp Second time.
Child, come home,
Wand'ring child, wand'ring child, O, come home. Child, come home, child, come
Child, come home,
Child, come home, Wand-'ring child why lon - ger roam?
home, Wand'ring child, why lon - ger roam? 'Tis thy
Wand'ring child, O, come home, come home.
'Tis thy Fa - ther now en-treats Wand'ring child, come home, come home.
Fa - ther en-treats— Wand'ring child, O, come home.

# My Anchor Holds.

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ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
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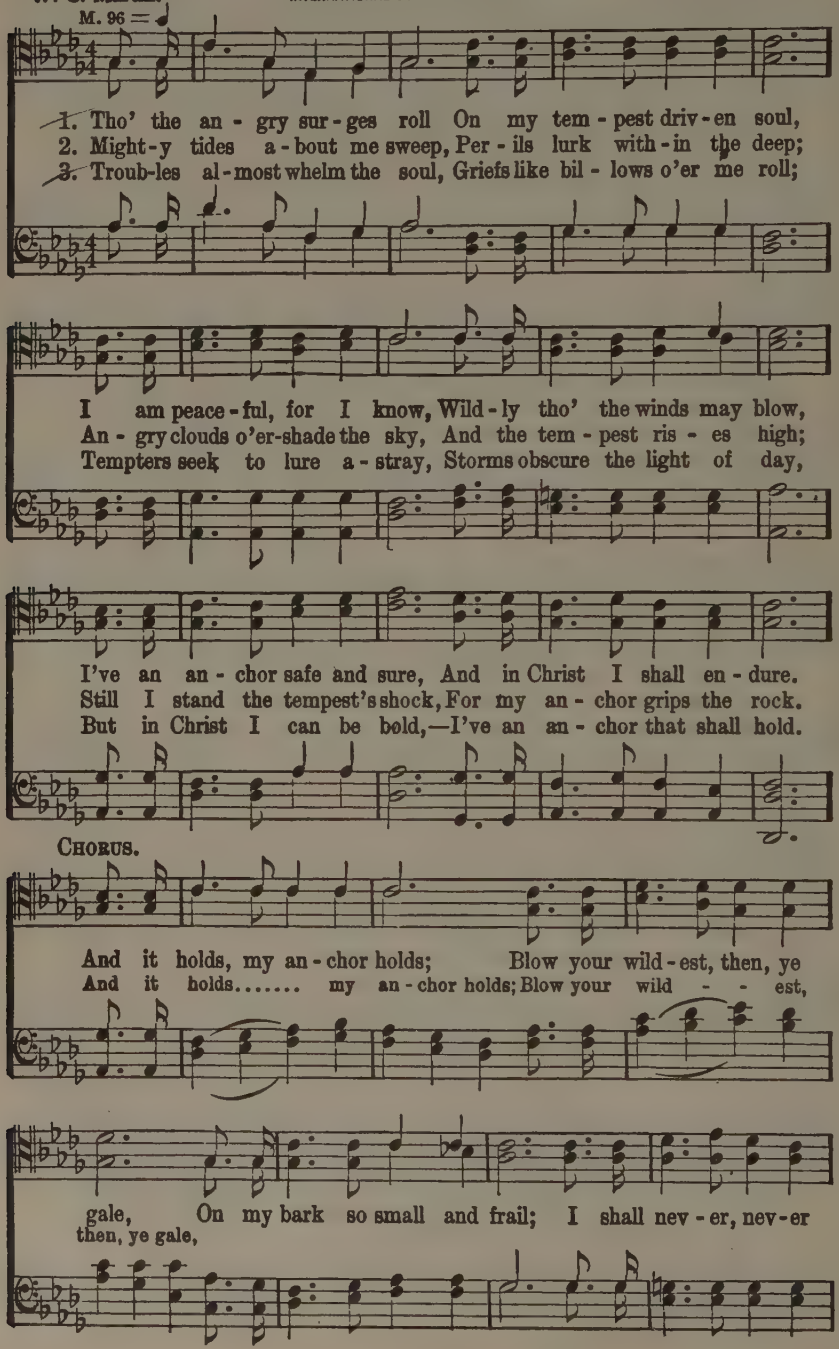
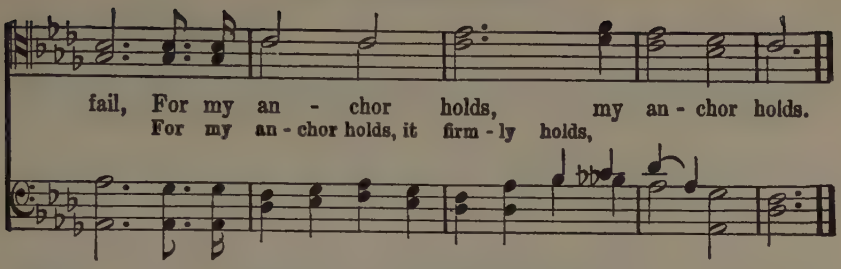
W. C. Martin. D. B. Towner.

M. 96 =


1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv - en soul,
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub-les al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms obscure the light of day,
I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold,—I've an an - chor that shall hold.
CHORUS.
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - est,
gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, ye gale,

## My Anchor Holds.




## 83 Only a Contrite Sinner.

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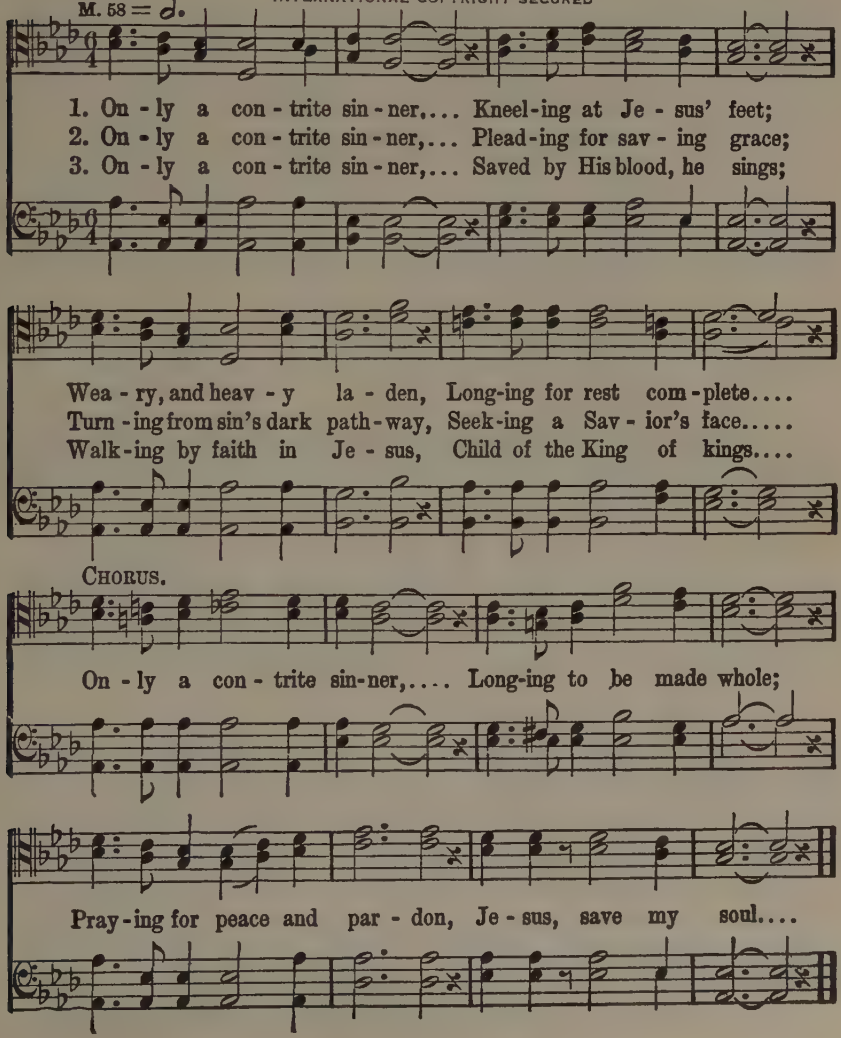
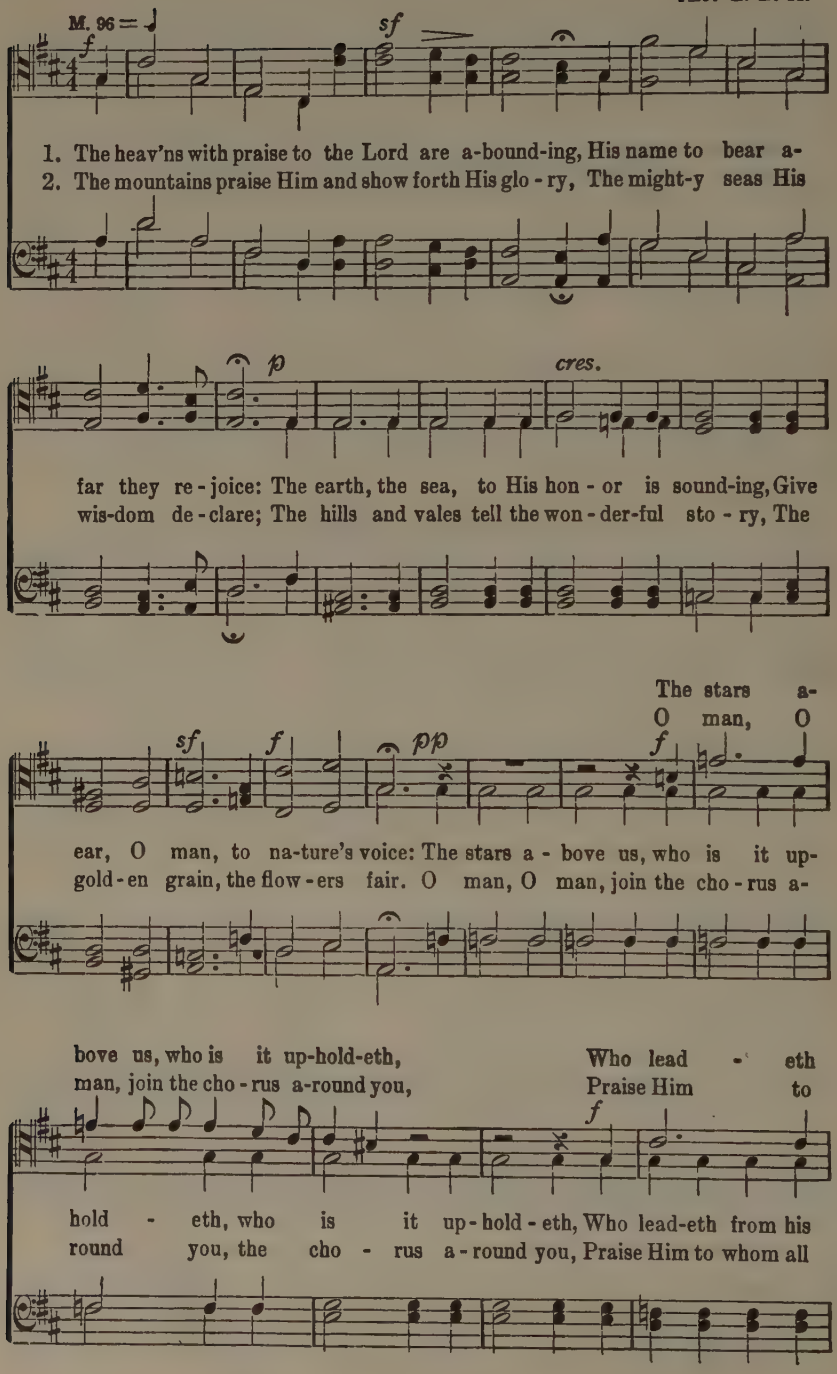
Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 58 = ♩.

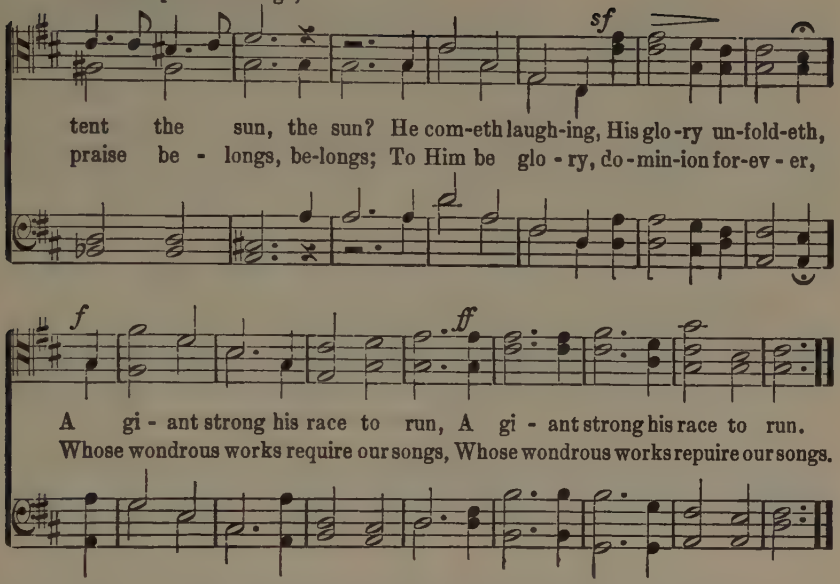

1. On - ly a con - trite sin - ner,... Kneel - ing at Je - sus' feet;
2. On - ly a con - trite sin - ner,... Plead - ing for sav - ing grace;
3. On - ly a con - trite sin - ner,... Saved by His blood, he sings;
Wea - ry, and heav - y la - den, Long - ing for rest com - plete....
Turn - ing from sin's dark path - way, Seek - ing a Sav - ior's face.....
Walk - ing by faith in Je - sus, Child of the King of kings....
CHORUS.
On - ly a con - trite sin - ner,.... Long - ing to be made whole;
Pray - ing for peace and par - don, Je - sus, save my soul....

# Adoration.

Beethoven.
Arr. G. B. H.


M. 96 = ♩
f
sf
1. The heav'ns with praise to the Lord are a-bound-ing, His name to bear a-
2. The mountains praise Him and show forth His glo - ry, The might-y seas His
p
cres.
far they re - joice: The earth, the sea, to His hon - or is sound-ing, Give
wis-dom de - clare; The hills and vales tell the won - der-ful sto - ry, The
The stars a-
O man, O
sf
f
pp
f
ear, O man, to na-ture's voice: The stars a - bove us, who is it up-
gold - en grain, the flow - ers fair. O man, O man, join the cho - rus a-
bove us, who is it up-hold-eth,
man, join the cho - rus a-round you,
Who lead - eth
Praise Him to
f
hold - eth, who is it up - hold - eth, Who lead-eth from his
round you, the cho - rus a - round you, Praise Him to whom all

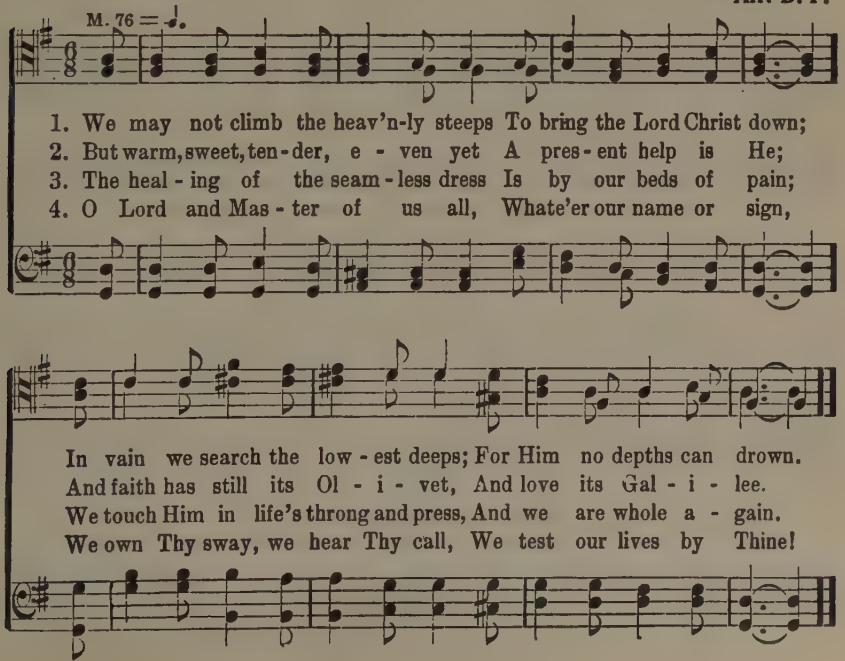
from his tent the sun?
whom all praise belongs;


sf
tent the sun, the sun? He com-eth laugh-ing, His glo-ry un-fold-eth,
praise be - longs, be-longs; To Him be glo - ry, do-min-ion for-ev - er,
f
ff
A gi - ant strong his race to run, A gi - ant strong his race to run.
Whose wondrous works require our songs, Whose wondrous works repuire our songs.

## 85 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

John G. Whittier.

Wallace.
Arr. D. P.


M. 76 = ♩.
1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, Whate'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the low - est deeps; For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

# God Made My Heart.

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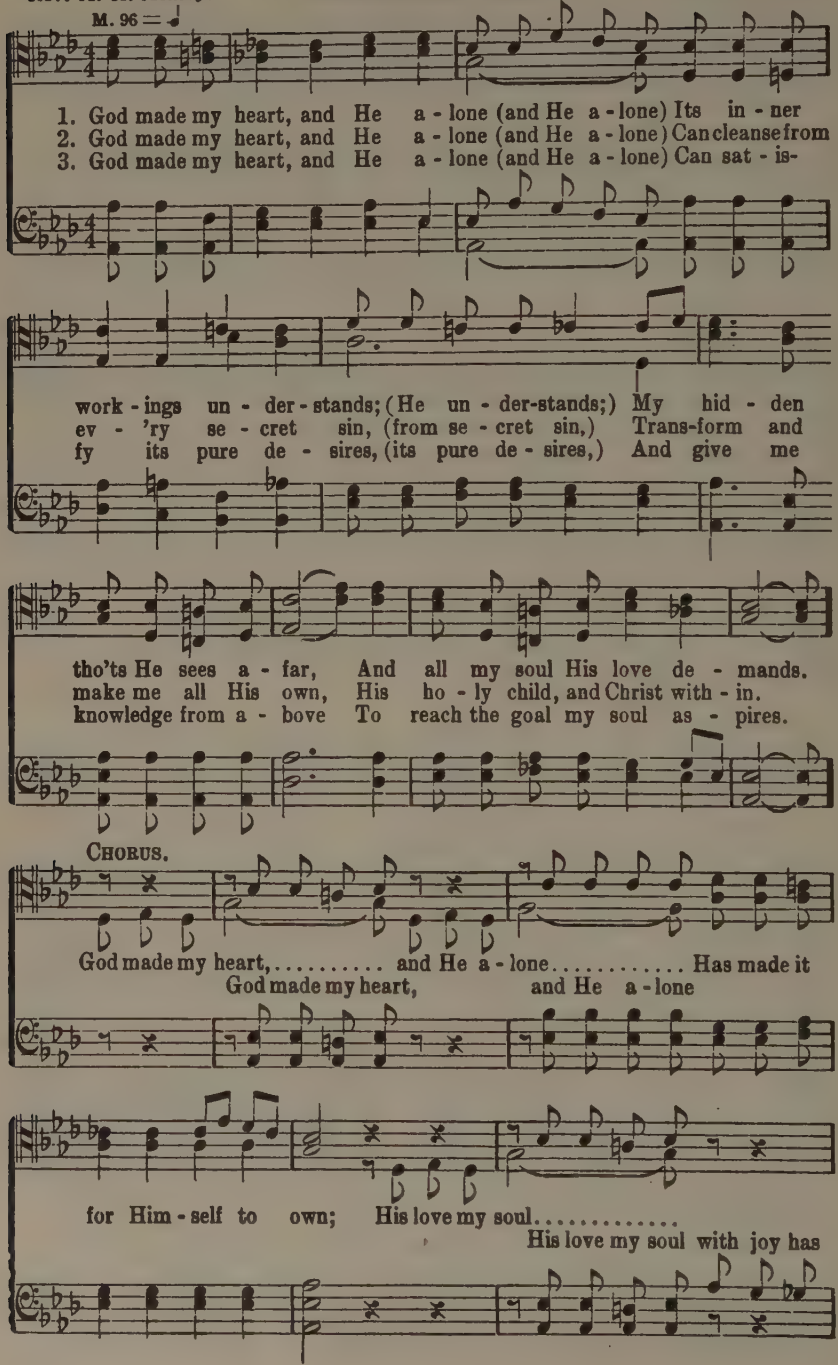
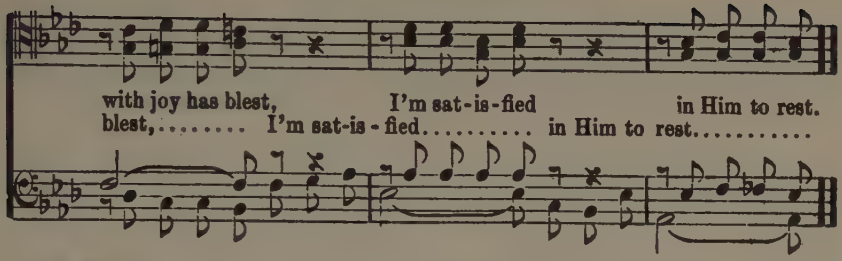
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

M. 96 = ♩

1. God made my heart, and He a - lone (and He a - lone) Its in - ner
2. God made my heart, and He a - lone (and He a - lone) Can cleanse from
3. God made my heart, and He a - lone (and He a - lone) Can sat - is-
work - ings un - der - stands; (He un - der-stands;) My hid - den
ev - 'ry se - cret sin, (from se - cret sin,) Trans-form and
fy its pure de - sires, (its pure de - sires,) And give me
tho'ts He sees a - far, And all my soul His love de - mands.
make me all His own, His ho - ly child, and Christ with - in.
knowledge from a - bove To reach the goal my soul as - pires.
CHORUS.
God made my heart, ..... and He a - lone ..... Has made it
God made my heart, and He a - lone
for Him - self to own; His love my soul .....
His love my soul with joy has

## God Made My Heart.




87

## A Little Prayer.

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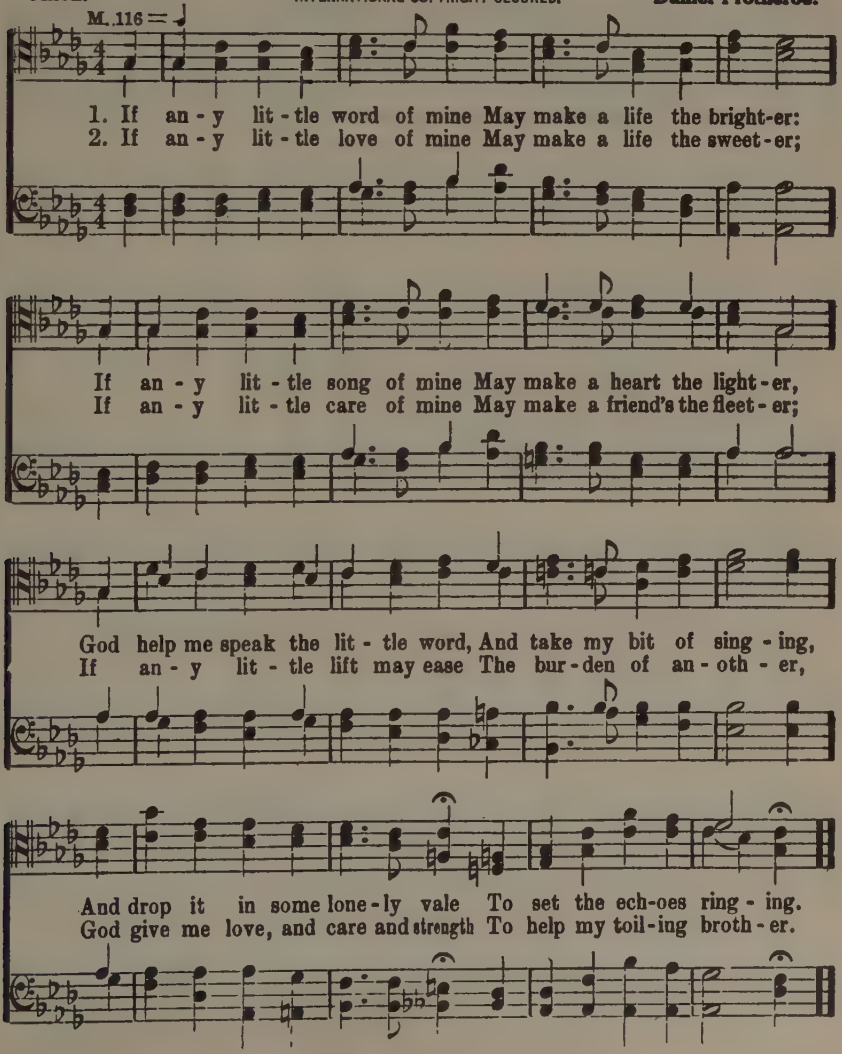
Anon. Daniel Protheroe.

M. 116 = ♩

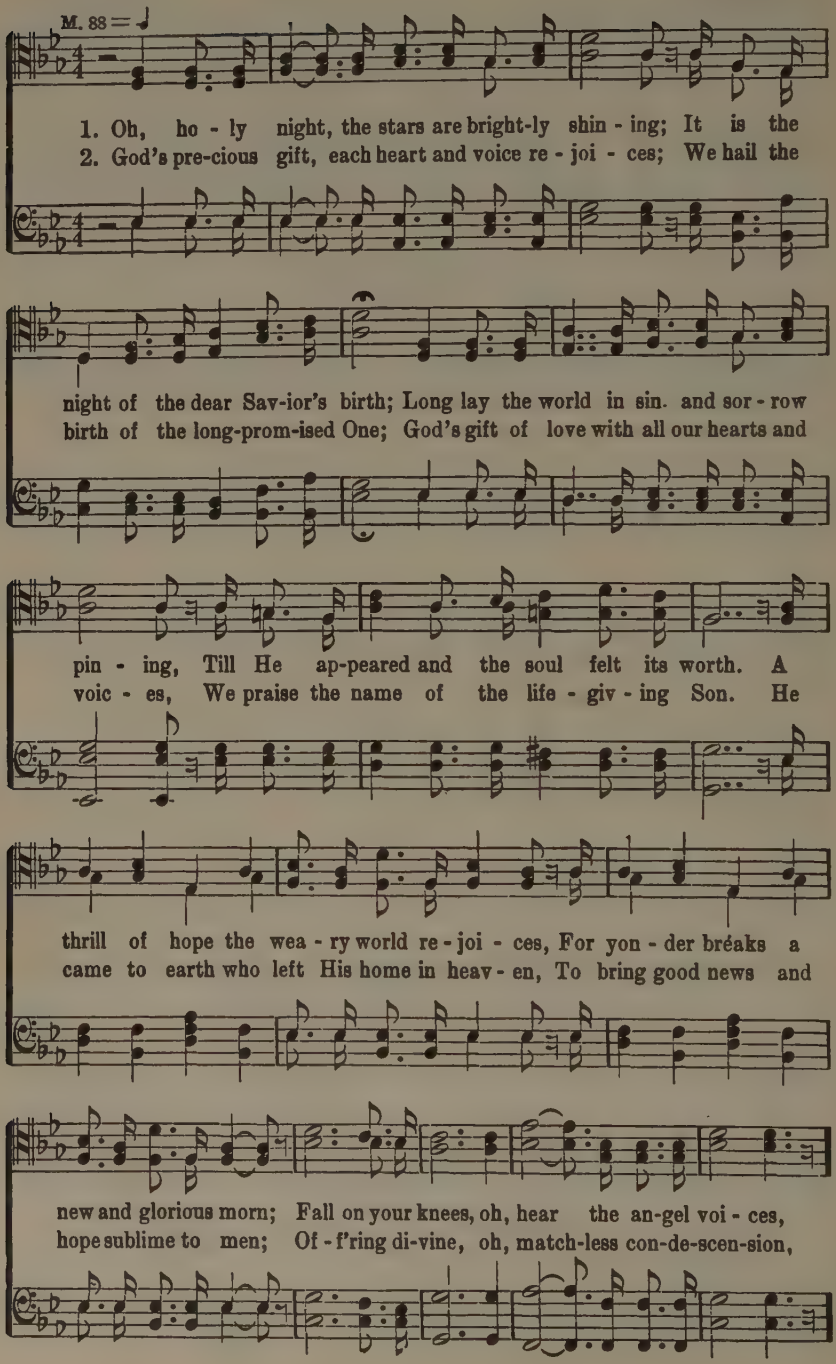

1. If an - y lit - tle word of mine May make a life the bright-er:
2. If an - y lit - tle love of mine May make a life the sweet-er;
If an - y lit - tle song of mine May make a heart the light-er,
If an - y lit - tle care of mine May make a friend's the fleet-er;
God help me speak the lit - tle word, And take my bit of sing - ing,
If an - y lit - tle lift may ease The bur-den of an - oth - er,
And drop it in some lone-ly vale To set the ech-oes ring - ing.
God give me love, and care and strength To help my toil-ing broth - er.

88 ✓

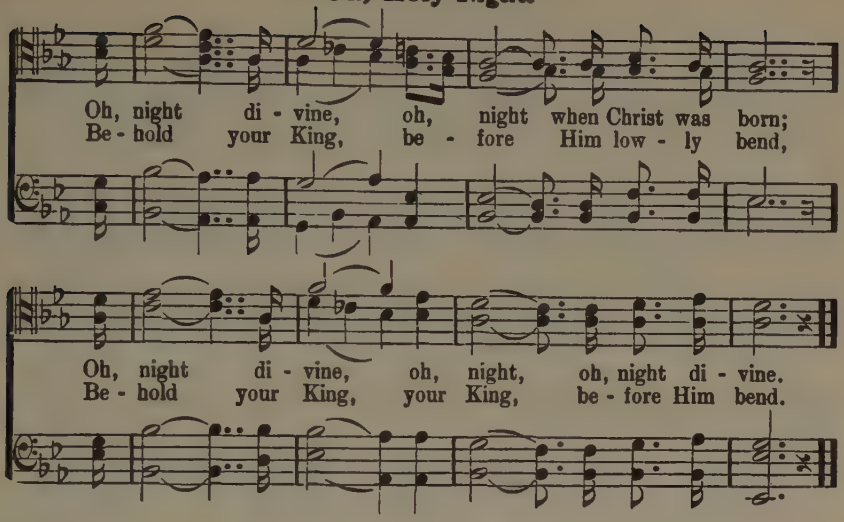
# Oh, Holy Night.

F. LeClair.

Adolph Adam.
Arr. G. B. H.


M. 88 = ♩
1. Oh, ho - ly night, the stars are bright-ly shin - ing; It is the
2. God's pre-cious gift, each heart and voice re - joi - ces; We hail the
night of the dear Sav-ior's birth; Long lay the world in sin. and sor - row
birth of the long-prom-ised One; God's gift of love with all our hearts and
pin - ing, Till He ap-peared and the soul felt its worth. A
voic - es, We praise the name of the life - giv - ing Son. He
thrill of hope the wea - ry world re - joi - ces, For yon - der breaks a
came to earth who left His home in heav - en, To bring good news and
new and glorious morn; Fall on your knees, oh, hear the an-gel voi - ces,
hope sublime to men; Of - f'ring di-vine, oh, match-less con-de-scen-sion,

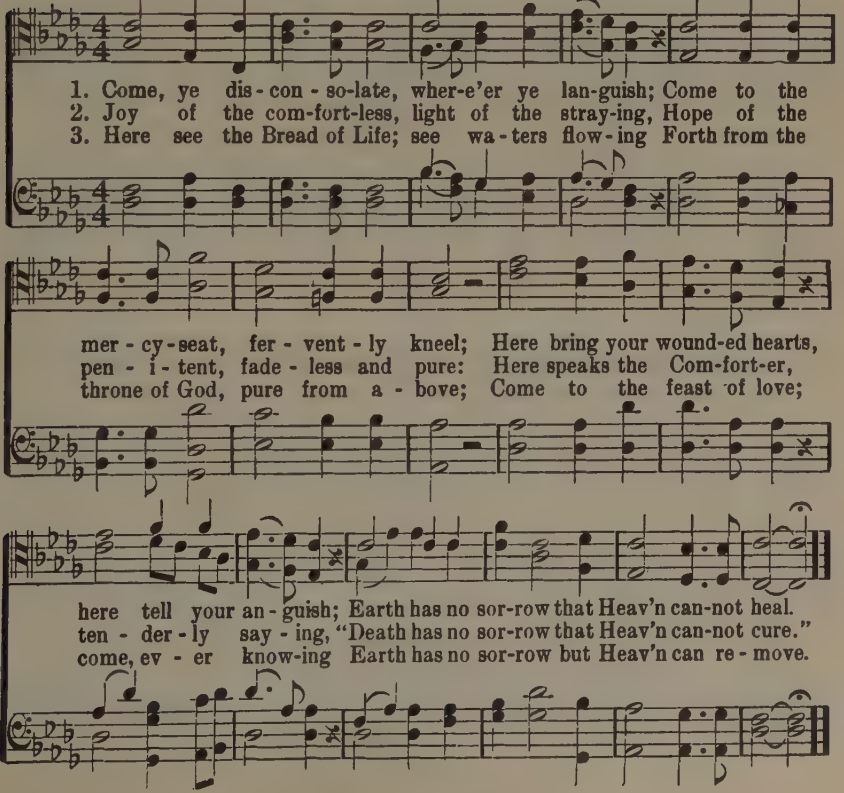
## Oh, Holy Night.


Oh, night di - vine, oh, night when Christ was born;
Be - hold your King, be - fore Him low - ly bend,
Oh, night di - vine, oh, night, oh, night di - vine.
Be - hold your King, your King, be - fore Him bend.

## 89 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

**Thomas Moore.** **S. Webbe. Arr. G. B. H.**

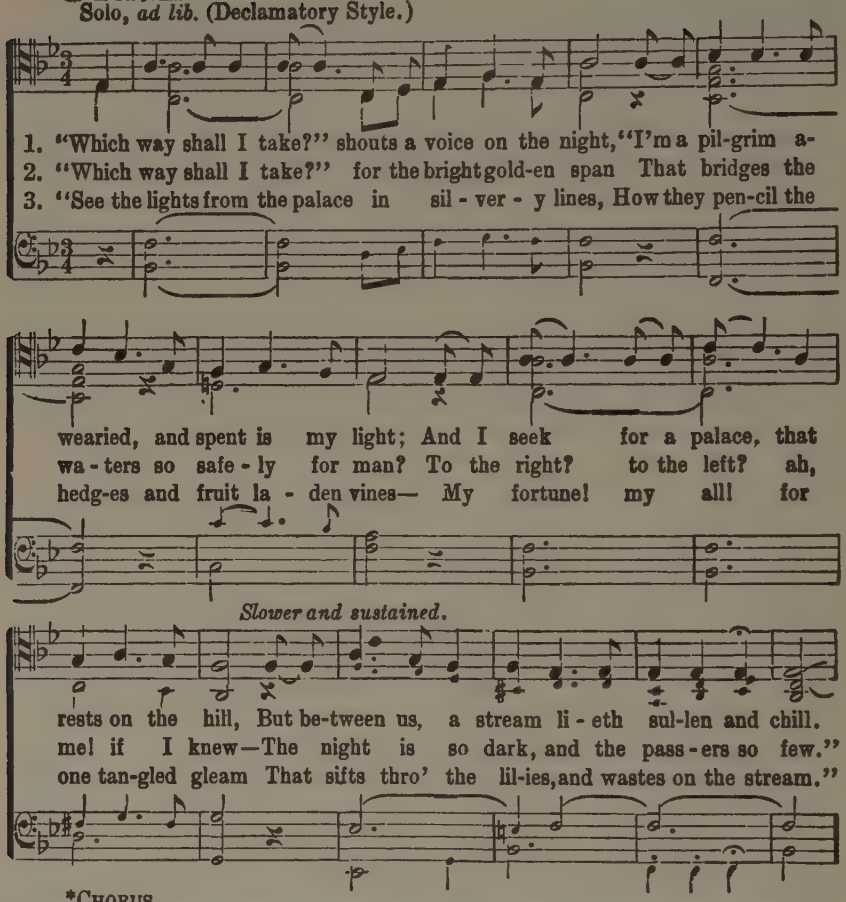
M. 92 = ♩ *Melody in 2nd Tenor.*


1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the
mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure: Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, "Death has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure."
come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re - move.

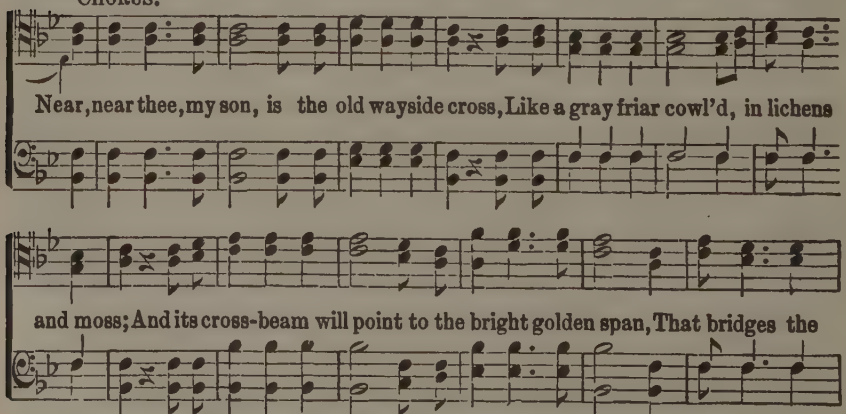
# The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)


1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take?" for the bright gold-en span That bridges the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the
wearied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg-es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for
Slower and sustained.
rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul-len and chill.
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

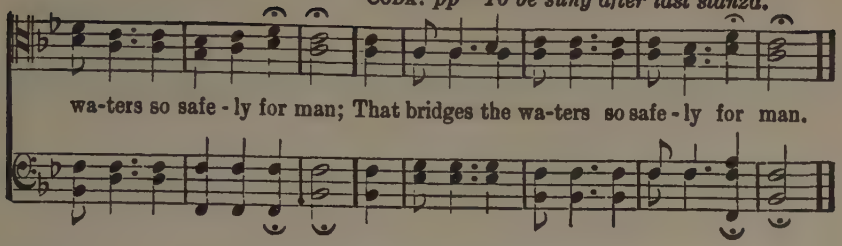
*Chorus.


Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in lichens
and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

## The Wayside Cross.

CODA. *pp* *To be sung after last stanza.*




91

## Just Outside the Door.

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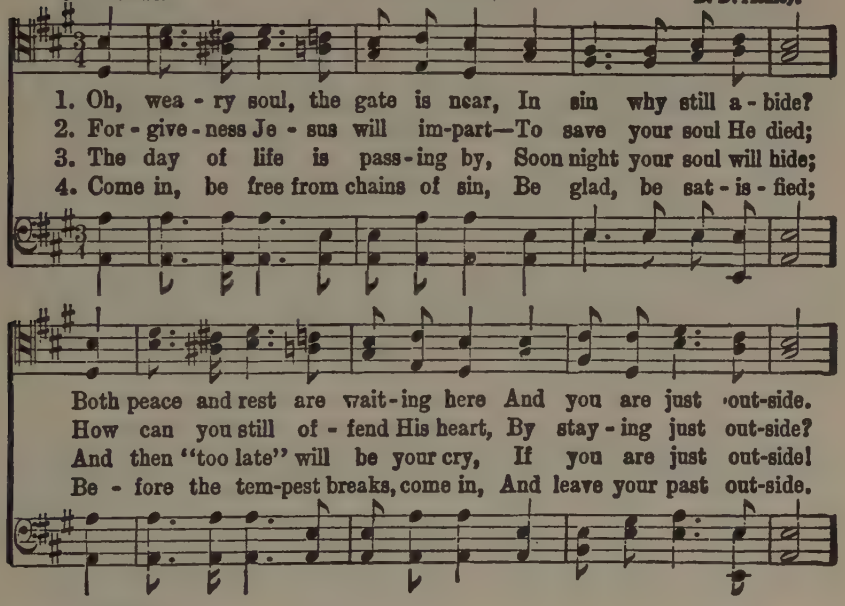
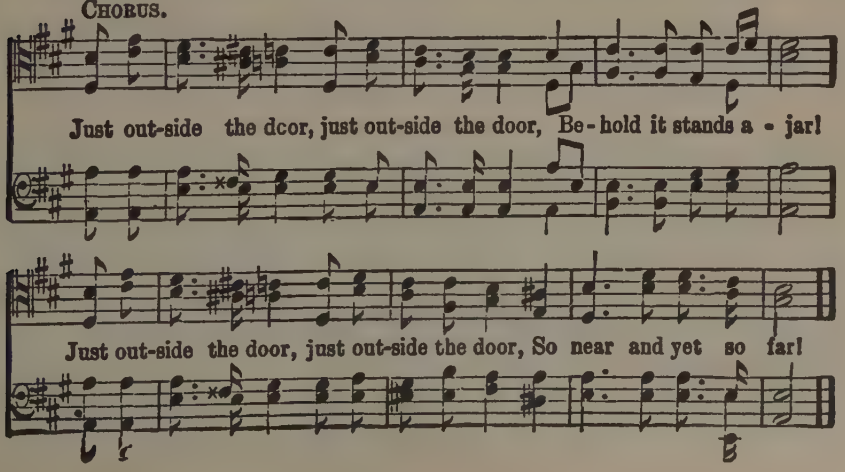
James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.


1. Oh, wea-ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a-bide?
2. For-give-ness Je-sus will im-part—To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass-ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat-is-fied;
Both peace and rest are wait-ing here And you are just out-side.
How can you still of-fend His heart, By stay-ing just out-side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out-side!
Be-fore the tem-pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out-side.

CHORUS.

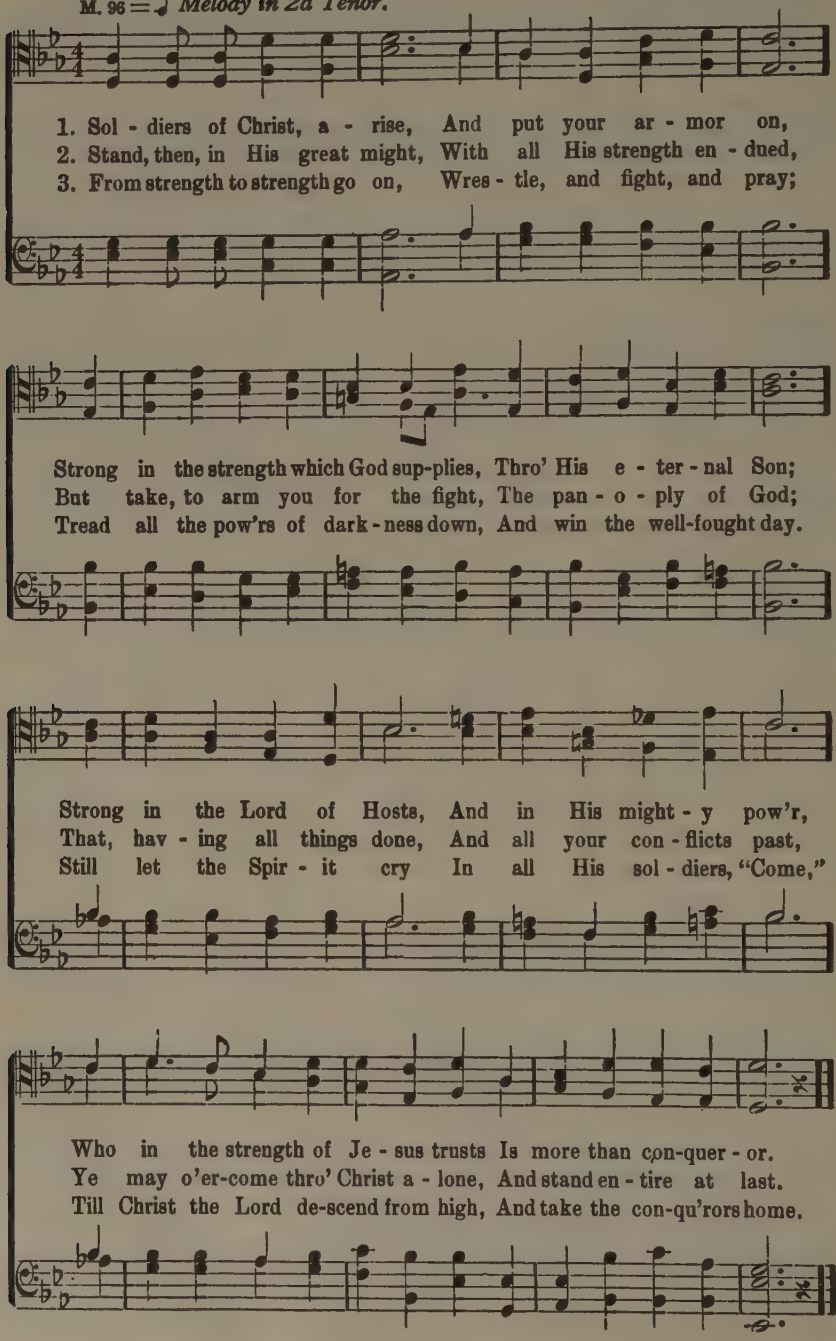

Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, Be-hold it stands a-jar!
Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, So near and yet so far!

# Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Geo. J. Elvey.
Arr. G. B. H.

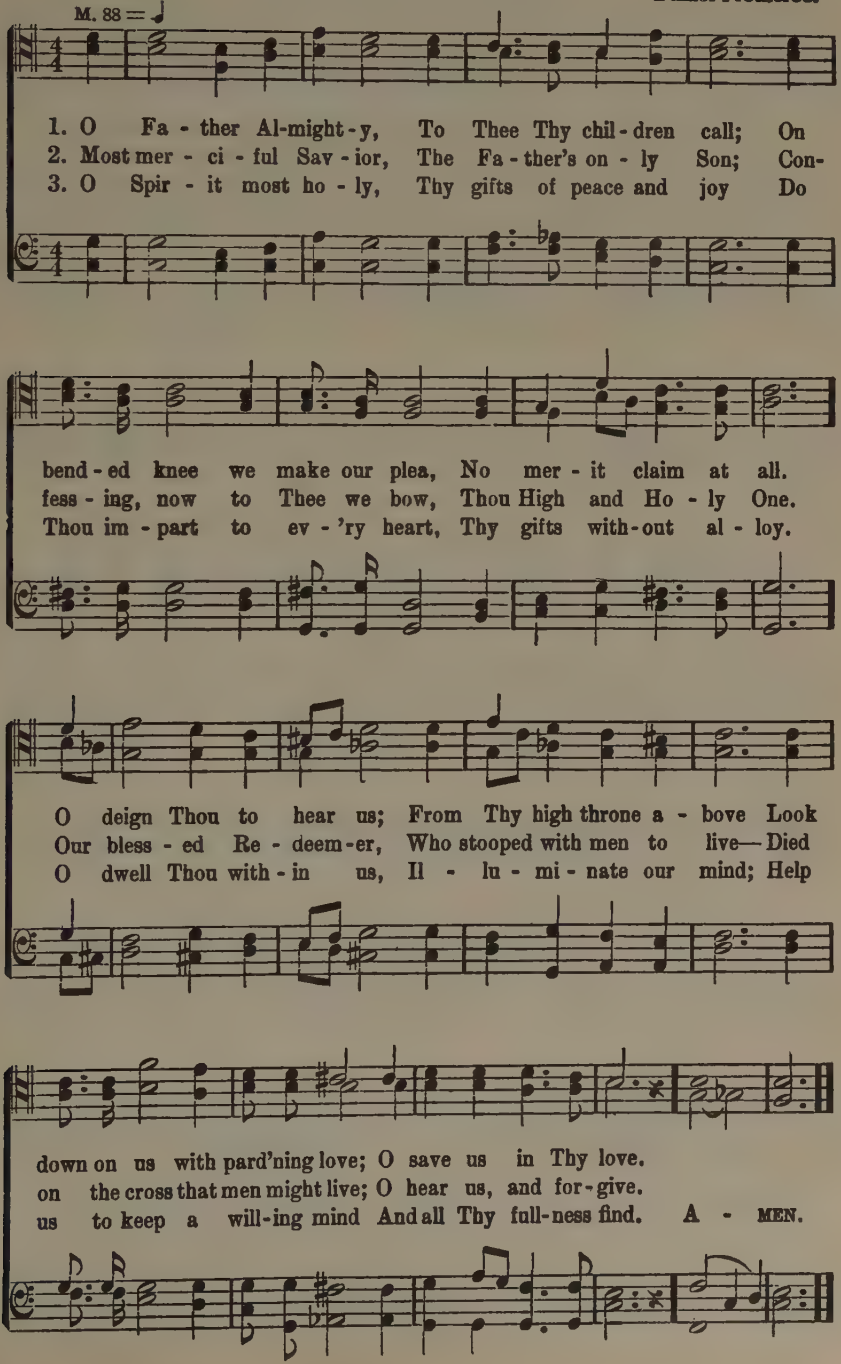
M. 96 = ♩ *Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued,
3. From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son;
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God;
Tread all the pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the well-fought day.
Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past,
Still let the Spir - it cry In all His sol - diers, "Come,"
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or.
Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
Till Christ the Lord de-scend from high, And take the con-qu'rors home.

# 93 Prayer from "The Crusaders."

H. S. Ninde. Daniel Protheroe.

M. 88 = ♩


1. O Fa - ther Al-might-y, To Thee Thy chil-dren call; On
2. Most mer - ci - ful Sav - ior, The Fa-ther's on - ly Son; Con-
3. O Spir - it most ho - ly, Thy gifts of peace and joy Do
bend-ed knee we make our plea, No mer - it claim at all.
fess - ing, now to Thee we bow, Thou High and Ho - ly One.
Thou im - part to ev - 'ry heart, Thy gifts with-out al - loy.
O deign Thou to hear us; From Thy high throne a - bove Look
Our bless - ed Re - deem-er, Who stooped with men to live— Died
O dwell Thou with - in us, Il - lu - mi - nate our mind; Help
down on us with pard'ning love; O save us in Thy love.
on the cross that men might live; O hear us, and for-give.
us to keep a will-ing mind And all Thy full-ness find. A - MEN.

# When Jesus Has Control.

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W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 110 = ♩

1. I find each day new vic - to - ry, When Je - sus has con - trol,
2. I find new joys un-known be - fore, When Je - sus has con - trol,
3. I find new strength to con-quer wrong, When Je - sus has con - trol,
4. I find new light up - on my way, When Je - sus has con - trol,
5. I look be - yond life's un-known sea, When Je - sus has con - trol,

And bless - ings that are sent to me, When Je - sus has con - trol.
And peace a - bid - ing more and more, When Je - sus has con - trol.
And bless - ings with the vic - tor's song, When Je - sus has con - trol.
To light and guide me day by day, When Je - sus has con - trol.
And see the Home-land wait - ing me, When Je - sus has con - trol.

CHORUS.

When Je - sus has con - trol, When Je - sus has con - trol;
com - plete con - trol, com - plete con - trol;

He leads the way from day to day, When Je - sus has con - trol.

# 95 Make Room, My Heart, Make Room.

W. C. Poole.

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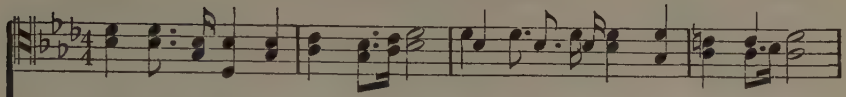
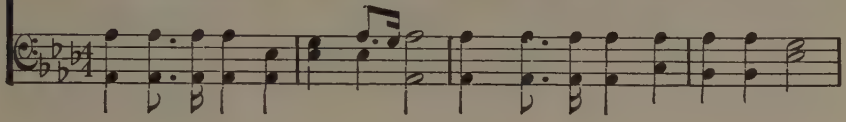
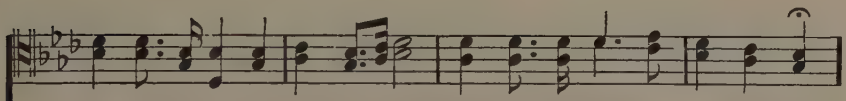
Kem G. Bottorf.

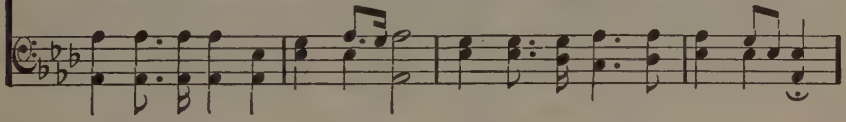


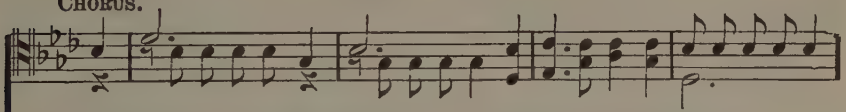
1. Long, long the night, and dark and chill, Till One in pit - y saw earth's gloom,
2. Long, long the night! For countless years The world has groped in dark-ness, lost!
3. Long, long the night, but One at last Brings tri-umph o - ver death and sin;
4. Long, long the night; Lord hear my plea, For - give that I kept Thee out-side,

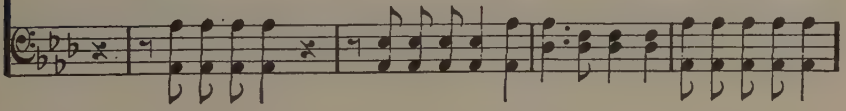


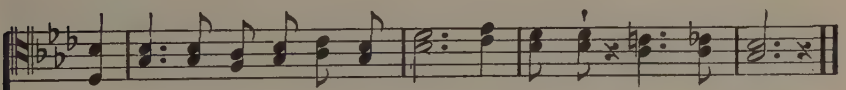


And came with light the world to fill; Hast thou, lone heart, for Je - sus room?
The grave had naught but fears and tears Till Je - sus came at such a cost.
Christ conquers death–the night is past, O heart of mine, let Christ come in.
O make my heart to wor - thy be For Thee to en - ter and a - bide.

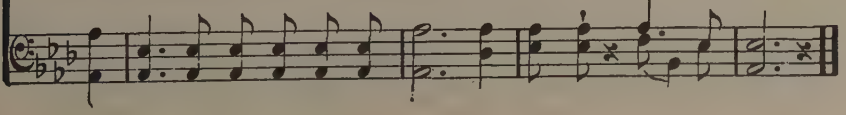


CHORUS.

Make room, make room, The Master stands outside;
My heart make room, my heart make room, the Master stands outside





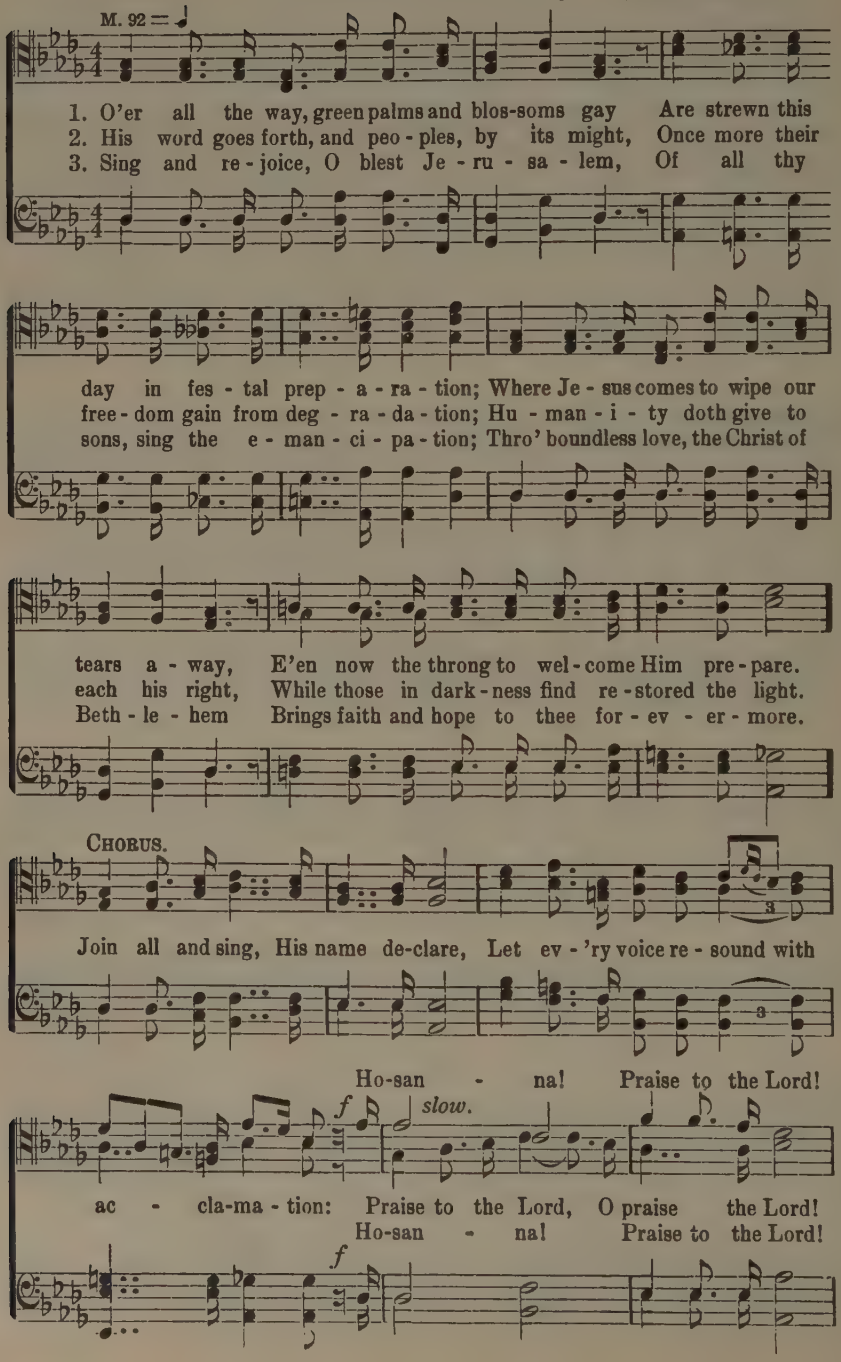
He comes to scat-ter all thy gloom—He must not be de - nied.



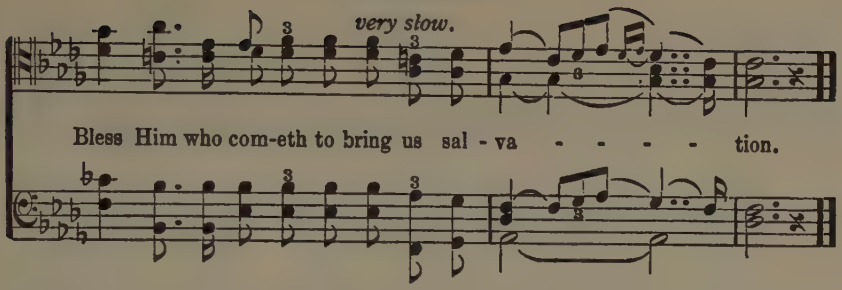
# The Palms.

Anon.

J. Faure.
Arr. H. P. M. & G. B. H.


M. 92 = ♩
1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos-soms gay Are strewn this
2. His word goes forth, and peo - ples, by its might, Once more their
3. Sing and re - joice, O blest Je - ru - sa - lem, Of all thy
day in fes - tal prep - a - ra - tion; Where Je - sus comes to wipe our
free - dom gain from deg - ra - da - tion; Hu - man - i - ty doth give to
sons, sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion; Thro' boundless love, the Christ of
tears a - way, E'en now the throng to wel - come Him pre - pare.
each his right, While those in dark - ness find re - stored the light.
Beth - le - hem Brings faith and hope to thee for - ev - er - more.
Chorus.
Join all and sing, His name de-clare, Let ev - 'ry voice re - sound with
Ho-san - na! Praise to the Lord!
f
slow.
ac - cla-ma - tion: Praise to the Lord, O praise the Lord!
Ho-san - na! Praise to the Lord!
f

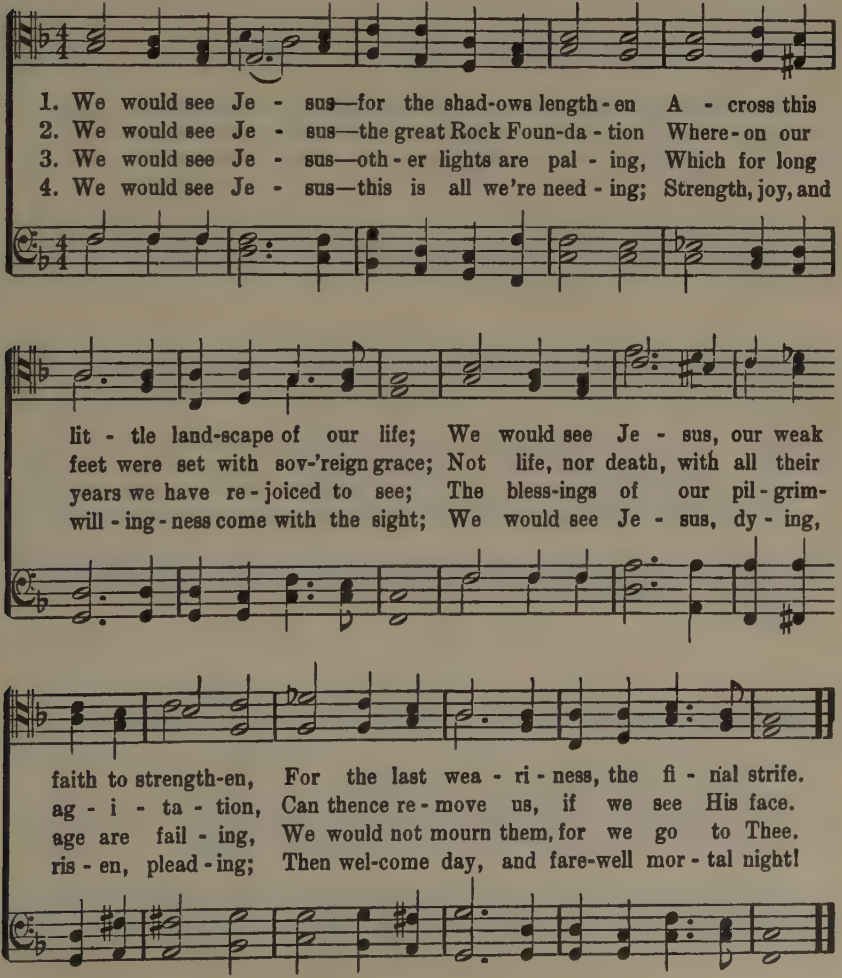
## The Palms.




## 97 We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. Felix Mendelssohn.

M. 88 = ♩ *Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strength-en, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foun-da - tion Where-on our feet were set with sov-'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have re - joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil - grim- age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing; Strength, joy, and will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel-come day, and fare-well mor - tal night!

# O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

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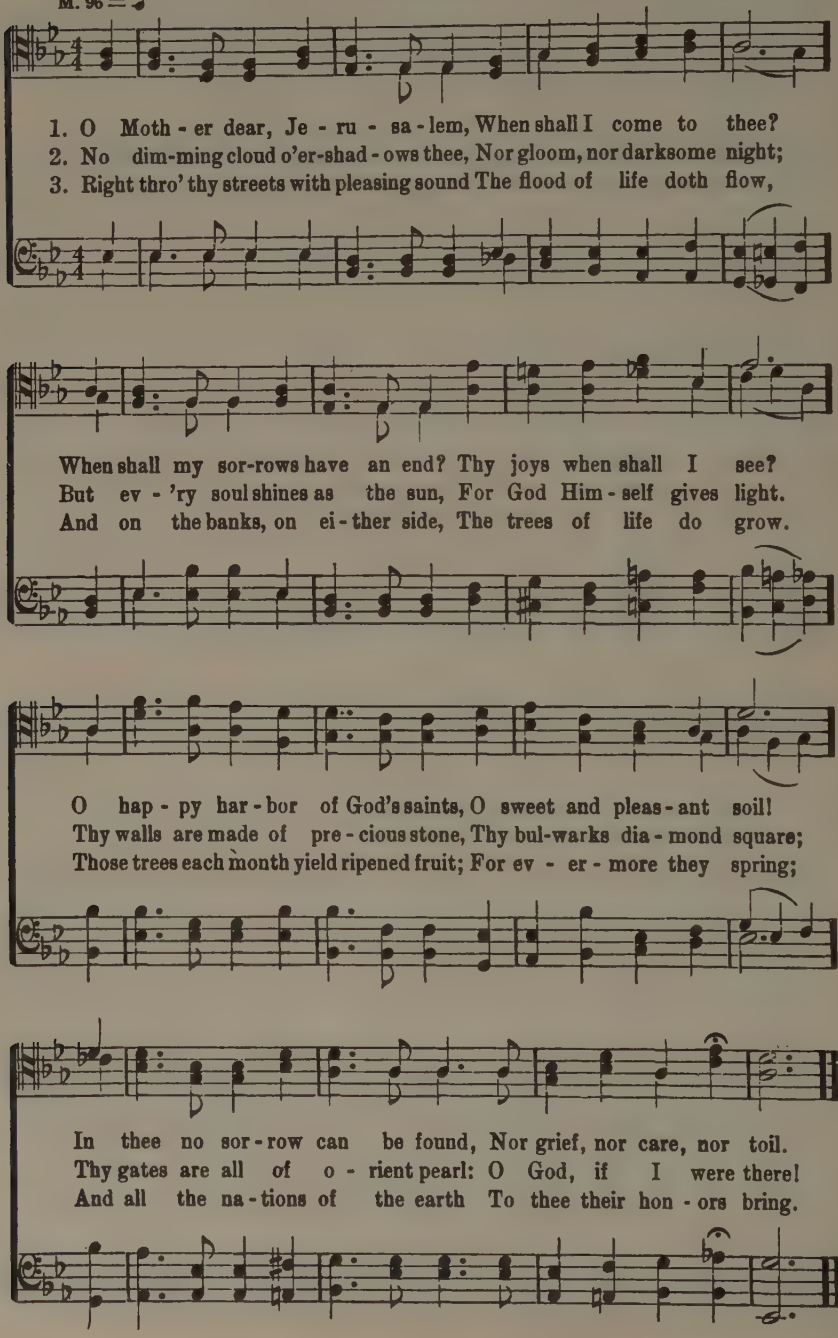
F. B. P.

Samuel A. Ward.
Arr. H. P. M.

M. 96 = ♩

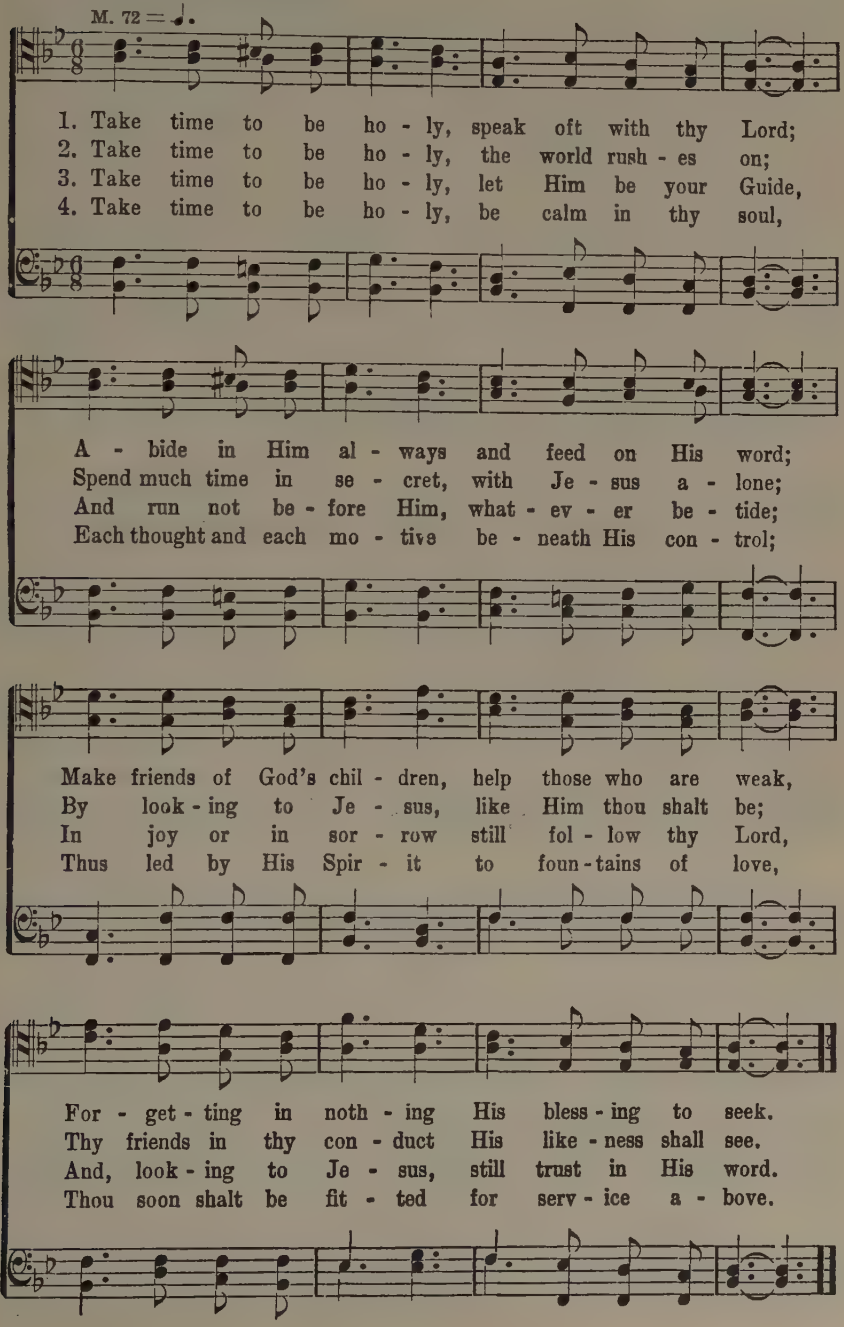

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. No dim-ming cloud o'er-shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
3. Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound The flood of life doth flow,
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God Him - self gives light.
And on the banks, on ei - ther side, The trees of life do grow.
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints, O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
Thy walls are made of pre - cious stone, Thy bul-warks dia - mond square;
Those trees each month yield ripened fruit; For ev - er - more they spring;
In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
Thy gates are all of o - rient pearl: O God, if I were there!
And all the na - tions of the earth To thee their hon - ors bring.

# Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff.

Geo. C. Stebbins.
Arr. G. B. H.

*Slowly and prayerfully.*

M. 72 = ♩.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, the world rush - es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, let Him be your Guide,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, be calm in thy soul,
A - bide in Him al - ways and feed on His word;
Spend much time in se - cret, with Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, what - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive be - neath His con - trol;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it to foun - tains of love,
For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, still trust in His word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted for serv - ice a - bove.

100

# O Hold Me Fast.

L. J. Williams.

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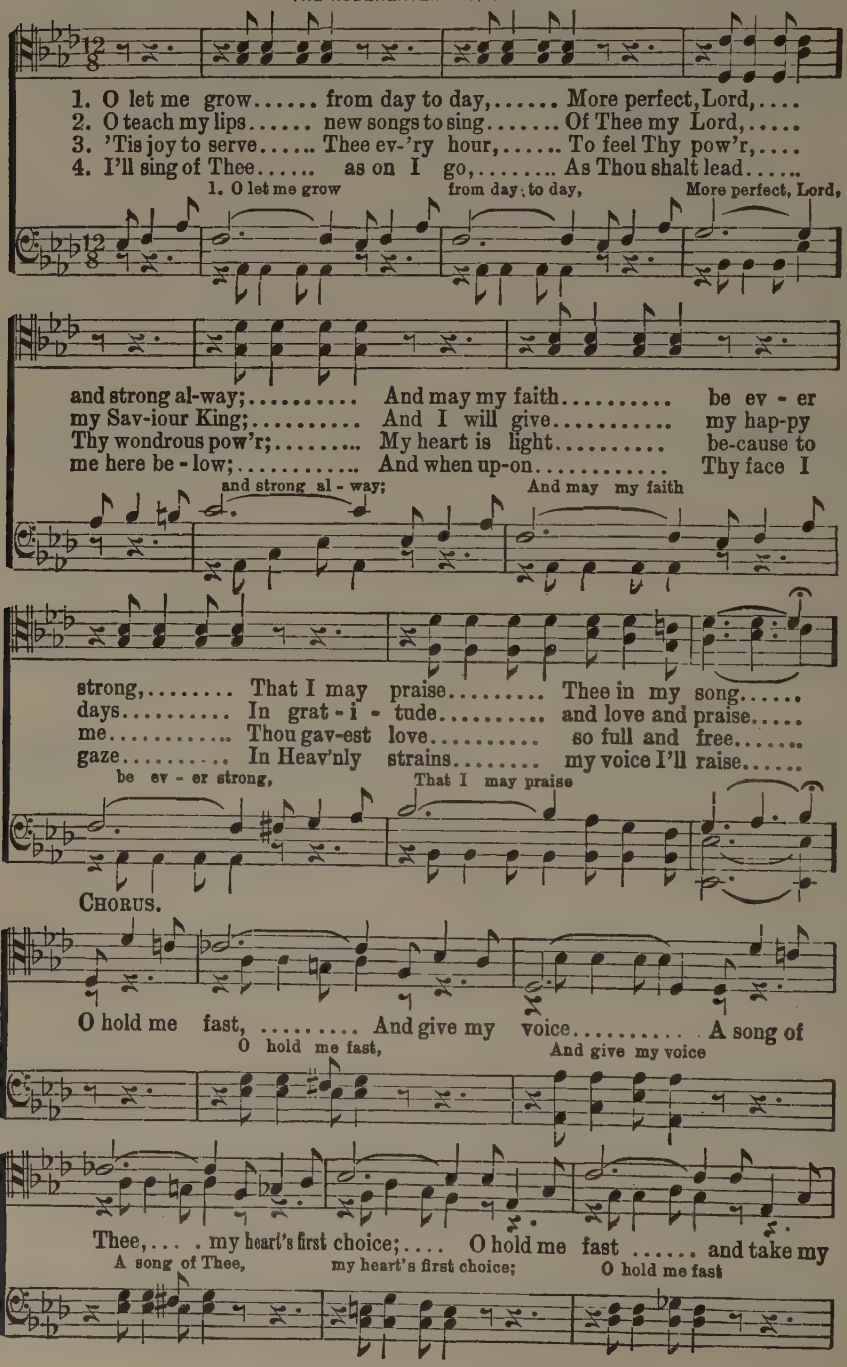
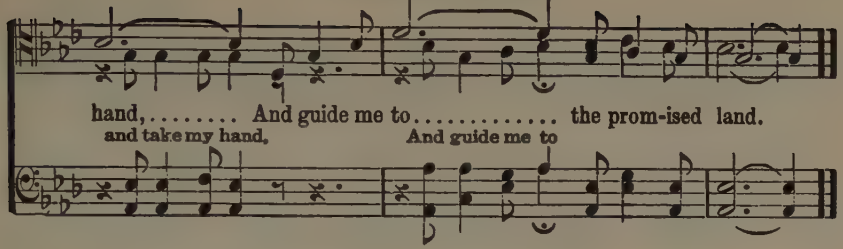
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O let me grow..... from day to day,..... More perfect, Lord,....
2. O teach my lips..... new songs to sing..... Of Thee my Lord,.....
3. 'Tis joy to serve..... Thee ev-'ry hour,..... To feel Thy pow'r,....
4. I'll sing of Thee..... as on I go,..... As Thou shalt lead.....
1. O let me grow
from day to day,
More perfect, Lord,
and strong al-way;..... And may my faith..... be ev - er
my Sav-iour King;..... And I will give..... my hap-py
Thy wondrous pow'r;..... My heart is light..... be-cause to
me here be - low;..... And when up-on..... Thy face I
and strong al - way;
And may my faith
strong,..... That I may praise..... Thee in my song.....
days..... In grat - i - tude..... and love and praise.....
me..... Thou gav-est love..... so full and free.....
gaze..... In Heav'nly strains..... my voice I'll raise.....
be ev - er strong,
That I may praise
CHORUS.
O hold me fast, ..... And give my voice..... A song of
O hold me fast,
And give my voice
Thee,.... my heart's first choice;.... O hold me fast ..... and take my
A song of Thee,
my heart's first choice;
O hold me fast

## O Hold Me Fast.




## 101 Jesus Thinks of Me.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

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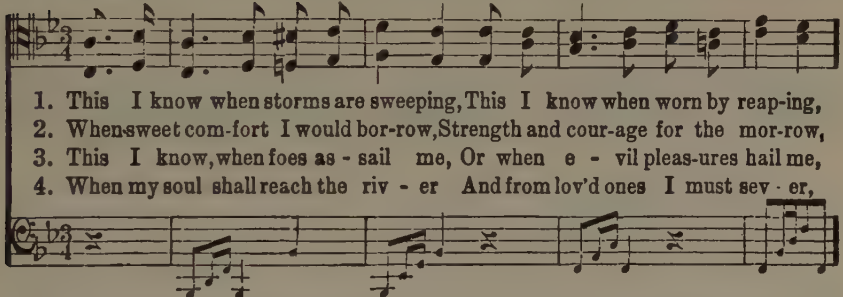
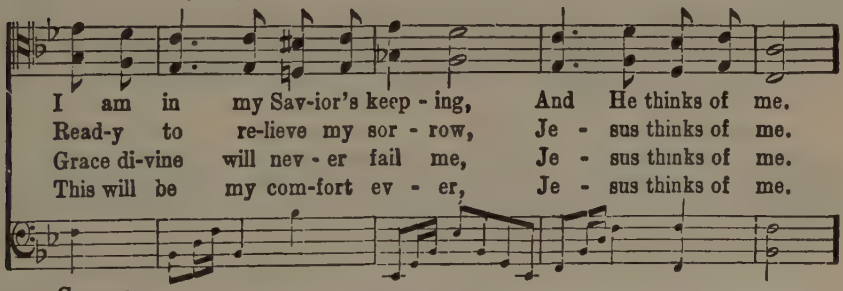
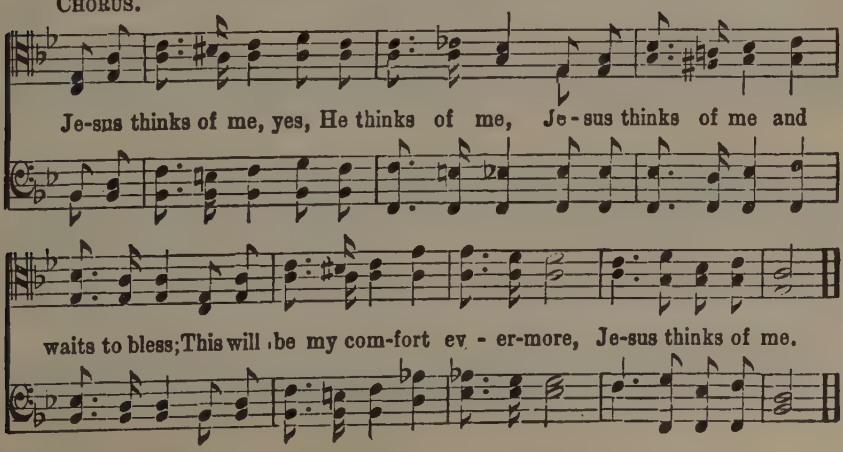
DUET.


1. This I know when storms are sweeping, This I know when worn by reap-ing,
2. When sweet com-fort I would bor-row, Strength and cour-age for the mor-row,
3. This I know, when foes as - sail me, Or when e - vil pleas-ures hail me,
4. When my soul shall reach the riv - er And from lov'd ones I must sev - er,


I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, And He thinks of me.
Read-y to re-lieve my sor - row, Je - sus thinks of me.
Grace di-vine will nev - er fail me, Je - sus thinks of me.
This will be my com-fort ev - er, Je - sus thinks of me.

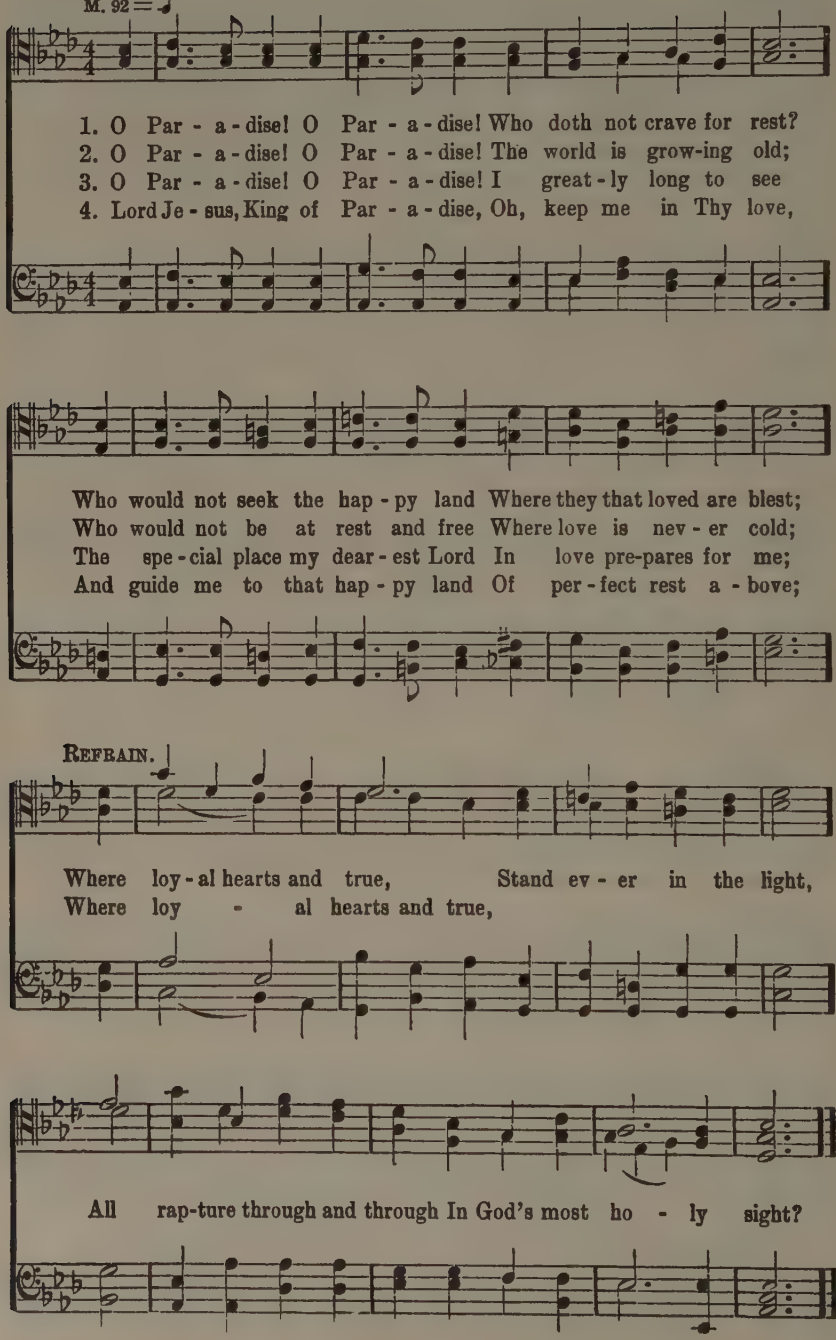
CHORUS.


Je-sus thinks of me, yes, He thinks of me, Je-sus thinks of me and
waits to bless; This will be my com-fort ev - er-more, Je-sus thinks of me.

# O Paradise.

F. W. Faber. Joseph Barnby.

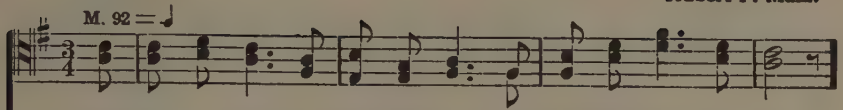
M. 92 = ♩


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I great - ly long to see
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love,
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold;
The spe - cial place my dear - est Lord In love pre-pares for me;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;
Refrain.
Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true,
All rap-ture through and through In God's most ho - ly sight?

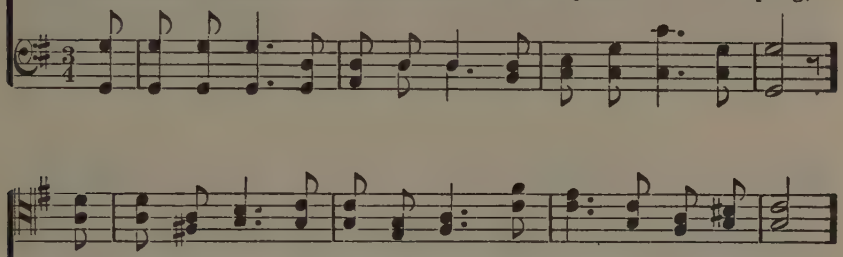
# O Rock of Ages.

H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.

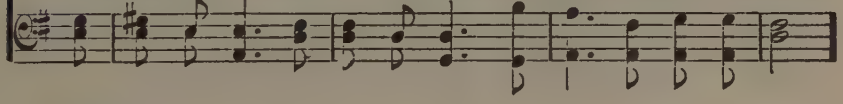
M. 92 = ♩



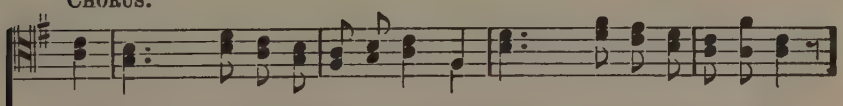
1. My wea - ry soul a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I hide me in this Ref - uge strong, From ev - 'ry tem-pest's blast;
3. Ye com-fort - less and tem-pest-tost, By sins and woes op - prest;
4. Ye thirst-y, from this smit - ten Rock Life's crys-tal wa - ters spring;

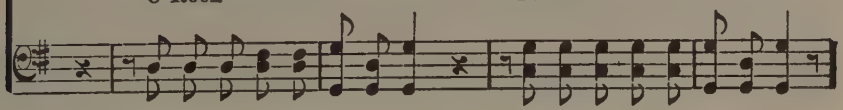
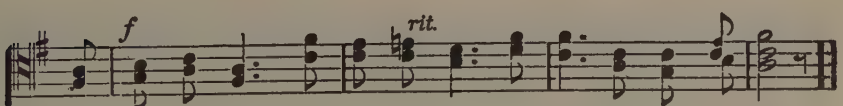


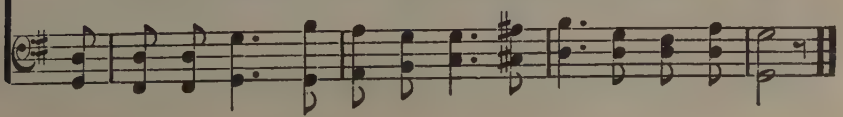
A sure and cer - tain anchorage ground In Christ with - in the vail.
And sit and sing un - til the storm Of wrath is o - ver - past.
Ye tempt-ed, troub - led, ruin - ed, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev - 'ry storm-y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.



CHORUS.

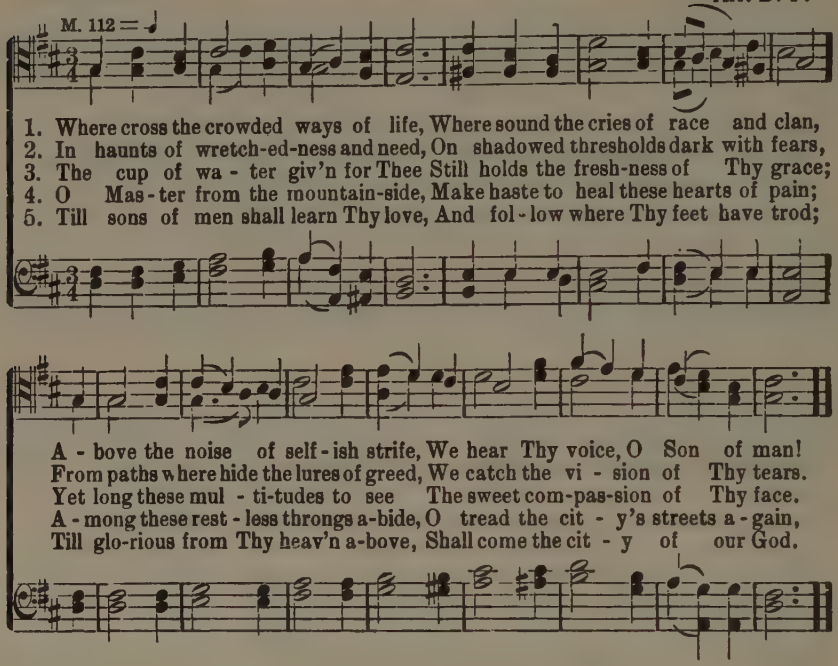


O Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-cure-ly hide;
O Rock In Thee

*f* *rit.*

My Tower of Strength, I fly to Thee, and safe - ly there a - bide.



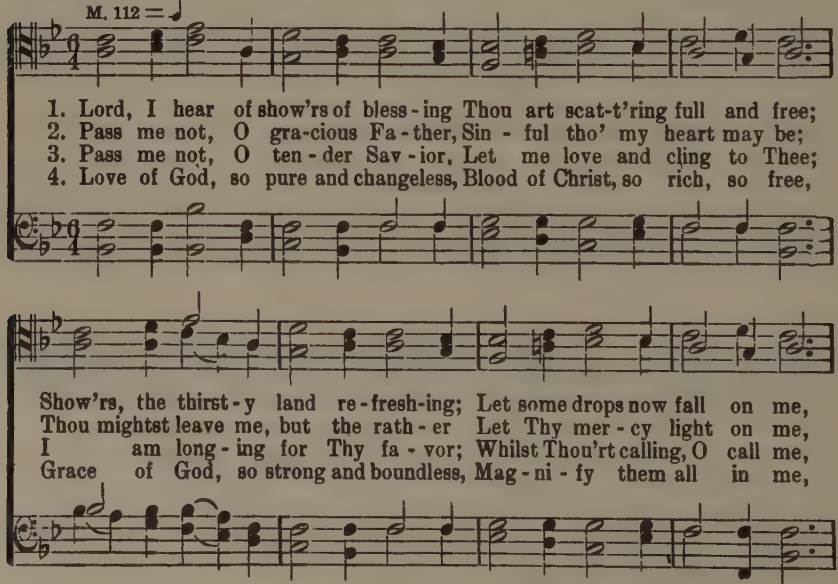
## 104 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Beethoven. Arr. D. P.

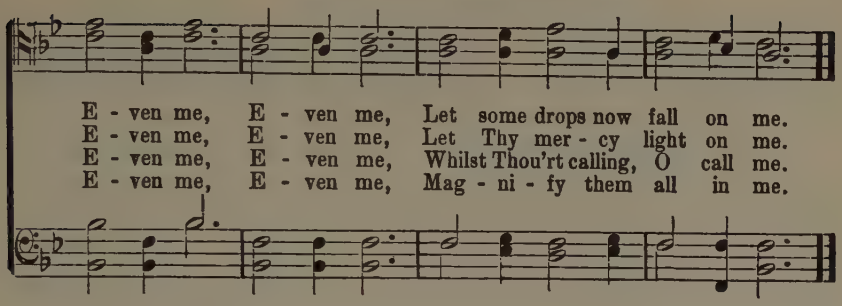

M. 112 = ♩
1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas - ter from the mountain-side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love, And fol - low where Thy feet have trod;
A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
Yet long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
A - mong these rest - less throngs a-bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain,
Till glo-rious from Thy heav'n a-bove, Shall come the cit - y of our God.

## 105 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. William B. Bradbury. Arr. D. P.


M. 112 = ♩
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me,
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag - ni - fy them all in me,

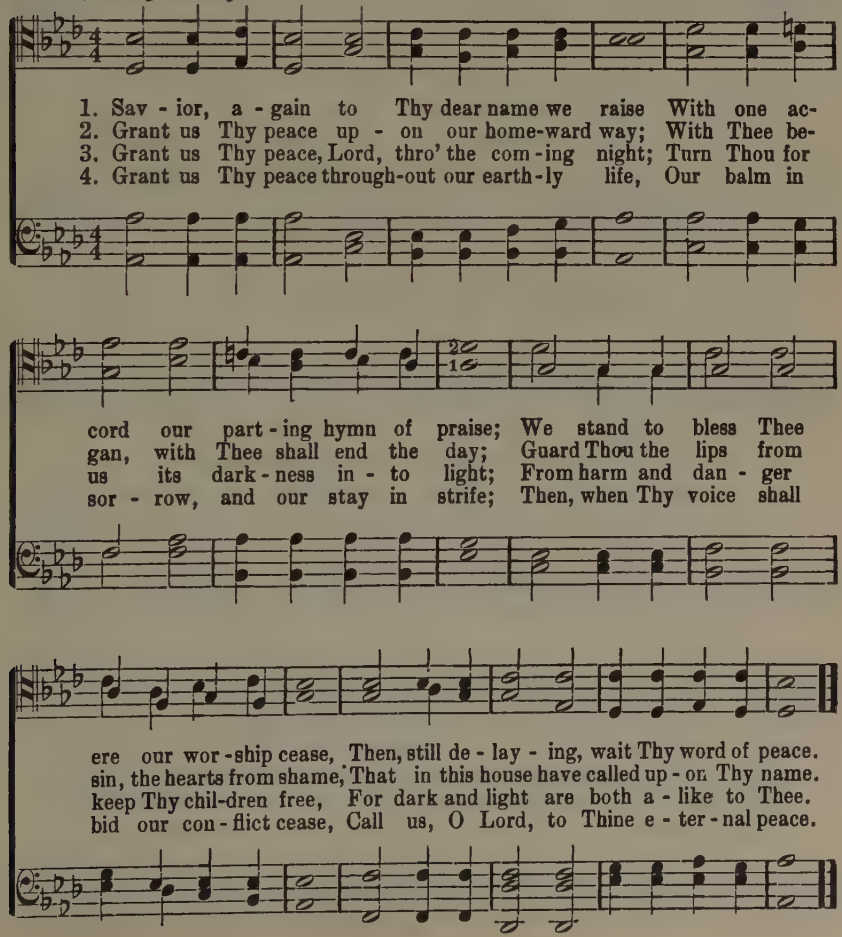
## Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.


E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

## 106 Benediction Hymn.

John Ellerton. E. J. Hopkins. Arr. E. M. F.

M. 96 = ♩ *Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall
ere our wor - ship cease, Then, still de - lay - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
keep Thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

## 107 The Land We Love.

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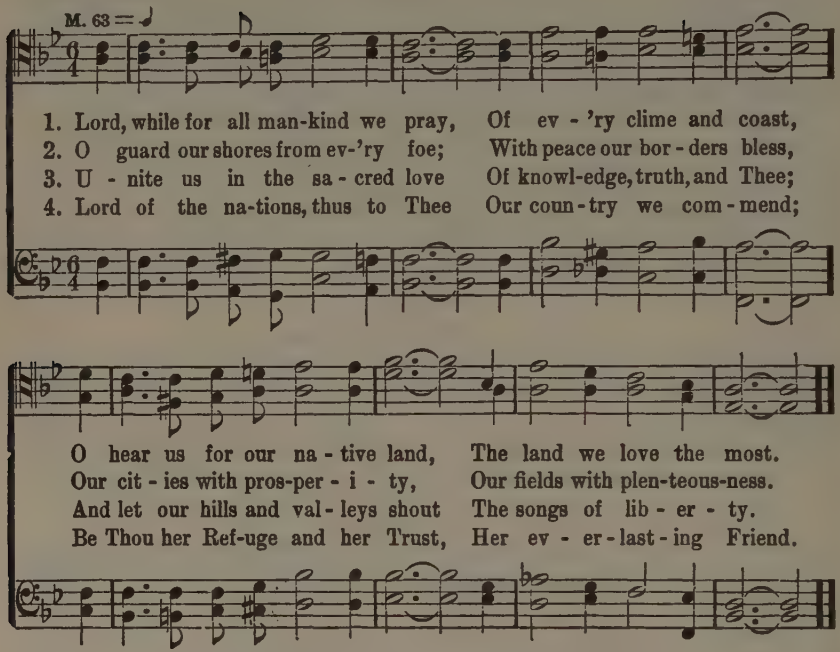
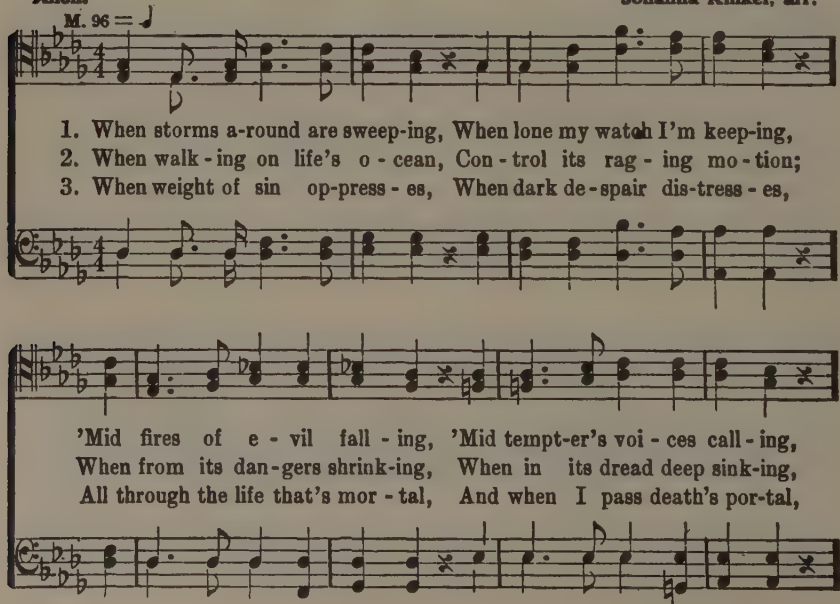
John R. Wreford. H. A. Henry.


M. 63 = ♩
1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
2. O guard our shores from ev-'ry foe; With peace our bor - ders bless,
3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowl-edge, truth, and Thee;
4. Lord of the na-tions, thus to Thee Our coun - try we com - mend;
O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most.
Our cit - ies with pros-per - i - ty, Our fields with plen-teous-ness.
And let our hills and val - leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty.
Be Thou her Ref-uge and her Trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

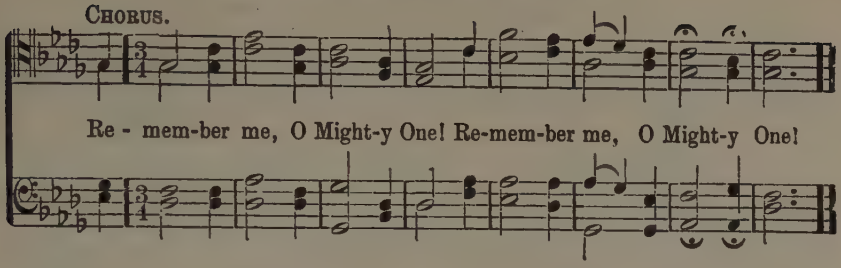
## 108 Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. Johanna Kinkel, arr.


M. 96 = ♩
1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press - es, When dark de - spair dis-tress - es,
'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempt-er's voi - ces call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deep sink-ing,
All through the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

## Remember Me, O Mighty One!

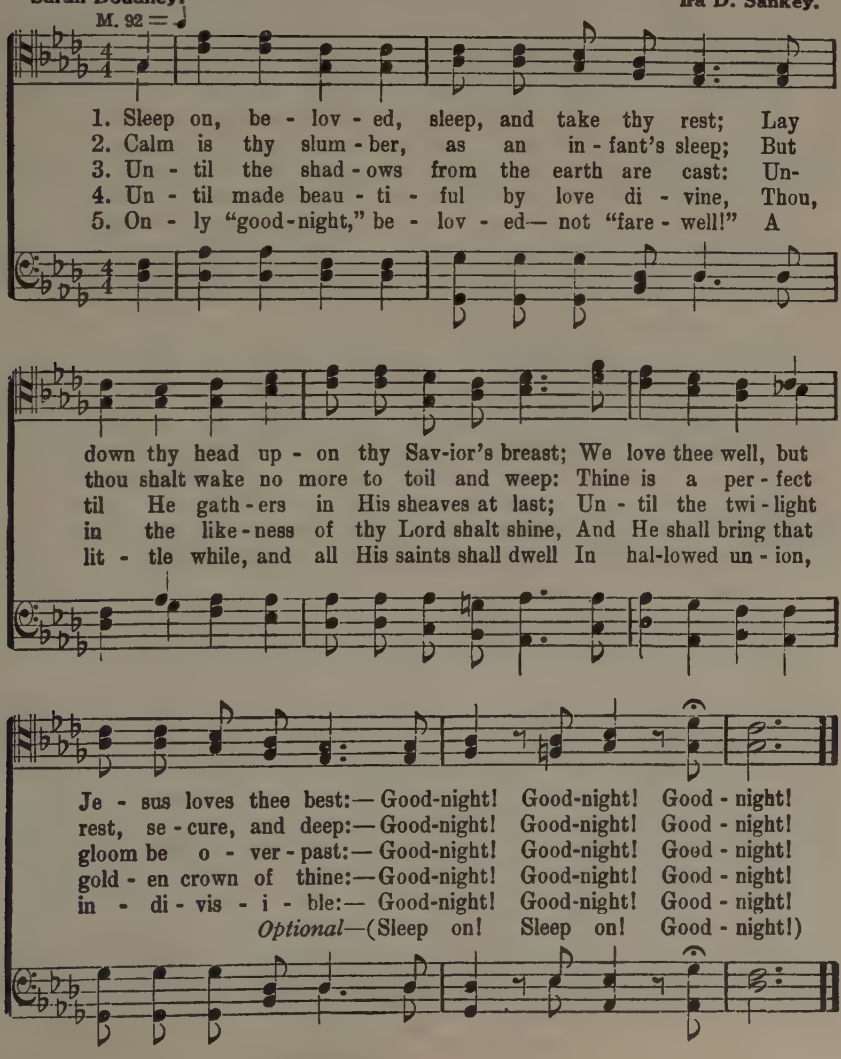
CHORUS.




## 109 The Christian's Good-night!

Sarah Doudney. Ira D. Sankey.

M. 92 = ♩

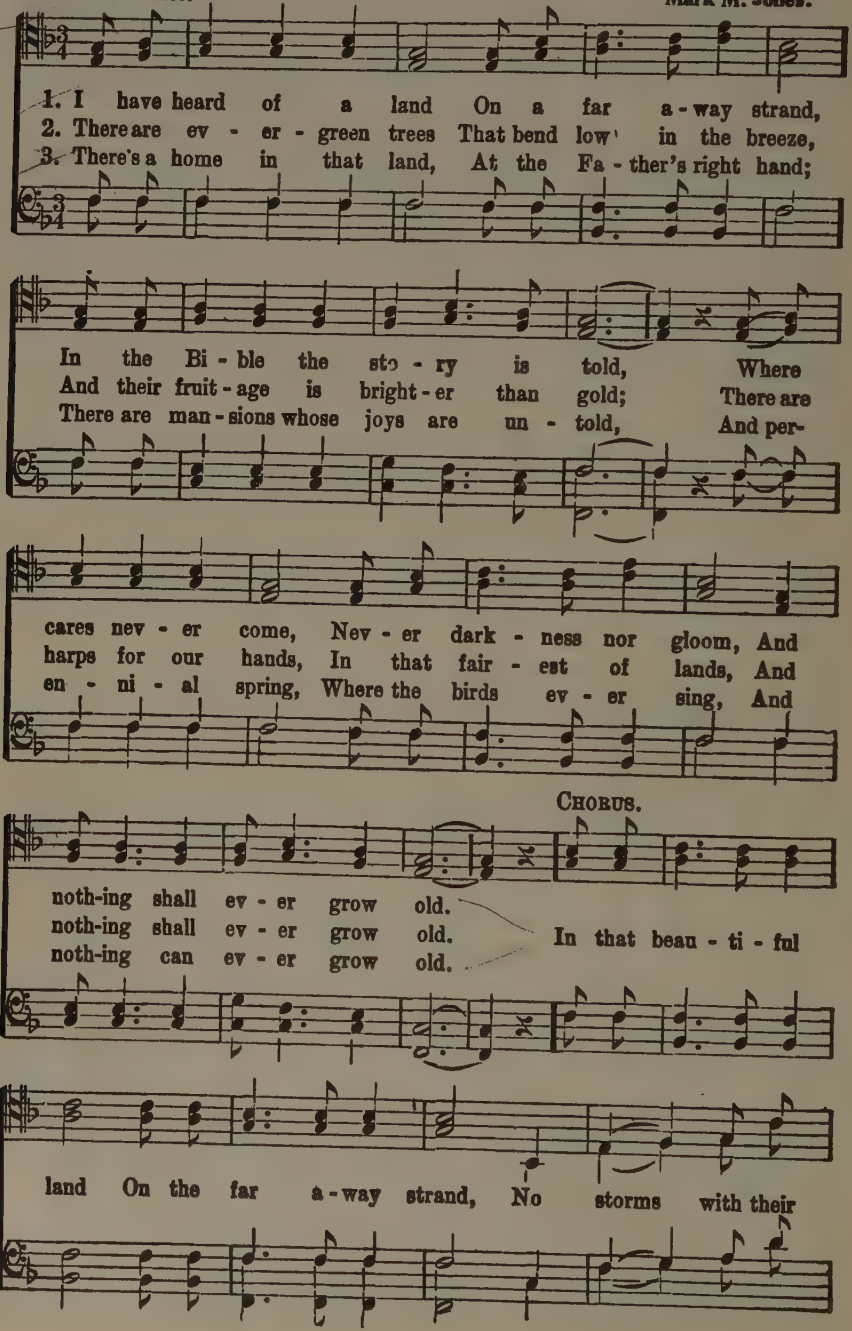

1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay
2. Calm is thy slum - ber, as an in - fant's sleep; But
3. Un - til the shad - ows from the earth are cast: Un-
4. Un - til made beau - ti - ful by love di - vine, Thou,
5. On - ly "good-night," be - lov - ed— not "fare - well!" A
down thy head up - on thy Sav-ior's breast; We love thee well, but
thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect
til He gath - ers in His sheaves at last; Un - til the twi - light
in the like - ness of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that
lit - tle while, and all His saints shall dwell In hal-lowed un - ion,
Je - sus loves thee best:— Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!
rest, se - cure, and deep:— Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!
gloom be o - ver - past:— Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!
gold - en crown of thine:— Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!
in - di - vis - i - ble:— Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!
*Optional*—(Sleep on! Sleep on! Good - night!)

3.5.72 Lpm

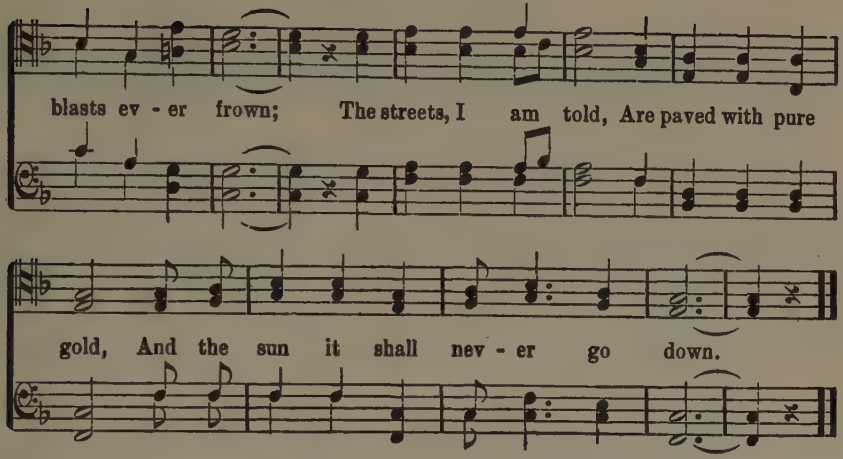
# 110 That Beautiful Land.

**May be sung as a duet by 1st and 2d tenors.**

F. A. F. White. Mark M. Jones.

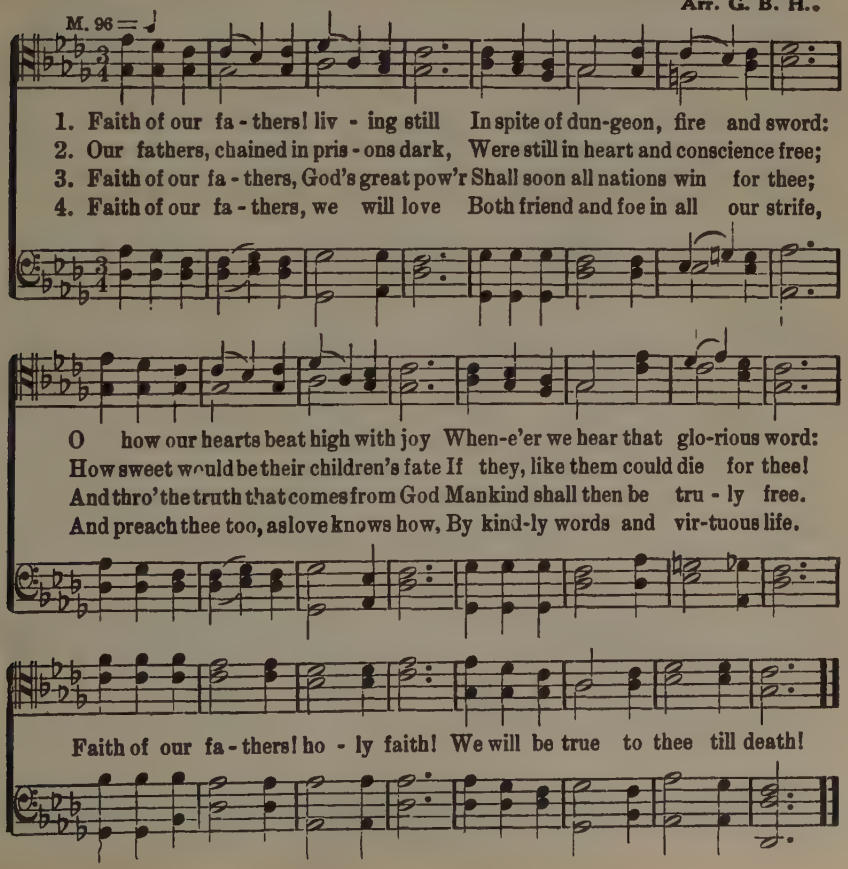

1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand,
2. There are ev-er-green trees That bend low in the breeze,
3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa-ther's right hand;
In the Bi-ble the sto-ry is told, Where
And their fruit-age is bright-er than gold; There are
There are man-sions whose joys are un-told, And per-
cares nev-er come, Nev-er dark-ness nor gloom, And
harps for our hands, In that fair-est of lands, And
en-ni-al spring, Where the birds ev-er sing, And
Chorus.
noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.
noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.
noth-ing can ev-er grow old.
In that beau-ti-ful
land On the far a-way strand, No storms with their

## That Beautiful Land.



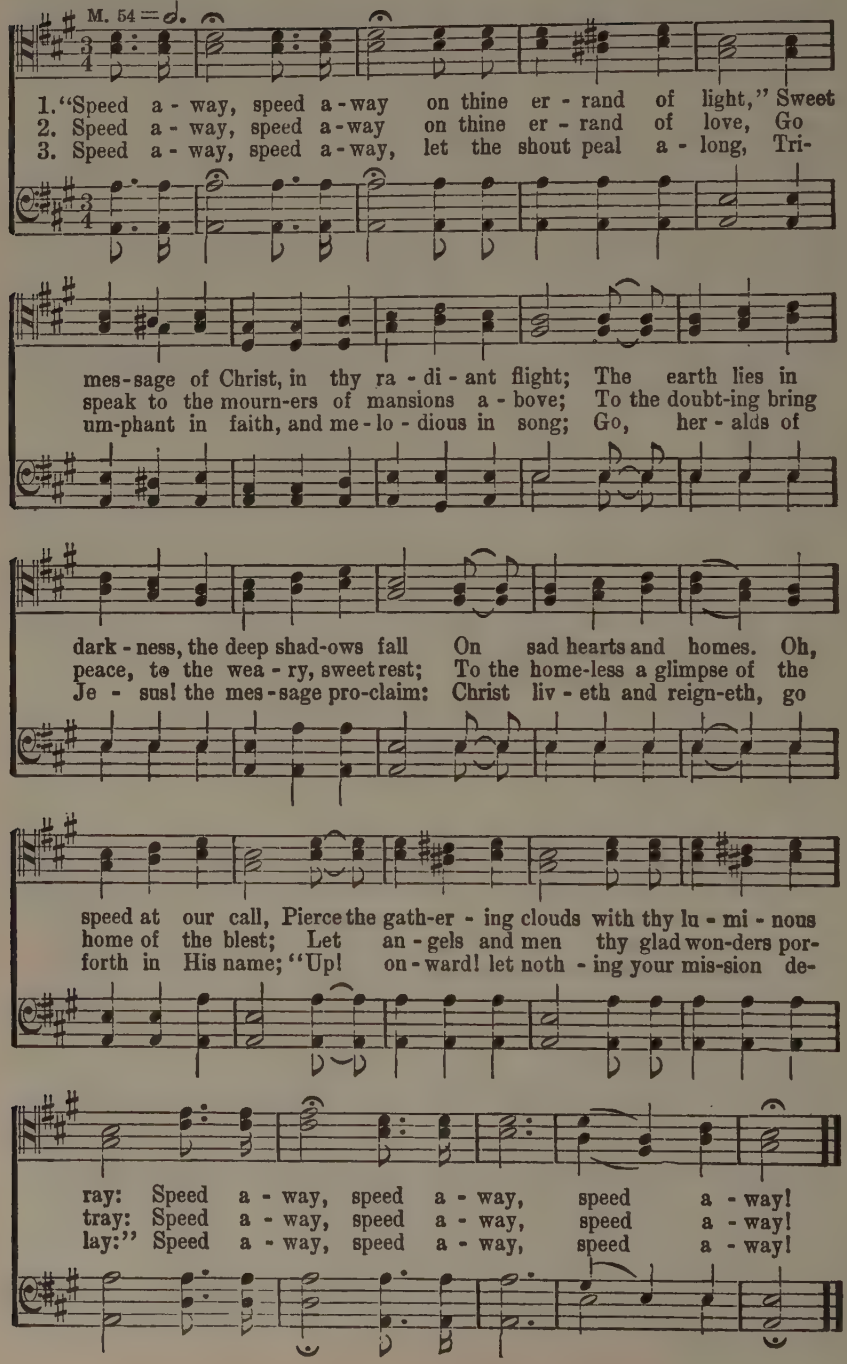

## 111 Faith of Our Fathers.

F. W. Faber. Henry F. Hemy. Arr. G. B. H.


M. 96 = ♩
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

# Speed Away.

Nathaniel Norton. I. B. Woodbury. Arr.


M. 54 = 𝅗𝅥.
1. "Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of light," Sweet
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of love, Go
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way, let the shout peal a - long, Tri-
mes - sage of Christ, in thy ra - di - ant flight; The earth lies in
speak to the mourn-ers of mansions a - bove; To the doubt-ing bring
um-phant in faith, and me - lo - dious in song; Go, her - alds of
dark - ness, the deep shad-ows fall On sad hearts and homes. Oh,
peace, to the wea - ry, sweet rest; To the home-less a glimpse of the
Je - sus! the mes - sage pro-claim: Christ liv - eth and reign-eth, go
speed at our call, Pierce the gath-er - ing clouds with thy lu - mi - nous
home of the blest; Let an - gels and men thy glad won-ders por-
forth in His name; "Up! on - ward! let noth - ing your mis-sion de-
ray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
tray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
lay:" Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!

# Sail On!

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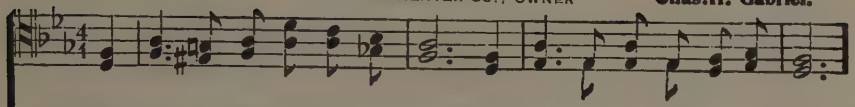
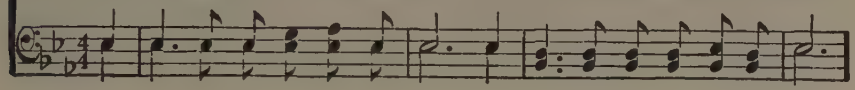
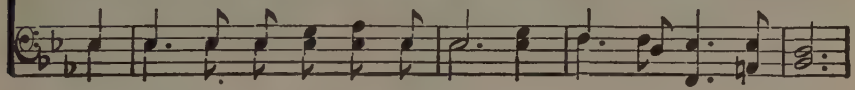
C H. G. Chas.H. Gabriel.



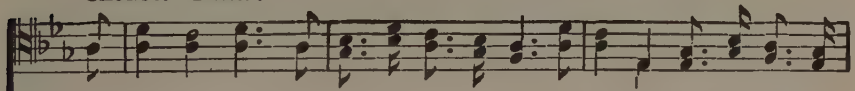
1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter-ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wea-ry worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy canvas torn?
3. Do comrades tremble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?



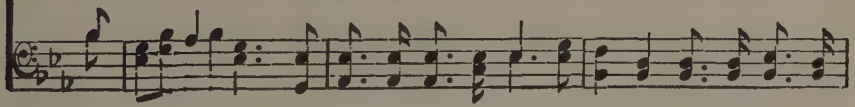
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!"



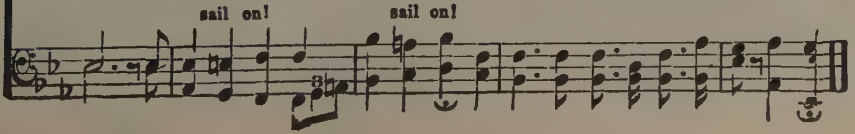
CHORUS. *Faster.*



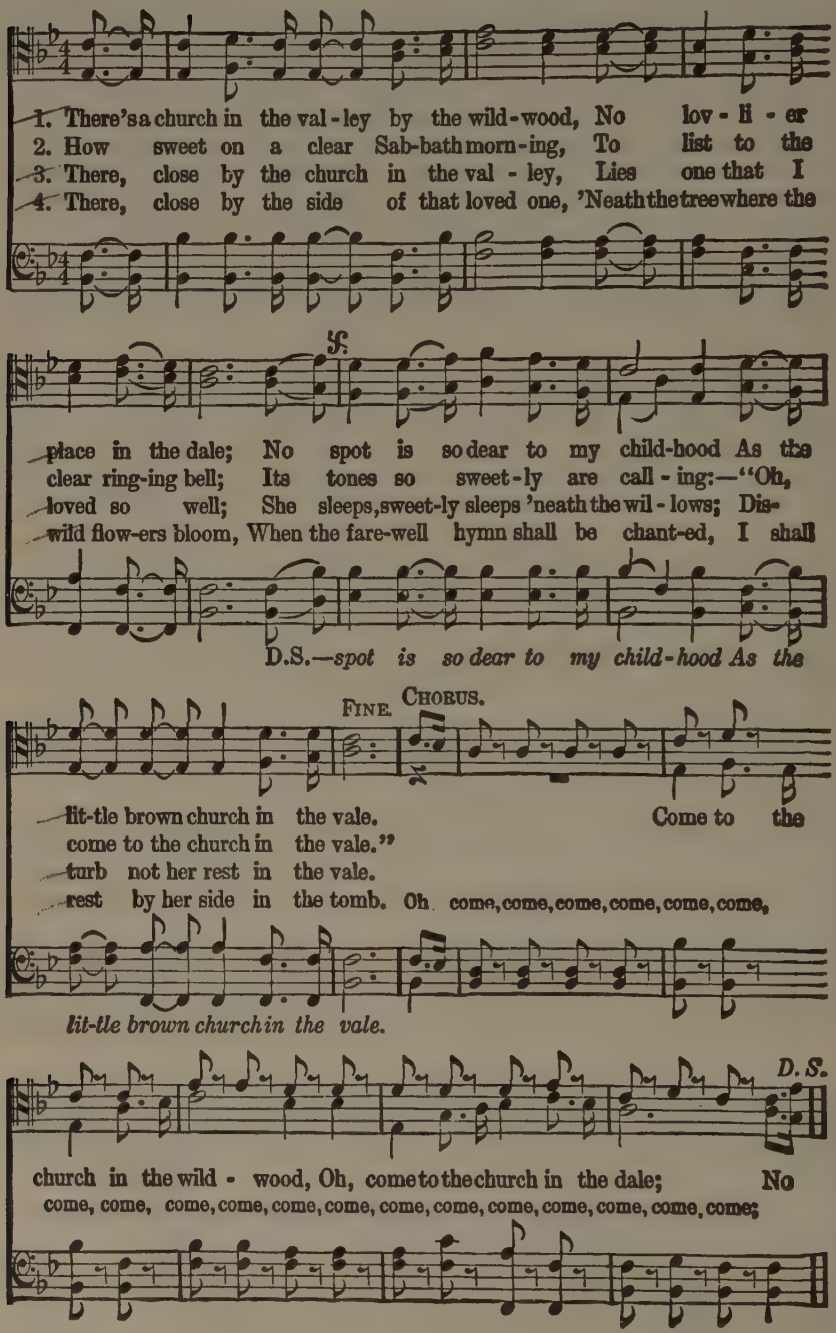
Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not always



last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"

sail on! sail on!

# The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing, To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing:—"Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil - lows; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall
D.S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
FINE.
CHORUS.
lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
come to the church in the vale."
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb. Oh come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

# Light at Evening Time.

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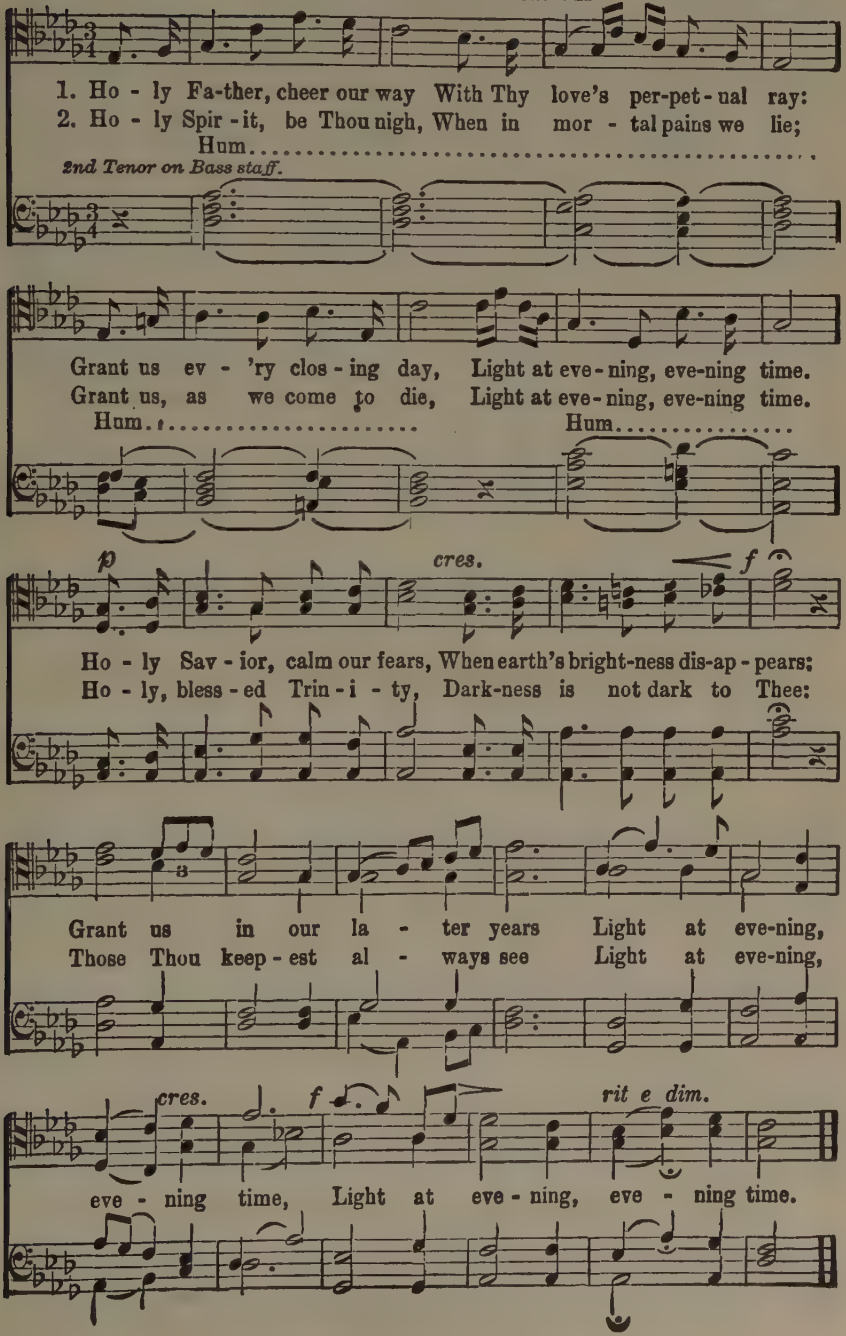
Melody by Franz Abt.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per-pet-ual ray:
2. Ho - ly Spir-it, be Thou nigh, When in mor - tal pains we lie;
Hum.....
2nd Tenor on Bass staff.
Grant us ev - 'ry clos-ing day, Light at eve-ning, eve-ning time.
Grant us, as we come to die, Light at eve-ning, eve-ning time.
Hum.....
Hum.....
p
cres.
f
Ho - ly Sav - ior, calm our fears, When earth's bright-ness dis-ap - pears;
Ho - ly, bless-ed Trin-i - ty, Dark-ness is not dark to Thee:
3
Grant us in our la - ter years Light at eve-ning,
Those Thou keep-est al - ways see Light at eve-ning,
cres.
f
rit e dim.
eve - ning time, Light at eve-ning, eve - ning time.

# I Could Not Do Without Thee.

From a poem by F. R. Havergal.

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Arr. from the German by J. B. Herbert.

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - ior of the lost;
2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
3. I could not do with - out Thee, O Je - sus, Sav - ior dear;
4. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast;

Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me, At such tre - men - dous cost.
I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own.
E'en when my eyes are hold - en; I know that Thou art near.
And soon, ah soon, dear Sav - ior, The riv - er must be passed.

CHORUS.

Drear - y lone - ly, This life
How drear - y and how lone - ly, This change-ful life would

would be, With - out com - mun - ion,
be, With - out..... the sweet com - mun - ion, O

Lord, with Thee, with Thee, O Lord, with Thee!
bless - ed Lord, with Thee, O blessed Lord, with Thee!

# Let Him In.

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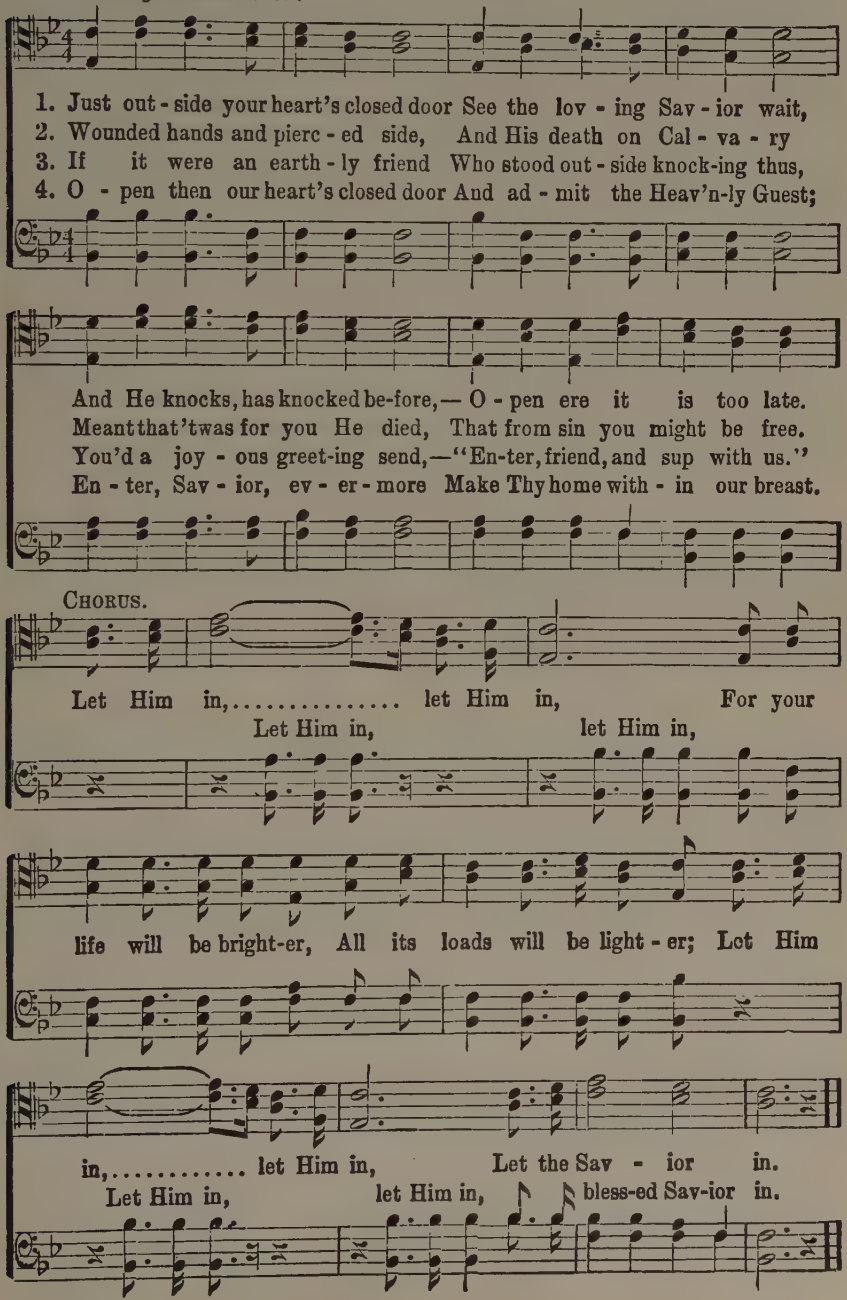
Chas. R. MacDowell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

*Melody in 2nd Tenor.*


1. Just out - side your heart's closed door See the lov - ing Sav - ior wait,
2. Wounded hands and pierc - ed side, And His death on Cal - va - ry
3. If it were an earth - ly friend Who stood out - side knock-ing thus,
4. O - pen then our heart's closed door And ad - mit the Heav'n-ly Guest;
And He knocks, has knocked be-fore,— O - pen ere it is too late.
Meant that 'twas for you He died, That from sin you might be free.
You'd a joy - ous greet-ing send,—"En-ter, friend, and sup with us."
En - ter, Sav - ior, ev - er - more Make Thy home with - in our breast.
Chorus.
Let Him in,..... let Him in, For your
Let Him in, let Him in,
life will be bright-er, All its loads will be light - er; Let Him
in,..... let Him in, Let the Sav - ior in.
Let Him in, let Him in, bless-ed Sav-ior in.

# A Rainbow on the Cloud.

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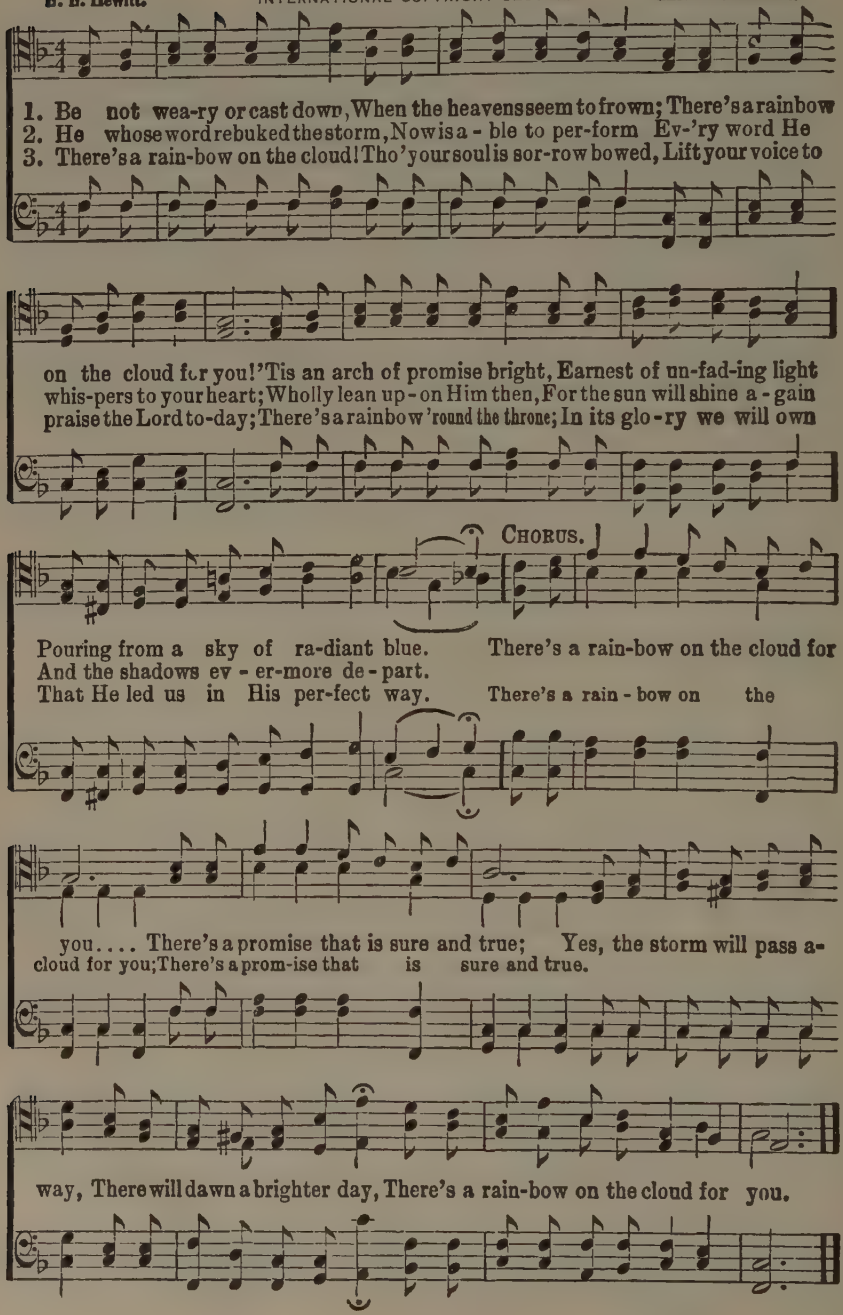
E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Be not wea-ry or cast down, When the heavens seem to frown; There's a rainbow
2. He whose word rebuked the storm, Now is a - ble to per-form Ev-'ry word He
3. There's a rain-bow on the cloud! Tho' your soul is sor-row bowed, Lift your voice to
on the cloud for you! 'Tis an arch of promise bright, Earnest of un-fad-ing light
whis-pers to your heart; Wholly lean up - on Him then, For the sun will shine a - gain
praise the Lord to-day; There's a rainbow 'round the throne; In its glo - ry we will own
Chorus.
Pouring from a sky of ra-diant blue. There's a rain-bow on the cloud for
And the shadows ev - er-more de - part.
That He led us in His per-fect way. There's a rain - bow on the
you.... There's a promise that is sure and true; Yes, the storm will pass a-
cloud for you; There's a prom-ise that is sure and true.
way, There will dawn a brighter day, There's a rain-bow on the cloud for you.

# 119 Some Mother Prays For You.

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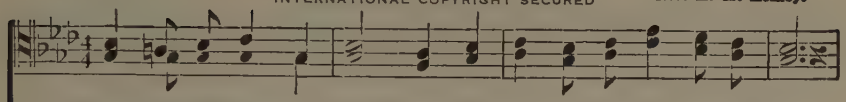
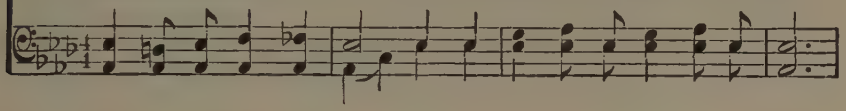
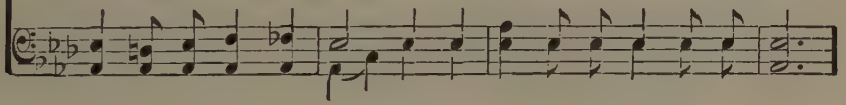
A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.



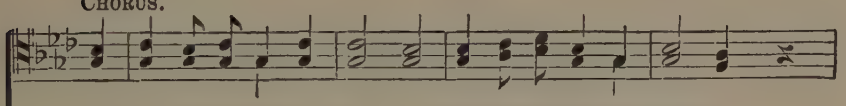
1. Some mother's heart is bur - dened With sor-row that sil - vers the hair;
2. Some mother's hands are trem - bling, That once were so stead - y and strong,
3. Some mother's prayers are of - fered For one that is way-ward and wild;
4. Some mother's life is end - ed, Her spir - it has gone to its home.



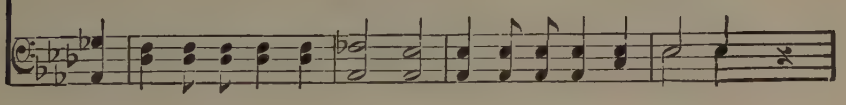
Dim - ming the eye with tear - drops, And fill - ing her life with de - spair.
Some mother's form is bend - ing, Her voice sings a sor - row-ful song.
Friend-less, despised, for - sak - en; Still you are some moth - er's child.
Span - ning the si - lent riv - er, Her love still en-treats you to come.

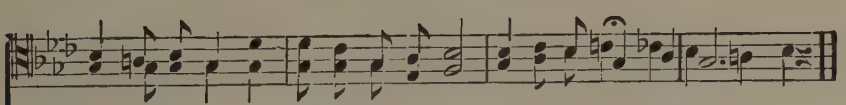


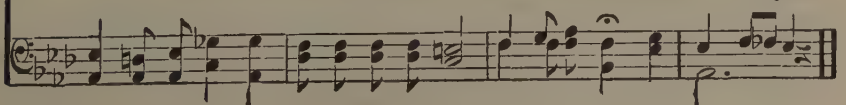
CHORUS.



O some mother's heart is ach - ing, Some mother's heart is break-ing;





Tho' you have wandered, mother's love is true; Some mother prays for you.
for you.

# Jesus, Savior.

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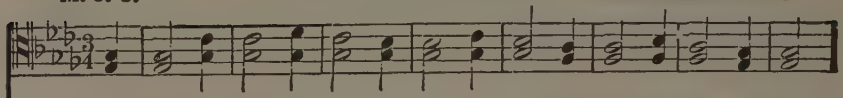
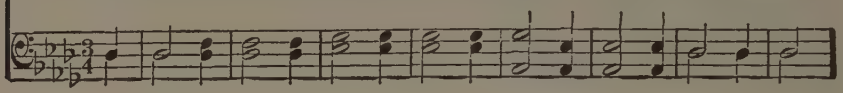
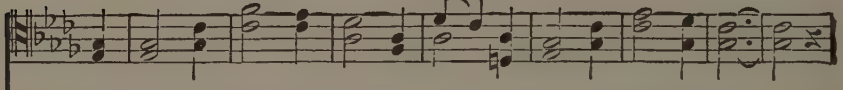
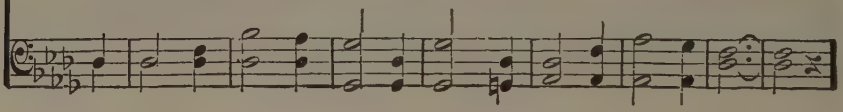
M. J. C. **Mable Johnston Camp.**

1. Be - hold the Man of Gal-i-lee, Thorn-crown'd He hangs up-on the tree;
2. See how His flesh by nails is torn, Each wound the mark of hate and scorn;
3. The veil is rent, dark grow the skies, "Tis finished!" loud the Saviour cries;
4. O, Sav-iour, when I view Thy cross, All earth-ly gain I count but loss;

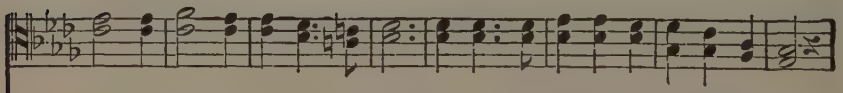




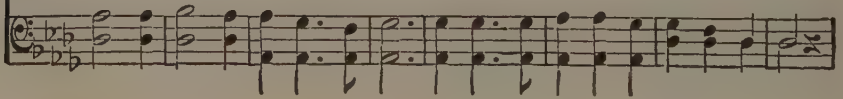
Know-ing the depths of ag - o - ny To save me from my sins.
Yet free - ly shame and death is borne To save me from my sins.
And heav'n it - self weeps as He dies To save me from my sins.
Take Thou my heart, purge out the dross, And save me from my sins.

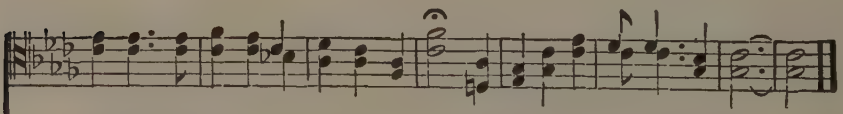


CHORUS.

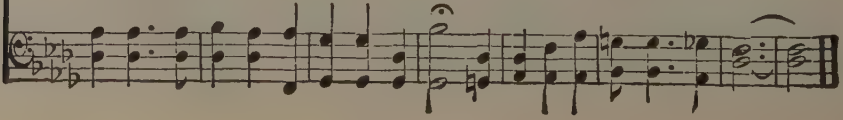


Je - sus, Sav-iour, O, what a name! Je-sus, to-day and for-ev-er the same!





Je-sus, the glo-ry of heaven, who came To die for a sin-ner like me!



# The Old Rugged Cross.

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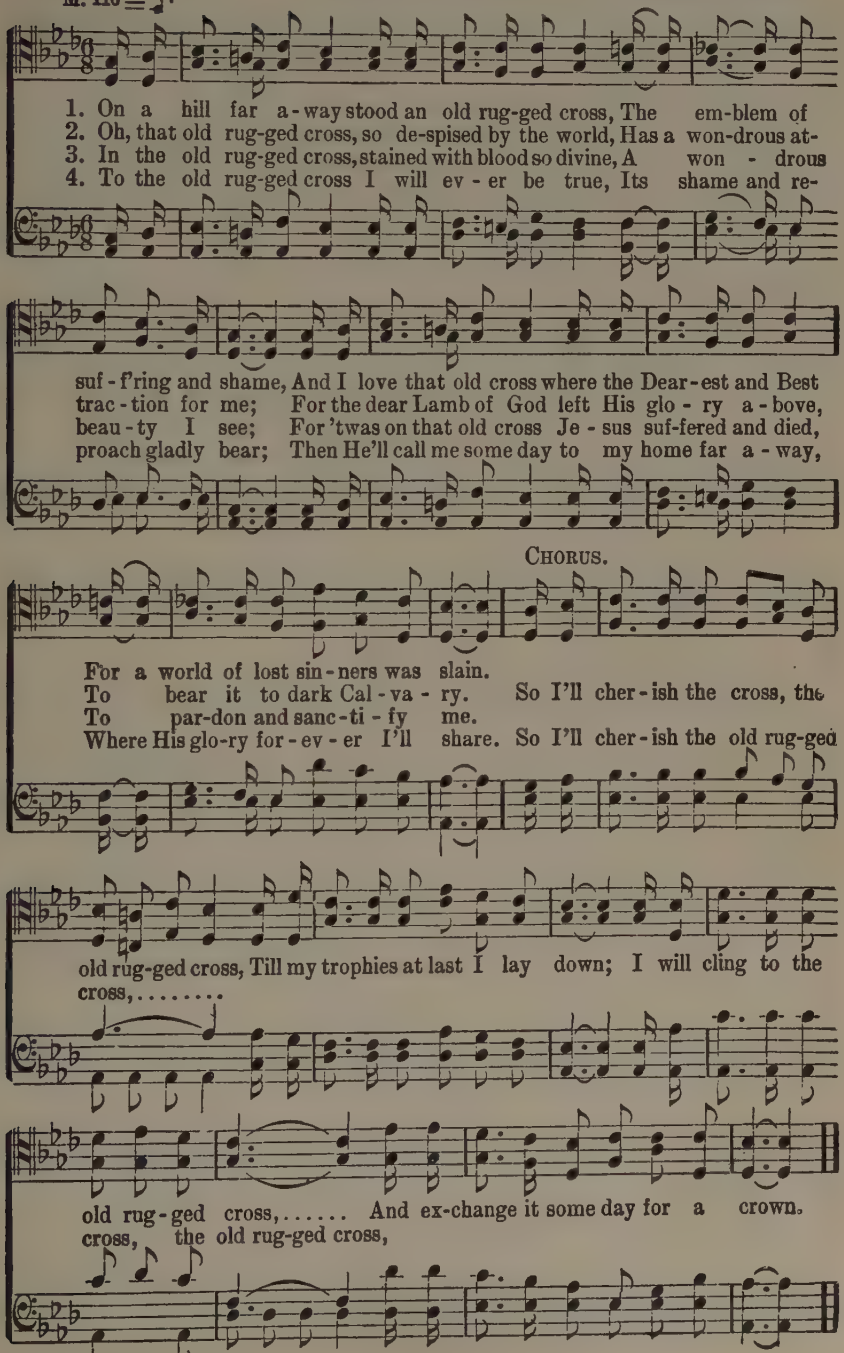
Rev. Geo. Bennard.
Arr. by Edwin H. Forkel.

G. B.
M. 116 = ♪


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-
suf - f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the Dear-est and Best
trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cher-ish the cross, the
To par-don and sanc-ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev - er I'll share. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
old rug-ged cross, Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
cross, . . . . . .
old rug-ged cross, . . . . . And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

# The Harbor Call.

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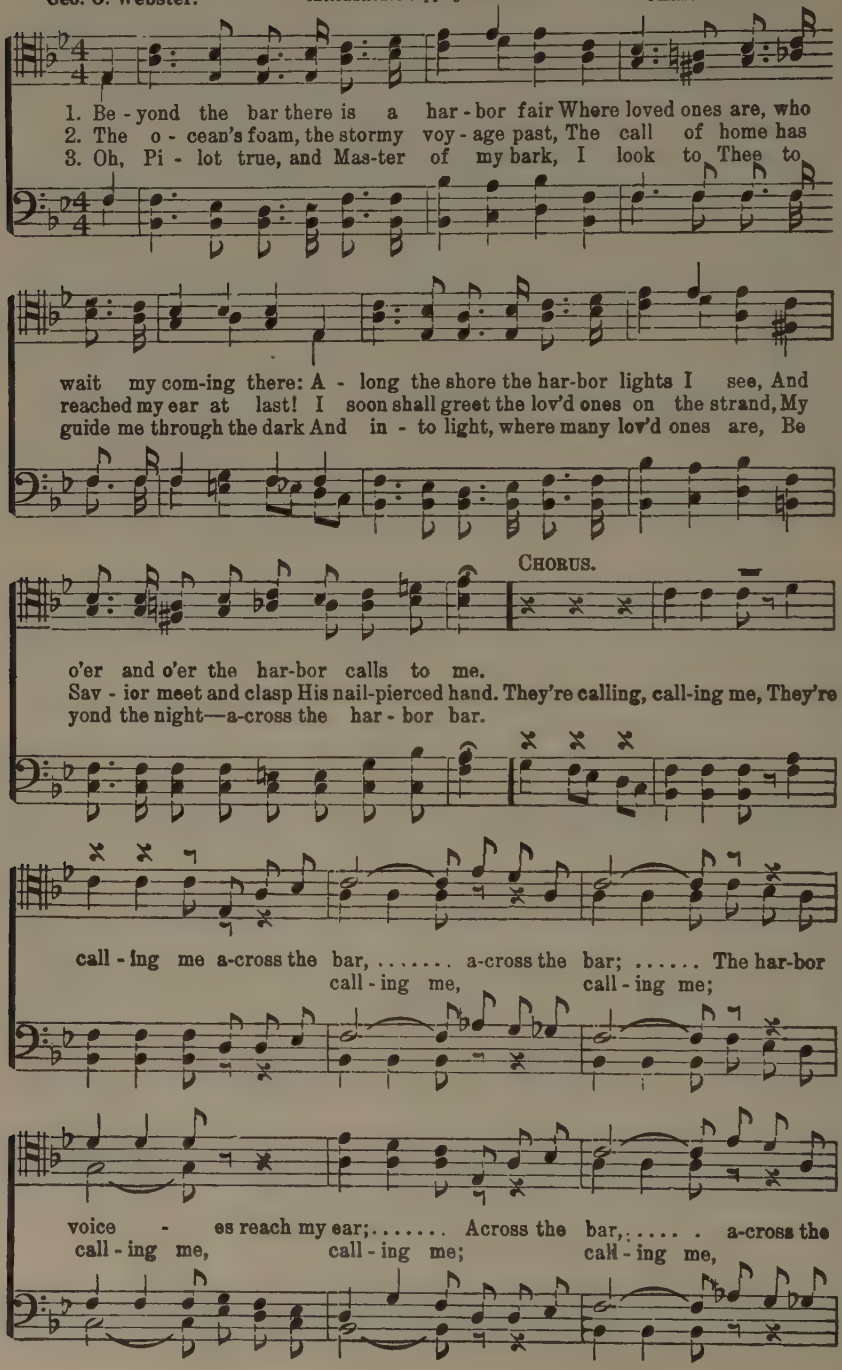
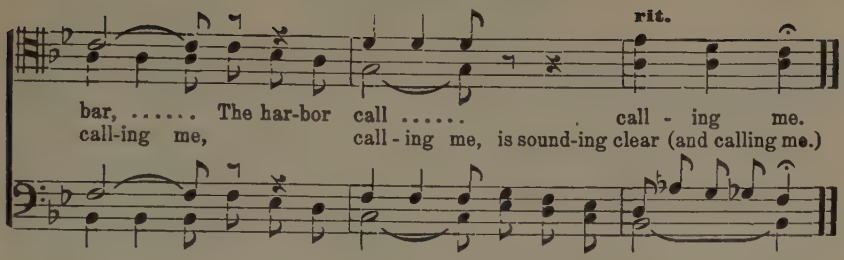
Geo. O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

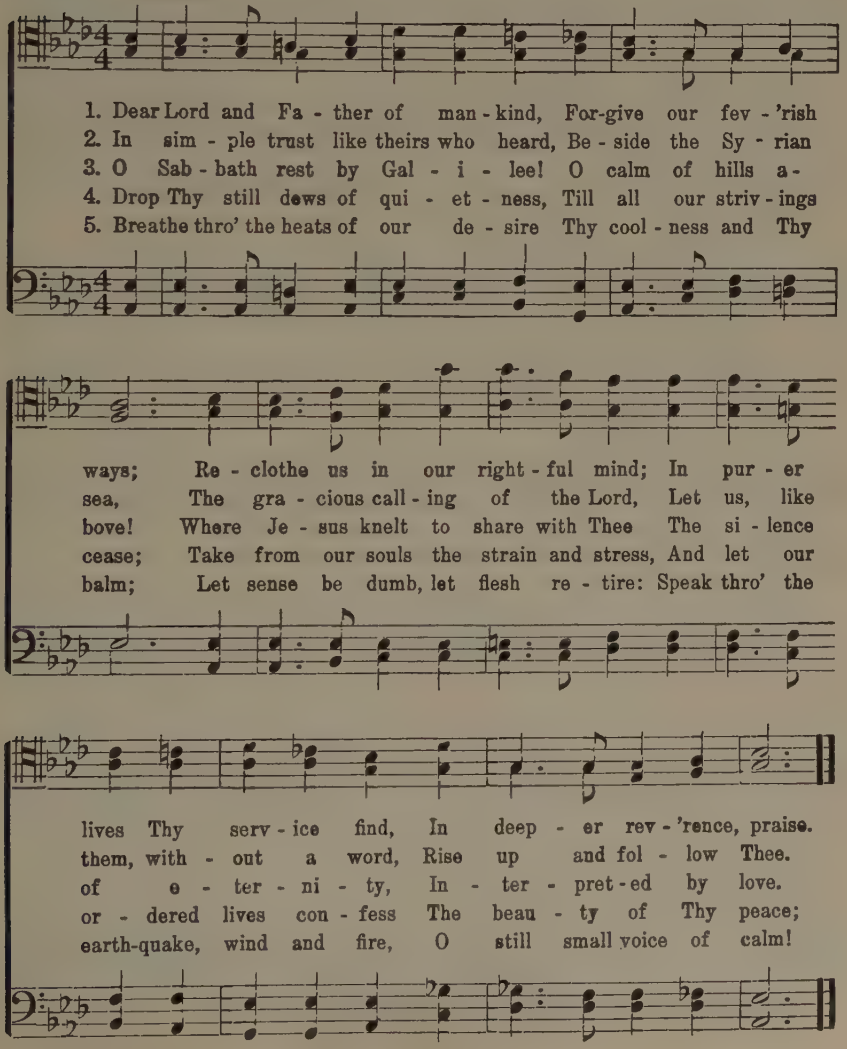

1. Be - yond the bar there is a har - bor fair Where loved ones are, who
2. The o - cean's foam, the stormy voy - age past, The call of home has
3. Oh, Pi - lot true, and Mas-ter of my bark, I look to Thee to
wait my com-ing there: A - long the shore the har-bor lights I see, And
reached my ear at last! I soon shall greet the lov'd ones on the strand, My
guide me through the dark And in - to light, where many lov'd ones are, Be
CHORUS.
o'er and o'er the har-bor calls to me.
Sav - ior meet and clasp His nail-pierced hand. They're calling, call-ing me, They're
yond the night—a-cross the har - bor bar.
call - ing me a-cross the bar, ..... a-cross the bar; ..... The har-bor
call - ing me, call - ing me;
voice - es reach my ear; ..... Across the bar, ..... a-cross the
call - ing me, call - ing me; call - ing me,

## The Harbor Call.




## 123 Dear Lord and Father.

John G. Whittier. Arr. G. B. H. F. C. Maker.


1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For-give our fev - 'rish ways; Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Sy - rian sea, The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like
3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a - bove! Where Je - sus knelt to share with Thee The si - lence
4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv - ings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our
5. Breathe thro' the heats of our de - sire Thy cool - ness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire: Speak thro' the
lives Thy serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love.
or - dered lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace;
earth-quake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm!

# Tell It Today.*

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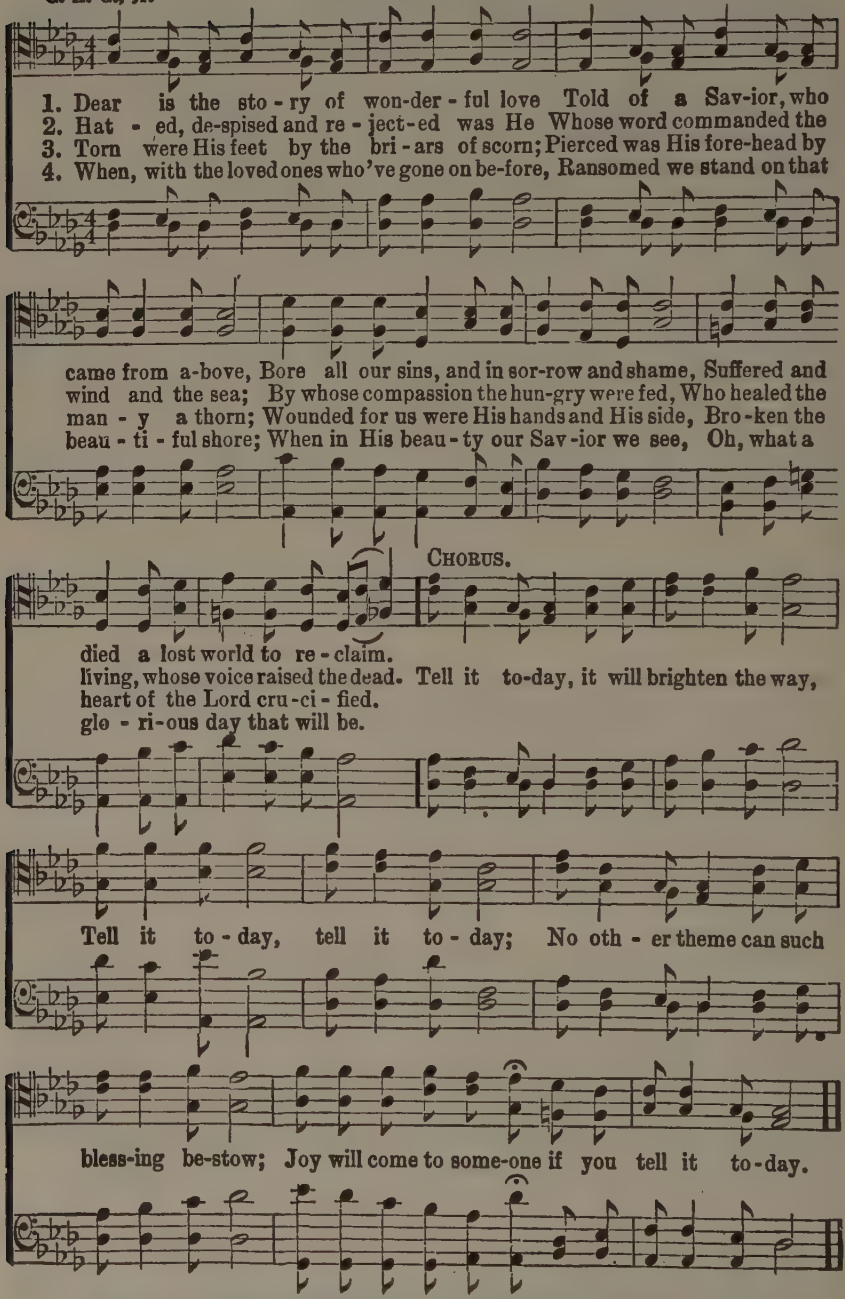
C. H. G., Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.


1. Dear is the sto - ry of won-der - ful love Told of a Sav-ior, who
2. Hat - ed, de-spised and re - ject-ed was He Whose word commanded the
3. Torn were His feet by the bri - ars of scorn; Pierced was His fore-head by
4. When, with the loved ones who've gone on be-fore, Ransomed we stand on that
came from a-bove, Bore all our sins, and in sor-row and shame, Suffered and
wind and the sea; By whose compassion the hun-gry were fed, Who healed the
man - y a thorn; Wounded for us were His hands and His side, Bro-ken the
beau - ti - ful shore; When in His beau-ty our Sav-ior we see, Oh, what a
CHORUS.
died a lost world to re - claim.
living, whose voice raised the dead. Tell it to-day, it will brighten the way,
heart of the Lord cru-ci - fied.
glo - ri-ous day that will be.
Tell it to - day, tell it to - day; No oth - er theme can such
bless-ing be-stow; Joy will come to some-one if you tell it to-day.

* The baritone part, being the melody, should be decidedly prominent, the other voices singing as an accompaniment, very subdued.

# 125 When You Know Jesus Too.

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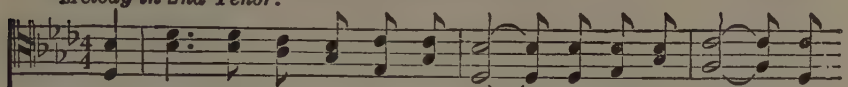
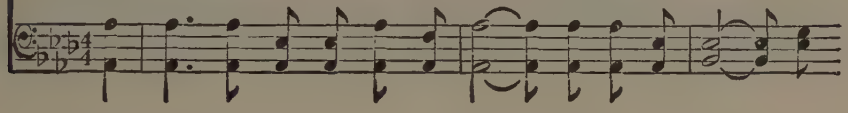
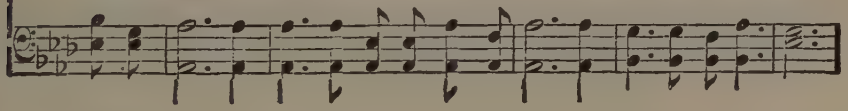
Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

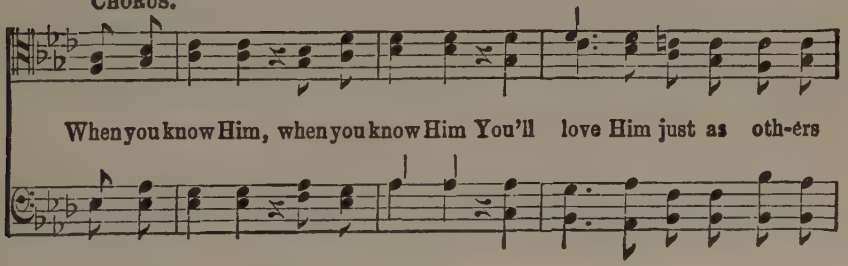
*Melody in 2nd Tenor.*



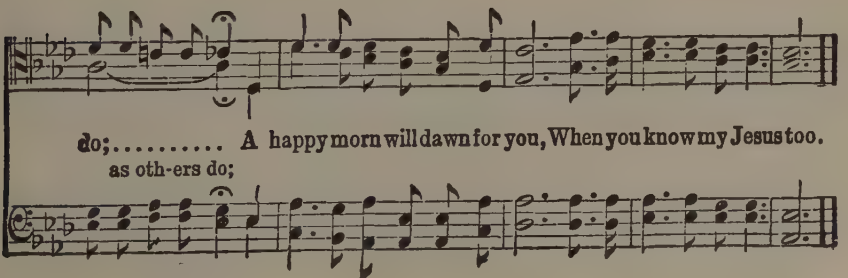
1. When you my Je - sus un - der - stand, When you ac - cept His
2. His joy will glad-den ev - 'ry day, His bless-ings shine a-
3. You'll see His mer - cy thro' your tears, His peace will hal - low
4. You'll know His way is al - ways best, And glad-ly leave to

lov-ing hand, A hap-py morn will dawn for you, When you know Jesus too.
long the way, And you will share His promise true, When you know Jesus too.
all the years, The val - ley hold no dread for you, When you know Jesus too.
Him the rest, And tell what He has done for you, When you know Jesus too.



CHORUS.



When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as oth-ers



do;..... A happy morn will dawn for you, When you know my Jesus too.
as oth-ers do;

# I Love Thy Word.

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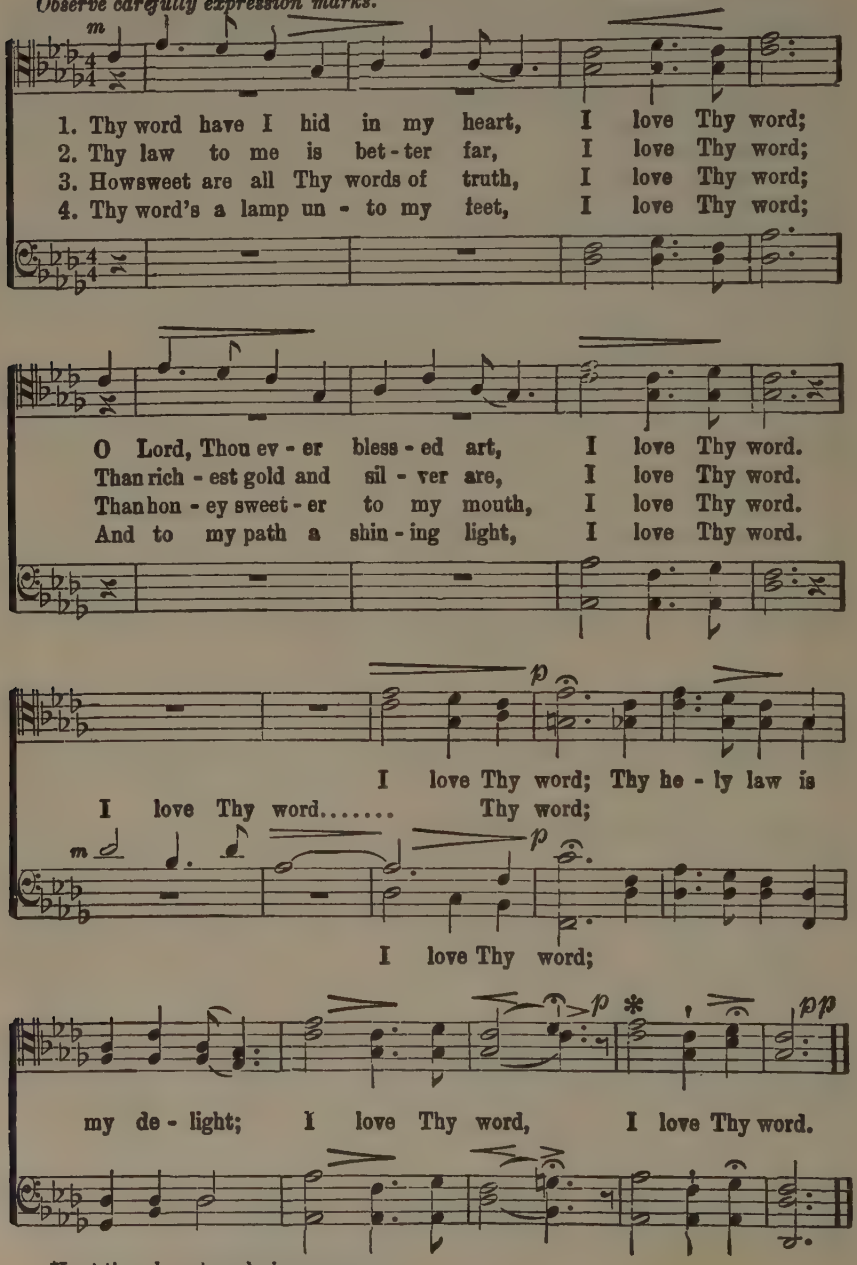
Psalm 119. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

*Observe carefully expression marks.*


m
1. Thy word have I hid in my heart, I love Thy word;
2. Thy law to me is bet - ter far, I love Thy word;
3. Howsweet are all Thy words of truth, I love Thy word;
4. Thy word's a lamp un - to my feet, I love Thy word;
O Lord, Thou ev - er bless - ed art, I love Thy word.
Than rich - est gold and sil - ver are, I love Thy word.
Than hon - ey sweet - er to my mouth, I love Thy word.
And to my path a shin - ing light, I love Thy word.
p
I love Thy word; Thy he - ly law is
I love Thy word..... Thy word;
m
p
I love Thy word;
p
pp
my de - light; I love Thy word, I love Thy word.

*Last time, hum two closing measures.

127 in 1

# Shall I Crucify Him?

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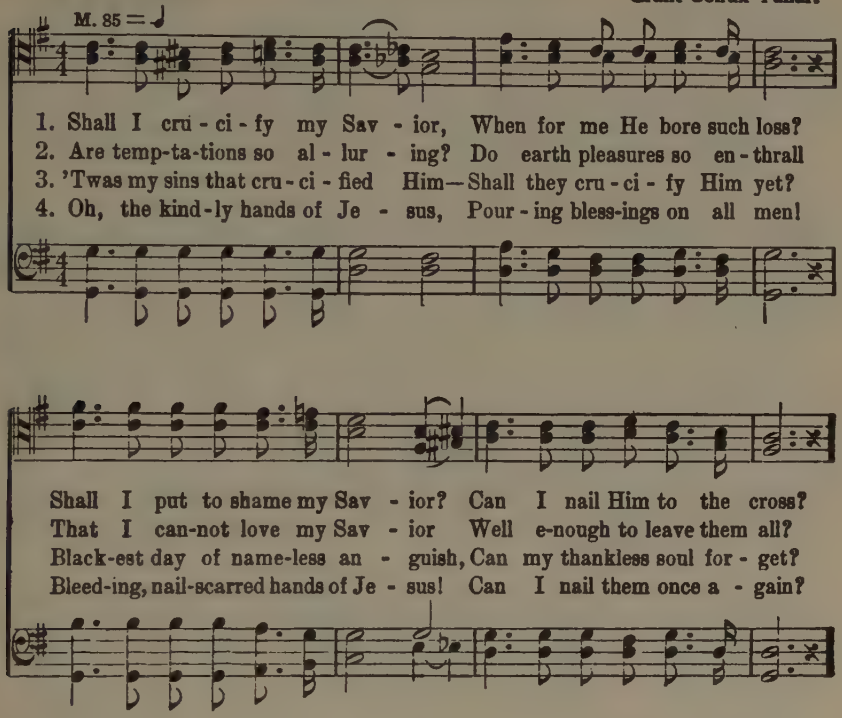
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Arr. by I. H. M.
Grant Colfax Tullar.


M. 85 = ♩
1. Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior, When for me He bore such loss?
2. Are temp-ta-tions so al - lur - ing? Do earth pleasures so en - thrall
3. 'Twas my sins that cru - ci - fied Him— Shall they cru - ci - fy Him yet?
4. Oh, the kind-ly hands of Je - sus, Pour - ing bless-ings on all men!
Shall I put to shame my Sav - ior? Can I nail Him to the cross?
That I can-not love my Sav - ior Well e-nough to leave them all?
Black-est day of name-less an - guish, Can my thankless soul for - get?
Bleed-ing, nail-scarred hands of Je - sus! Can I nail them once a - gain?
Chorus.
p
rit. pp
Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior? Cru - ci - fy my Lord a - gain?
Once! oh, once! I cru - ci - fied Him! Shall I cru - ci - fy a - gain?

# By and By.

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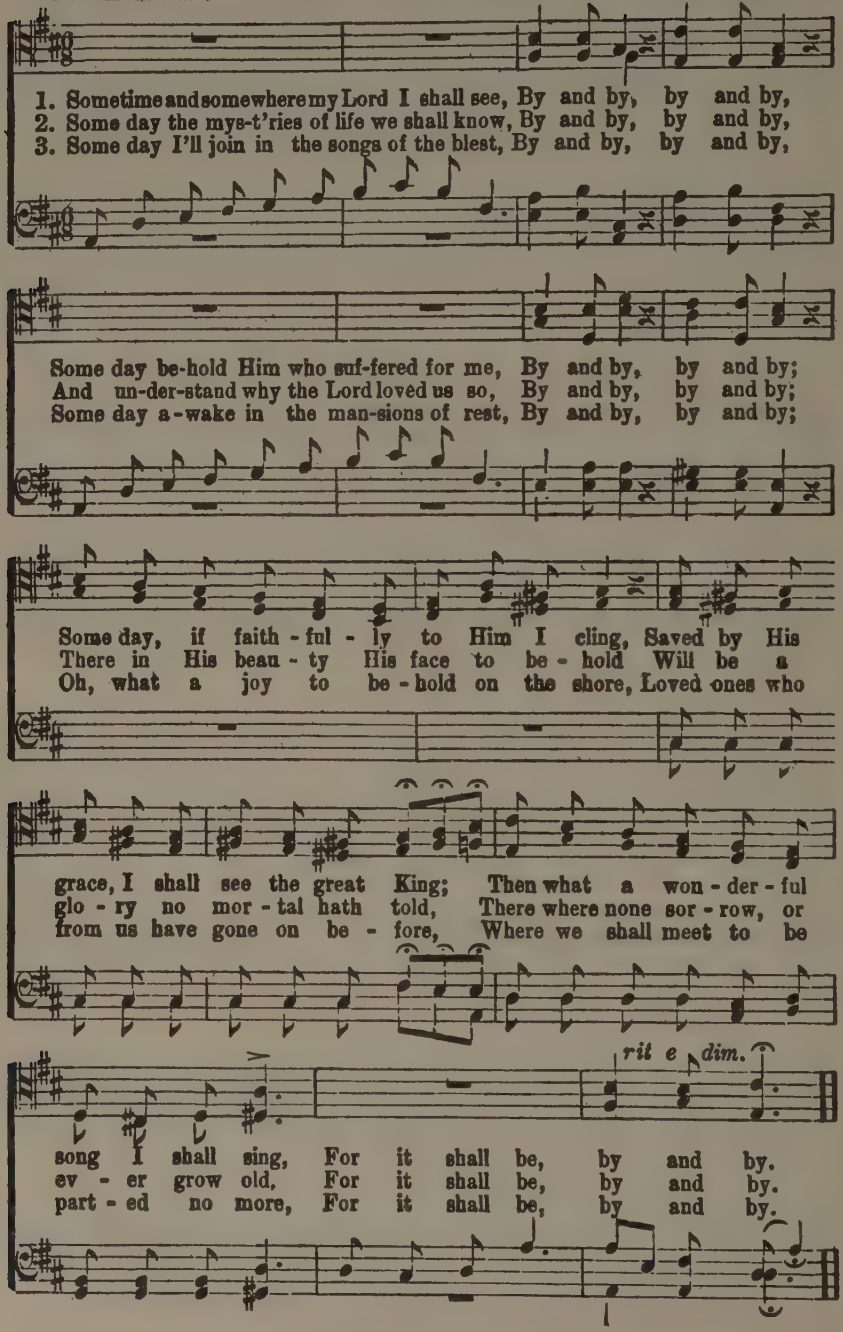
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Sometime and somewhere my Lord I shall see, By and by, by and by,
2. Some day the mys-t'ries of life we shall know, By and by, by and by,
3. Some day I'll join in the songs of the blest, By and by, by and by,
Some day be-hold Him who suf-fered for me, By and by, by and by;
And un-der-stand why the Lord loved us so, By and by, by and by;
Some day a-wake in the man-sions of rest, By and by, by and by;
Some day, if faith-ful-ly to Him I cling, Saved by His
There in His beau-ty His face to be-hold Will be a
Oh, what a joy to be-hold on the shore, Loved ones who
grace, I shall see the great King; Then what a won-der-ful
glo-ry no mor-tal hath told, There where none sor-row, or
from us have gone on be-fore, Where we shall meet to be
rit e dim.
song I shall sing, For it shall be, by and by.
ev-er grow old, For it shall be, by and by.
part-ed no more, For it shall be, by and by.

# 129 In Heavenly Love.

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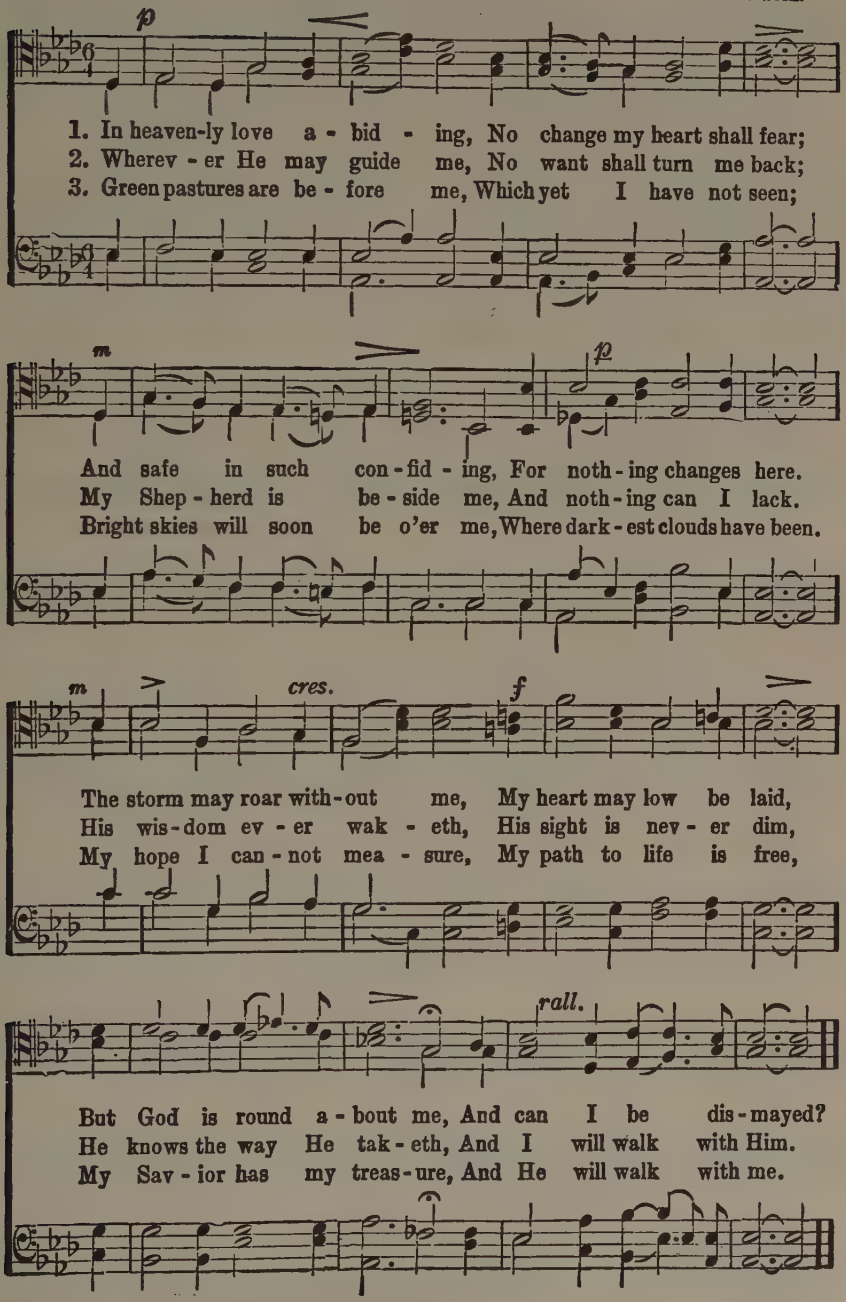
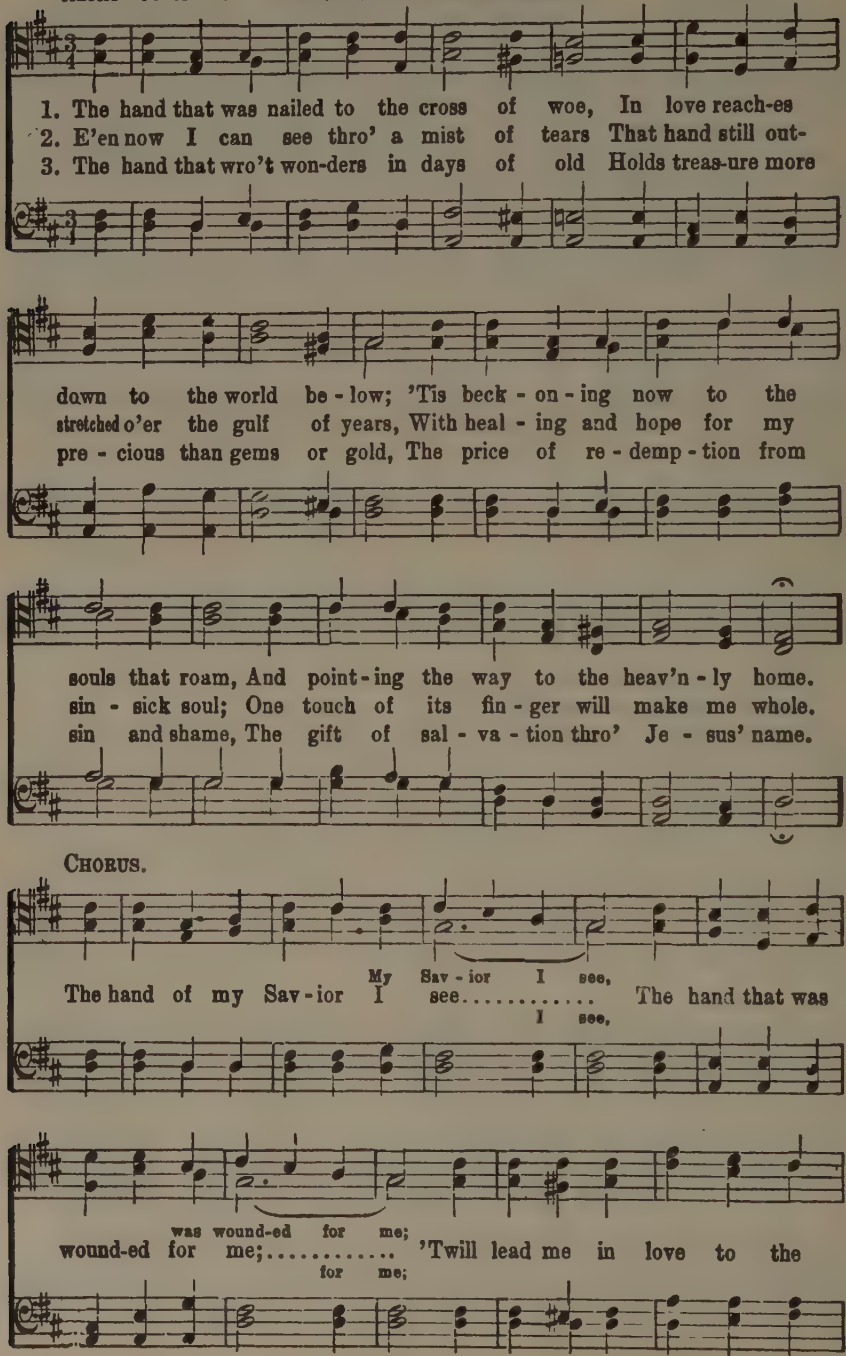
Lassen.
Arr'd for this work.

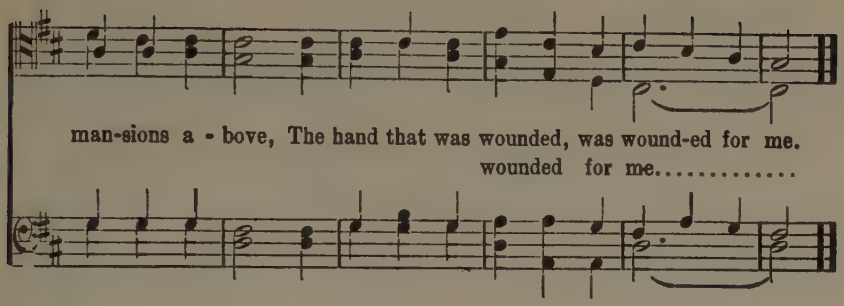

p
1. In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;
m
p
And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing changes here.
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been.
m
cres.
f
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can - not mea - sure, My path to life is free,
rall.
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

# The Hand That Was Wounded.

Hattie H. Pierson. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO. D. B. Towner.

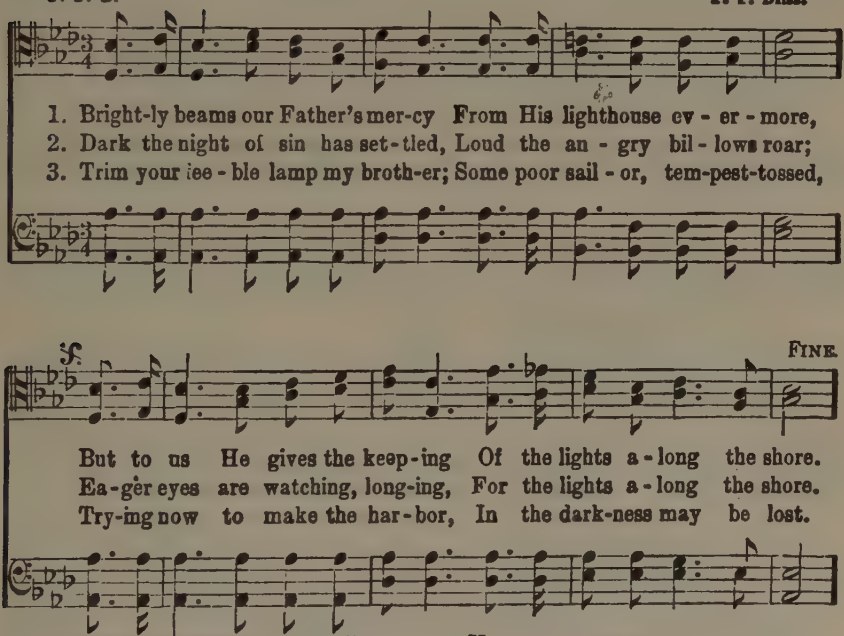

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the
2. E'en now I can see thro' a mist of tears That hand still out-stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal-ing and hope for my
3. The hand that wro't won-ders in days of old Holds treas-ure more pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp-tion from
souls that roam, And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
sin-sick soul; One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole.
sin and shame, The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.
CHORUS.
The hand of my Sav-ior I see, My Sav-ior I see, I see, The hand that was
wound-ed for me; was wound-ed for me; for me; 'Twill lead me in love to the

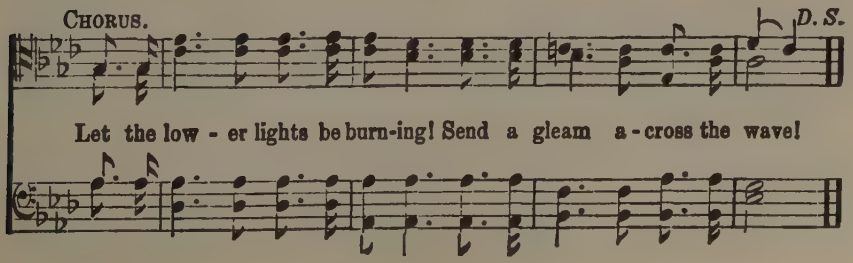
## The Hand That Was Wounded.




## 131 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His lighthouse ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your bee - ble lamp my broth-er; Some poor sail - or, tem-pest-tossed,
f.
FINE.
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D.S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.



# 132 How You Will Love Him!

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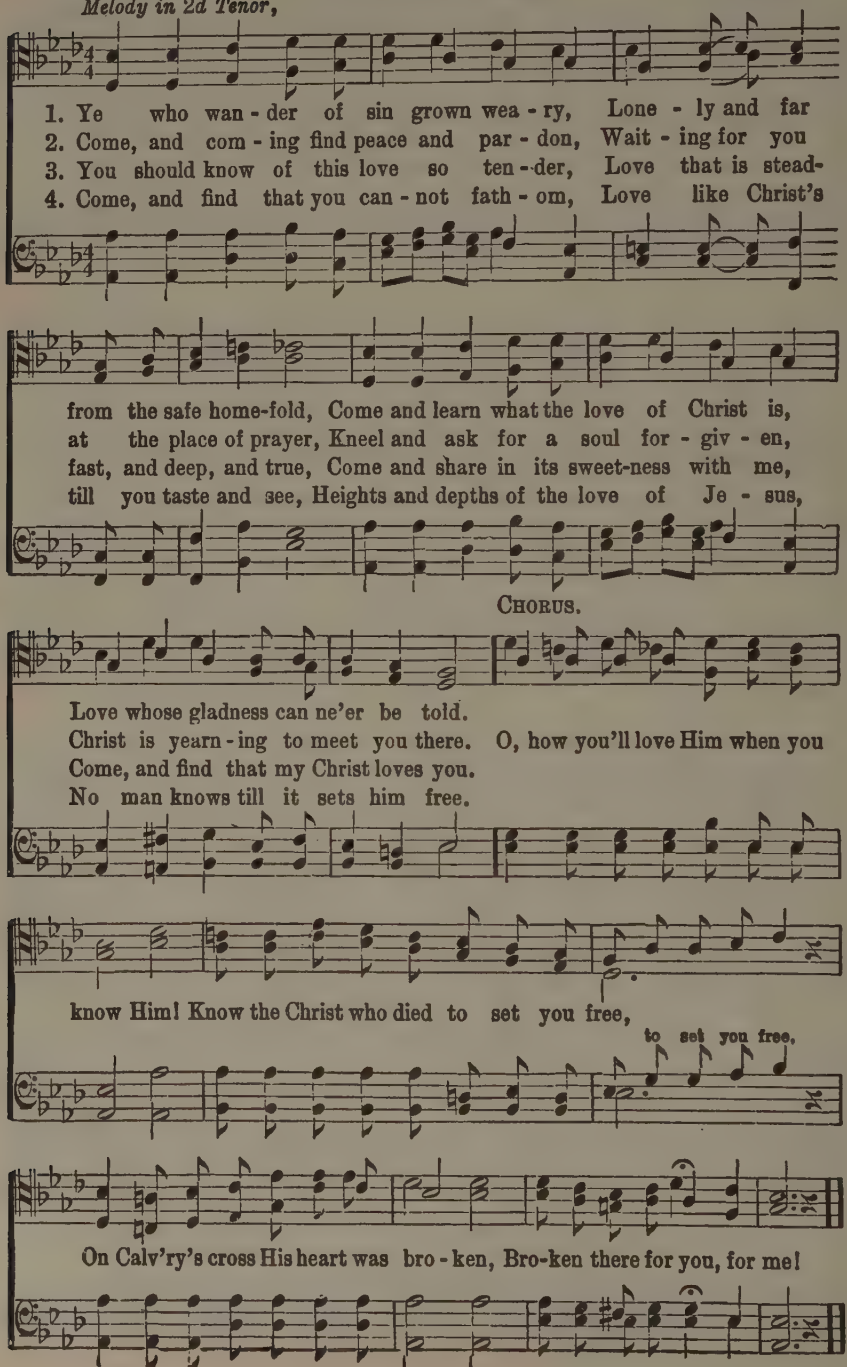
E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.

*Melody in 2d Tenor,*


1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead-
4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's
from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
at the place of prayer, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn - ing to meet you there. O, how you'll love Him when you
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows till it sets him free.
know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
to set you free.
On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro - ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

# 133 There is Glory in My Soul.*

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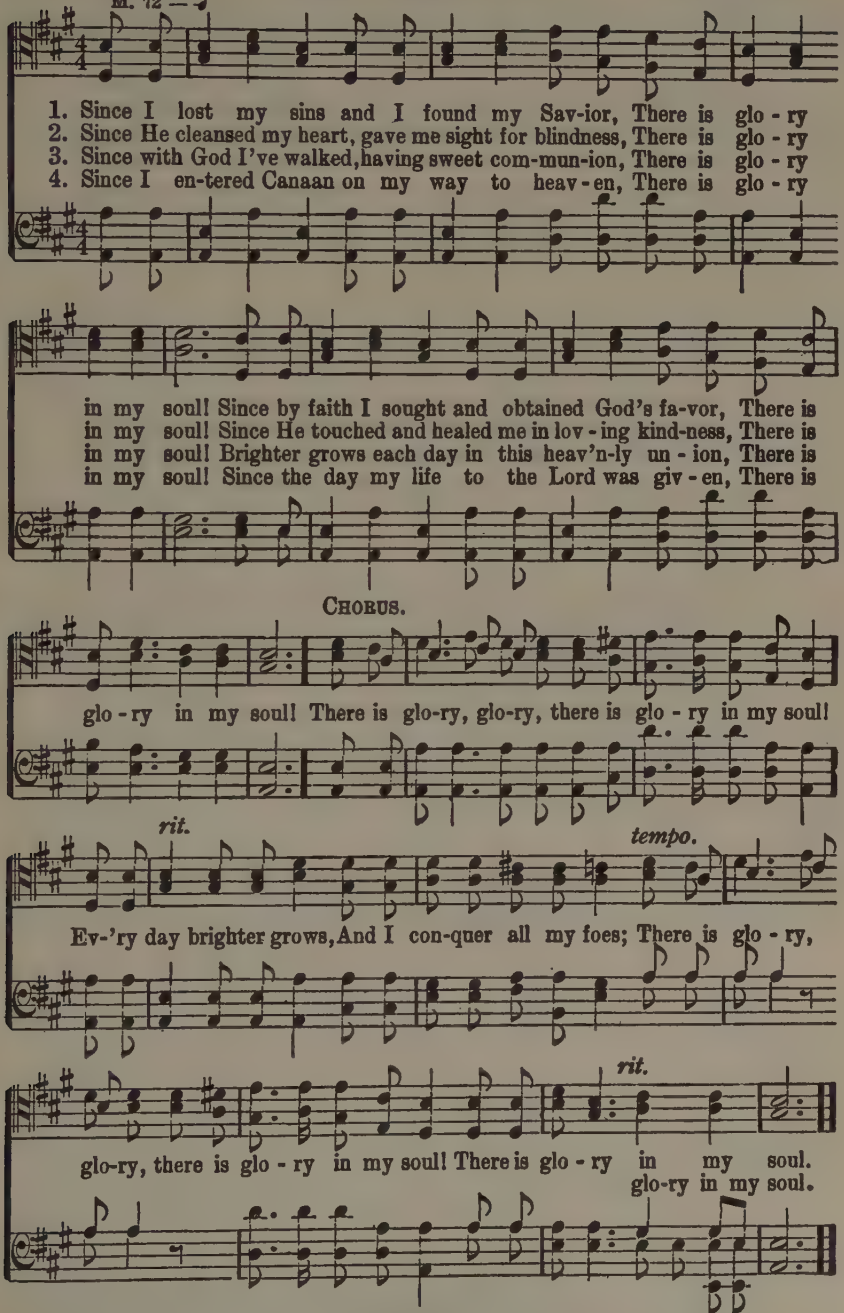
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Grace Wiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 72 = ♩


1. Since I lost my sins and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en-tered Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry
in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touched and healed me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n-ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is
CHORUS.
glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo - ry in my soul!
rit.
tempo.
Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is glo - ry,
rit.
glo-ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry in my soul.
glo-ry in my soul.

*Melody in 2nd Tenor should be prominent. May be sung as a Duet by Tenors.

# 134 I Love to Tell the Story.

Kate Hankey. *Melody in Second Tenor.* Wm. G. Fischer.

M. 96 —♩

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those that know it best

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,— Of Je - sus and His love.
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.

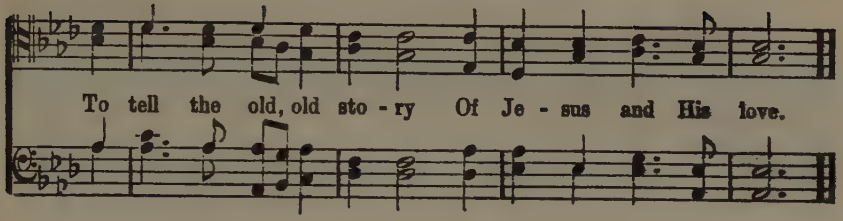
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,—
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry—'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

## I Love to Tell the Story.




# 135 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

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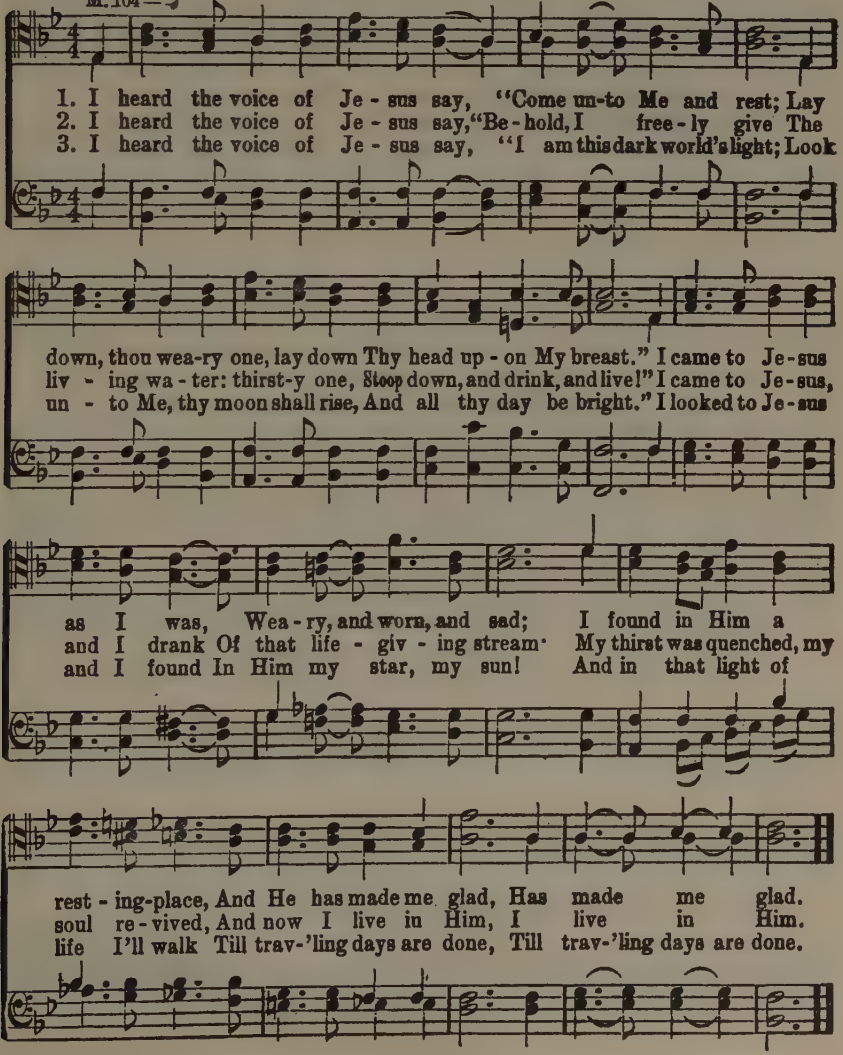
Horatius Bonar. Daniel Protheroe.

M. 104 = ♩


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest; Lay
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look
down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I came to Je-sus
liv - ing wa - ter: thirst-y one, stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je-sus,
un - to Me, thy moon shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je-sus
as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a
and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream. My thirst was quenched, my
and I found In Him my star, my sun! And in that light of
rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad, Has made me glad.
soul re - vived, And now I live in Him, I live in Him.
life I'll walk Till trav-'ling days are done, Till trav-'ling days are done.

136

# There's a Light On the Cross.

J. V. M.

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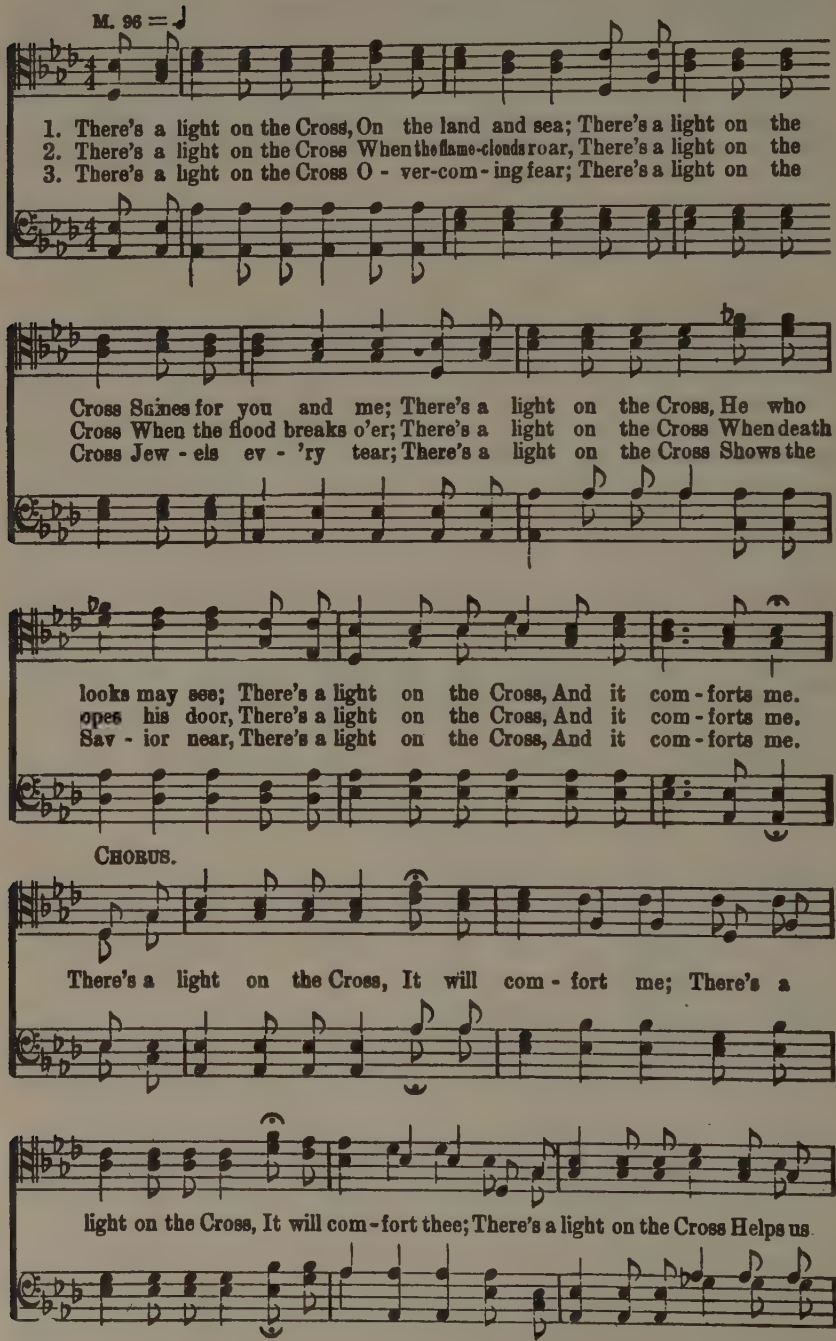
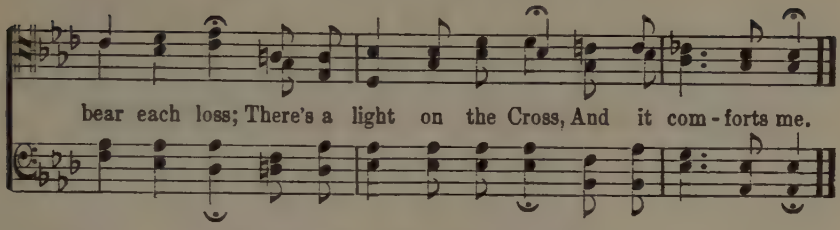
J. V. Martin.
Arr. D. P.


M. 96 = ♩
1. There's a light on the Cross, On the land and sea; There's a light on the
2. There's a light on the Cross When the flame-clouds roar, There's a light on the
3. There's a light on the Cross O - ver-com - ing fear; There's a light on the
Cross Shines for you and me; There's a light on the Cross, He who
Cross When the flood breaks o'er; There's a light on the Cross When death
Cross Jew - els ev - 'ry tear; There's a light on the Cross Shows the
looks may see; There's a light on the Cross, And it com - forts me.
opes his door, There's a light on the Cross, And it com - forts me.
Sav - ior near, There's a light on the Cross, And it com - forts me.
CHORUS.
There's a light on the Cross, It will com - fort me; There's a
light on the Cross, It will com - fort thee; There's a light on the Cross Helps us

## There's a Light On the Cross.




# 137 Carry Thy Burden to Jesus.

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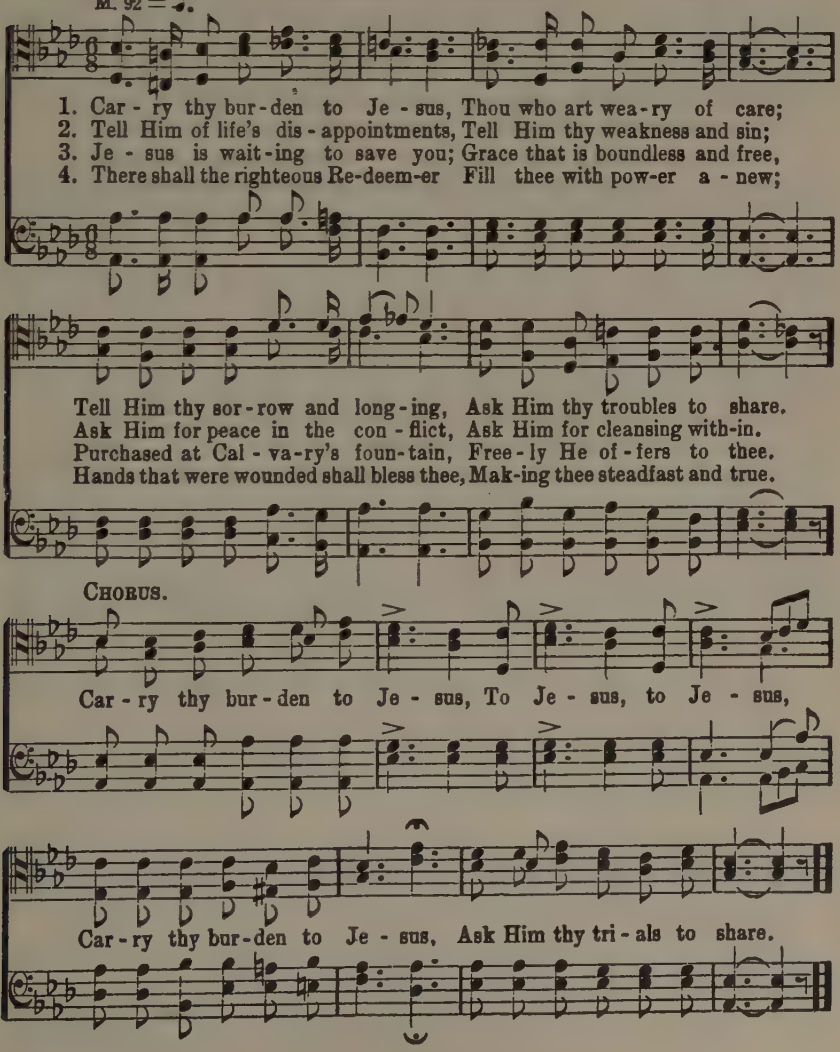
Ethel Verne King. Robert Hood Bowers.
Arr. D. P.

M. 92 = ♩.


1. Car-ry thy bur-den to Je-sus, Thou who art wea-ry of care;
2. Tell Him of life's dis-appointments, Tell Him thy weakness and sin;
3. Je-sus is wait-ing to save you; Grace that is boundless and free,
4. There shall the righteous Re-deem-er Fill thee with pow-er a-new;
Tell Him thy sor-row and long-ing, Ask Him thy troubles to share.
Ask Him for peace in the con-flict, Ask Him for cleansing with-in.
Purchased at Cal-va-ry's foun-tain, Free-ly He of-fers to thee.
Hands that were wounded shall bless thee, Mak-ing thee steadfast and true.
Chorus.
Car-ry thy bur-den to Je-sus, To Je-sus, to Je-sus,
Car-ry thy bur-den to Je-sus, Ask Him thy tri-als to share.

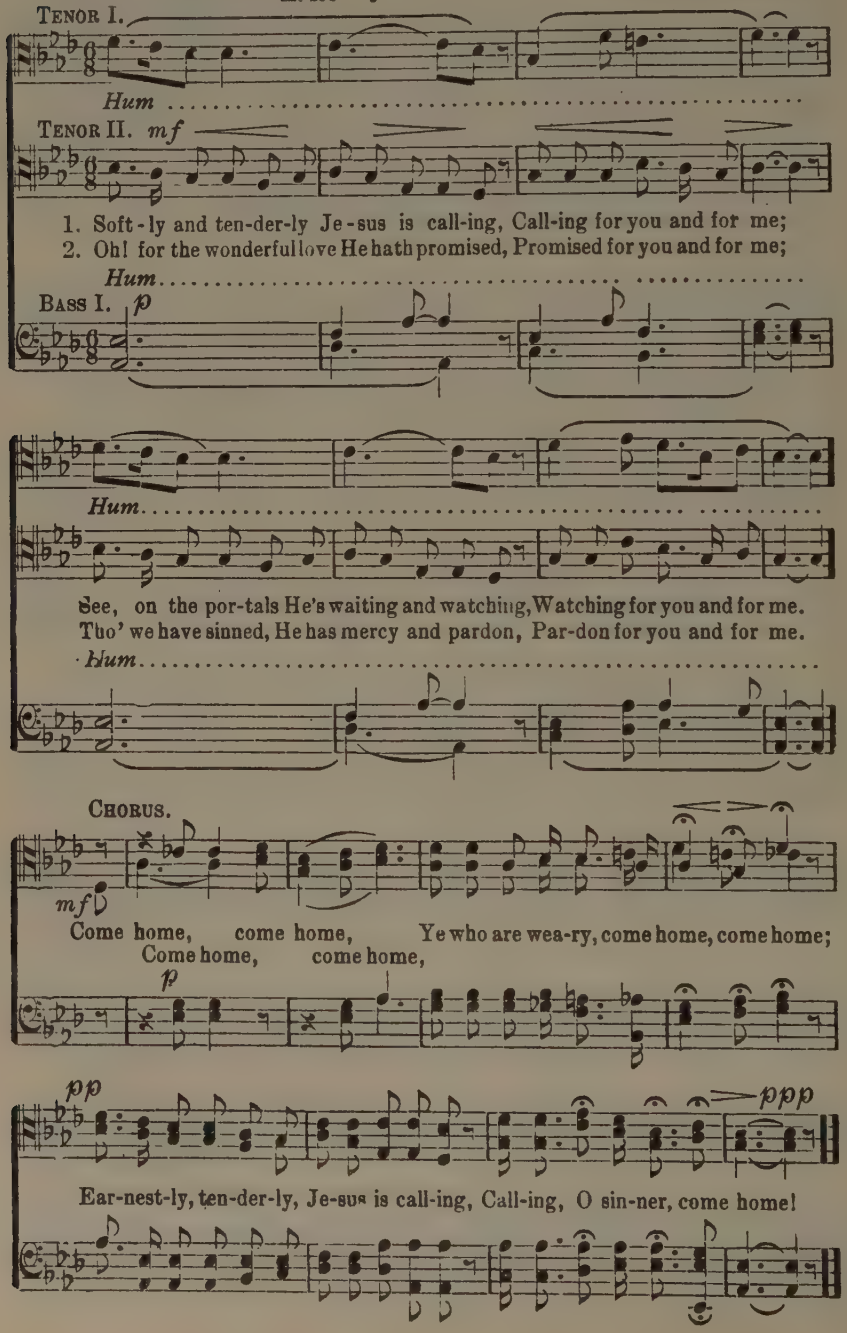
# For You and for Me.

(SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.)

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.
Arr. Daniel Protheroe.

*Andante contabile.* M. 104 = ♪

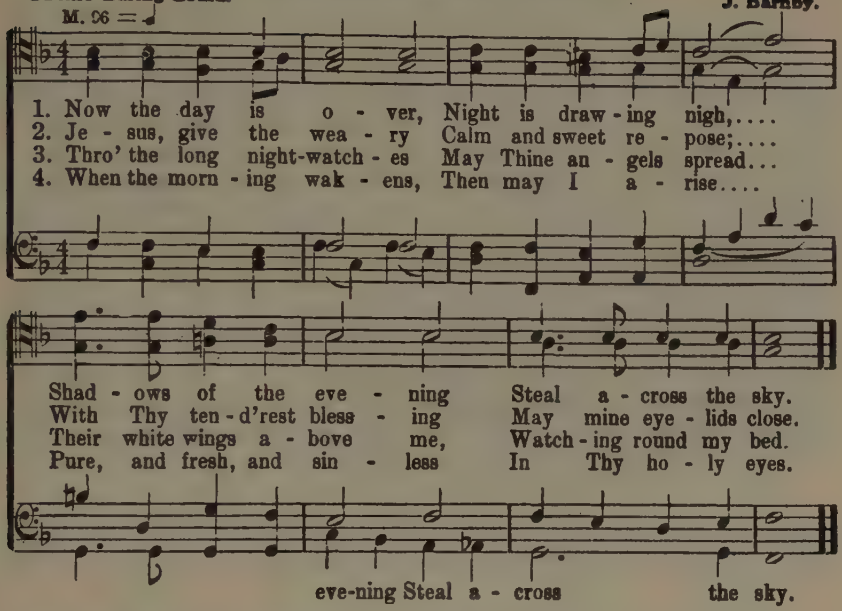

TENOR I.
Hum
TENOR II. mf
1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Oh! for the wonderful love He hath promised, Promised for you and for me;
Hum
BASS I. p
Hum
See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
Hum
CHORUS.
mf
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home, come home;
Come home, come home,
p
pp
ppp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

139

# Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. J. Barnby.

M. 96 =

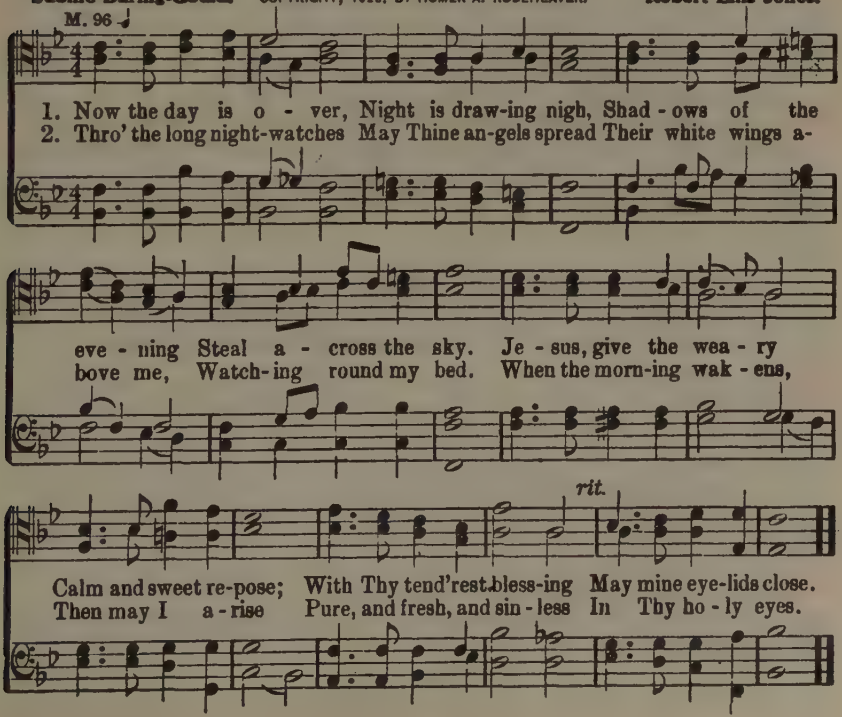

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,....
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;....
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread...
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise....
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May mine eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

[*Second Tune.*]

# Now the Day is Over.

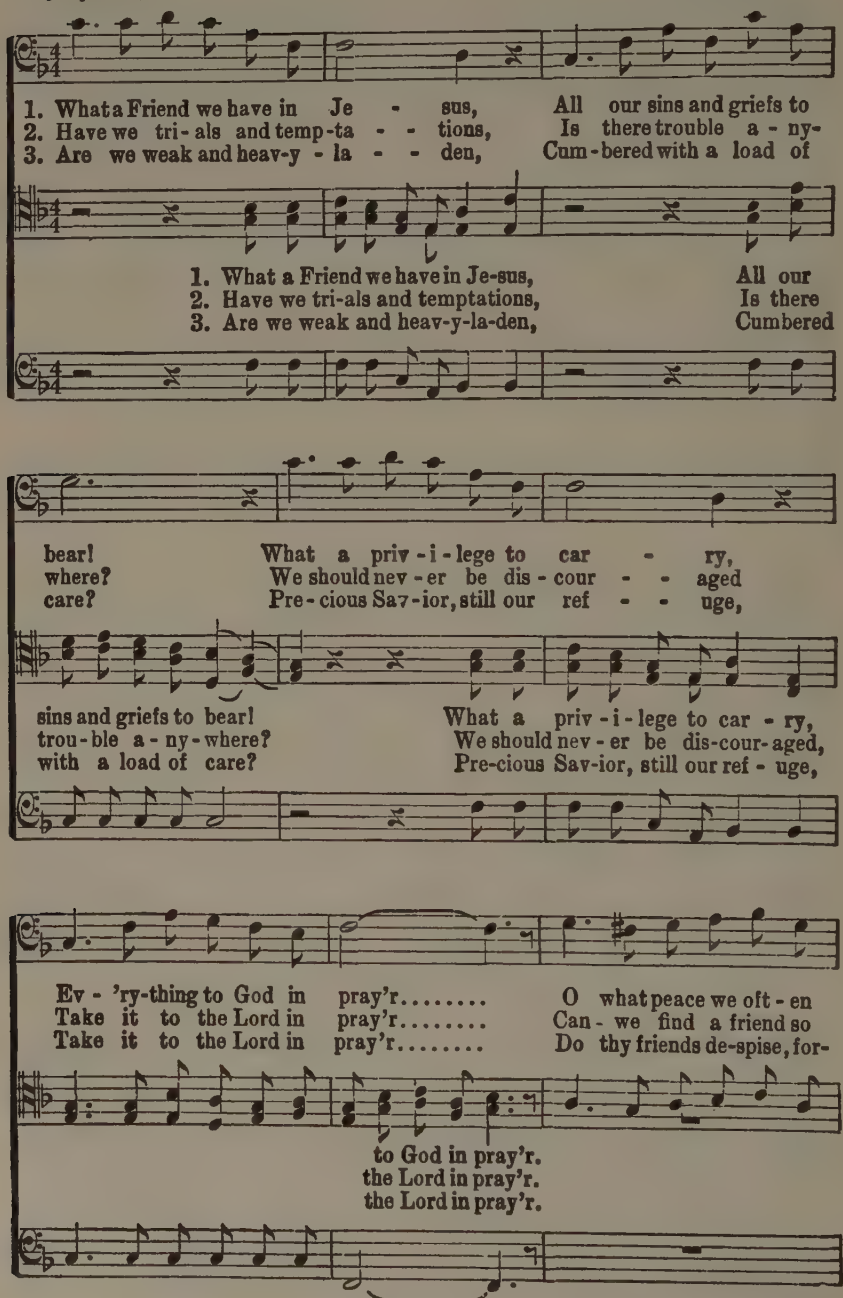
Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Robert Ellis Jones.

M. 96

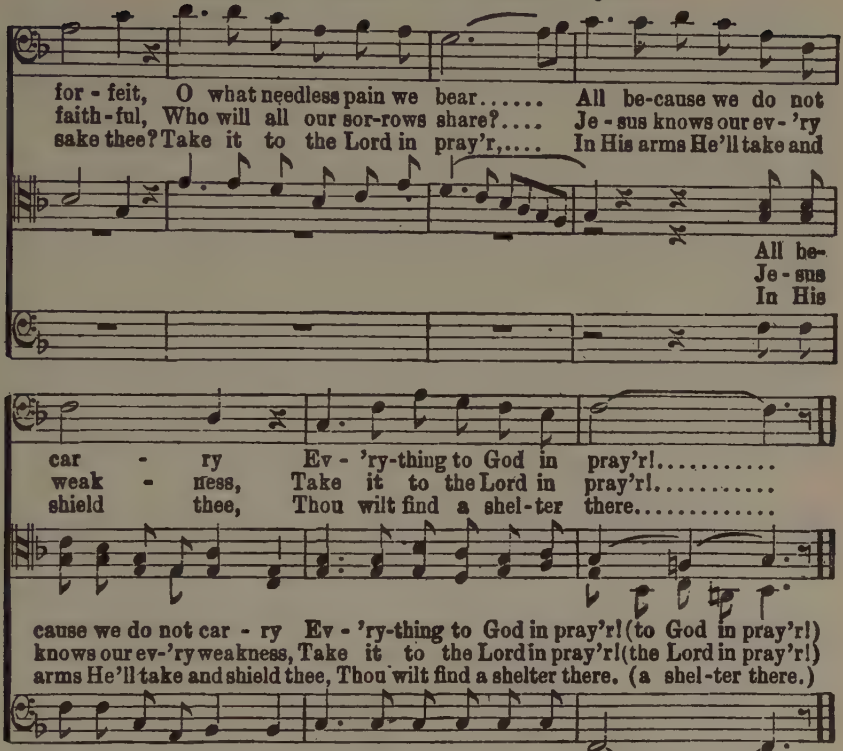

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad - ows of the
2. Thro' the long night-watches May Thine an-gels spread Their white wings a-
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. Je - sus, give the wea - ry
bove me, Watch-ing round my bed. When the morn-ing wak - ens,
rit.
Calm and sweet re-pose; With Thy tend'rest bless-ing May mine eye-lids close.
Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

# 140 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

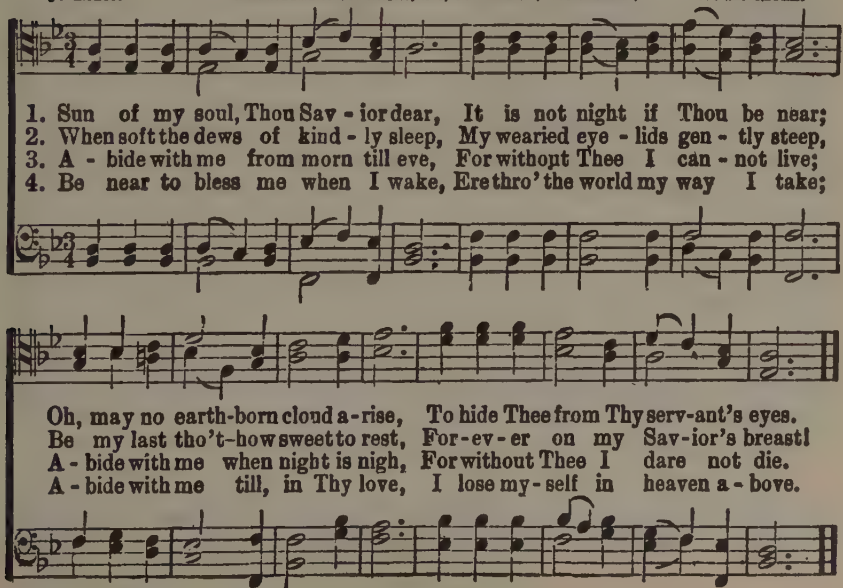

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - - tions, Is there trouble a - ny-
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - - den, Cum-bered with a load of
1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our
2. Have we tri-als and temptations, Is there
3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cumbered
bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry,
where? We should nev - er be dis - cour - - aged
care? Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - - uge,
sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry,
trou - ble a - ny - where? We should nev - er be dis-cour-aged,
with a load of care? Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,
Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r..... O what peace we oft - en
Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Can - we find a friend so
Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Do thy friends de-spise, for-
to God in pray'r.
the Lord in pray'r.
the Lord in pray'r.

## What a Friend We Have in Jesus.


for - feit, O what needless pain we bear..... All be-cause we do not
faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?.... Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry
sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,.... In His arms He'll take and
All be-
Je - sus
In His
car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!.....
weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!.....
shield thee, Thou wilt find a shel-ter there.....
cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r! (to God in pray'r!)
knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r! (the Lord in pray'r!)
arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a shelter there. (a shel-ter there.)

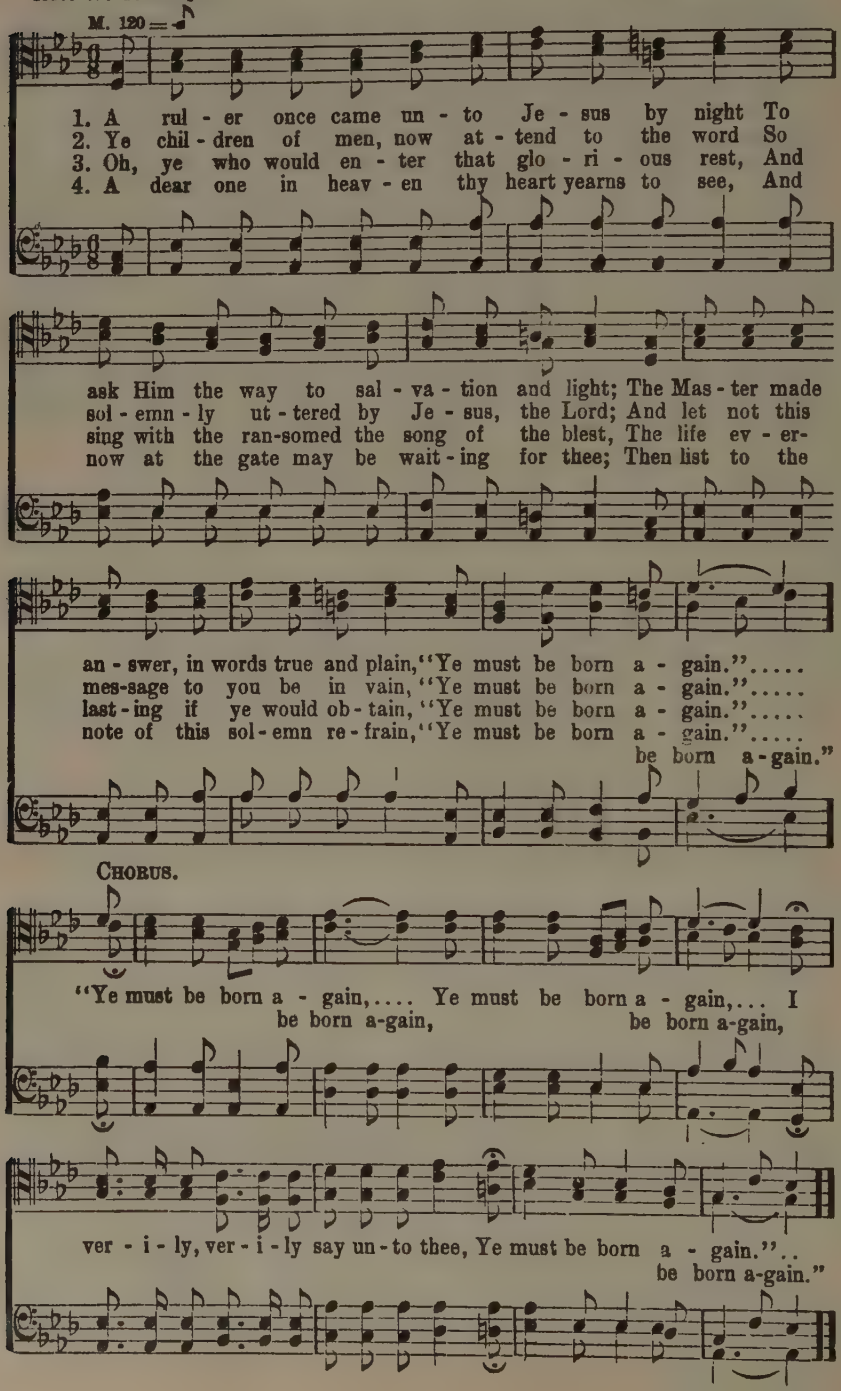
## 141 Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

J. Keble. ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, W. H. Monk.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep, My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last tho't - how sweet to rest, For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till, in Thy love, I lose my - self in heaven a - bove.

# 142 Ye Must be Born Again.

Rev. W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins, arr.


M. 120
1. A ruler once came unto Jesus by night To
2. Ye children of men, now attend to the word So
3. Oh, ye who would enter that glorious rest, And
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, And
ask Him the way to salvation and light; The Master made
solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord; And let not this
sing with the ransomed the song of the blest, The life ever-
now at the gate may be waiting for thee; Then list to the
answer, in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again."
message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born again."
lasting if ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again."
note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again."
be born again."
Chorus.
"Ye must be born again, Ye must be born again, I
be born again, be born again,
verily, verily say unto thee, Ye must be born again."
be born again."

# The Homeland!

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H. R. Hawels. Geo. C. Stebbins.

M. 96 = ♩

1. The Homeland! O the Home-land! The land of the free - born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair;
3. My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait - ing me to come,

There's no night in the Home - land, But aye the fade - less morn;
There's no sin in the Home - land, And no temp-ta - tion there;
Where nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home;

I'm sigh-ing for the Home - land, My heart my heart is ach - ing here;
The mu - sic of the Home - land Is ring - - ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!

*ff*

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near; There
And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears; And
Christ, bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re-deem-ing love; Christ, There is no

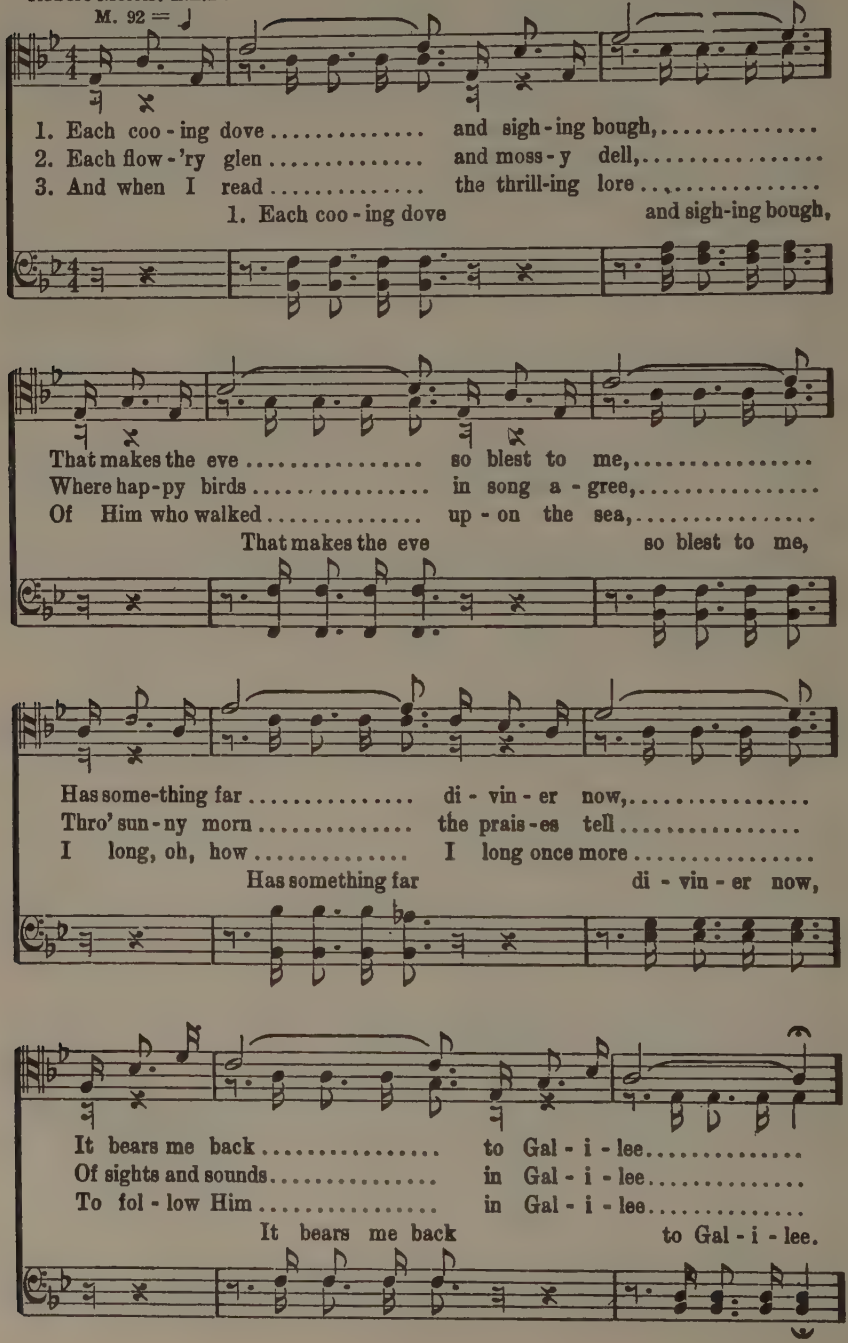
is no pain in the Home - land To which I'm draw - ing near.
when I think of the Home - land My eyes are filled with tears.
bring us all to the Home - land Of Thy re - deem - ing love.
pain,

# Memories of Galilee.

Robert Morris, L.L.D.

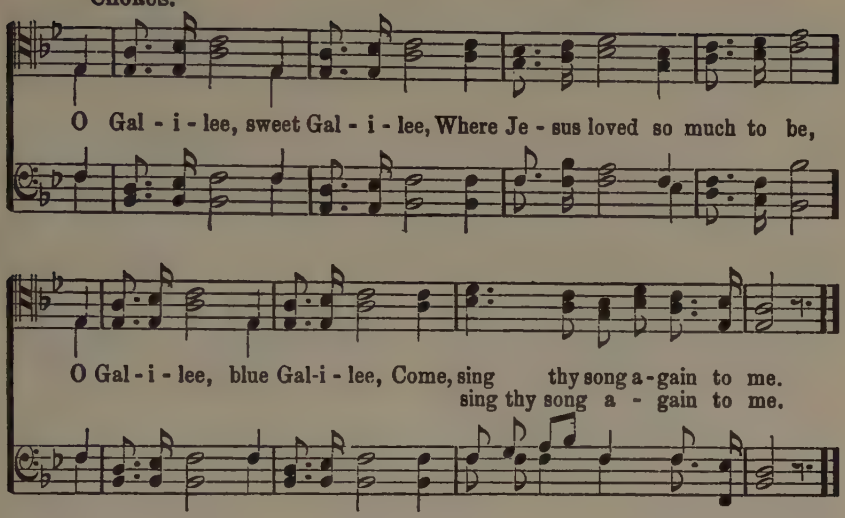
Dr. H. R. Palmer.

M. 92 = ♩


1. Each coo - ing dove ..... and sigh - ing bough, .....
2. Each flow - 'ry glen ..... and moss - y dell, .....
3. And when I read ..... the thrill-ing lore .....
1. Each coo - ing dove and sigh-ing bough,
That makes the eve ..... so blest to me, .....
Where hap-py birds ..... in song a - gree, .....
Of Him who walked ..... up - on the sea, .....
That makes the eve so blest to me,
Has some-thing far ..... di - vin - er now, .....
Thro' sun - ny morn ..... the prais - es tell .....
I long, oh, how ..... I long once more .....
Has something far di - vin - er now,
It bears me back ..... to Gal - i - lee .....
Of sights and sounds ..... in Gal - i - lee .....
To fol - low Him ..... in Gal - i - lee .....
It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.

## Memories of Galilee.

CHORUS.


O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved so much to be,
O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal-i - lee, Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.
sing thy song a - gain to me.

## 145 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

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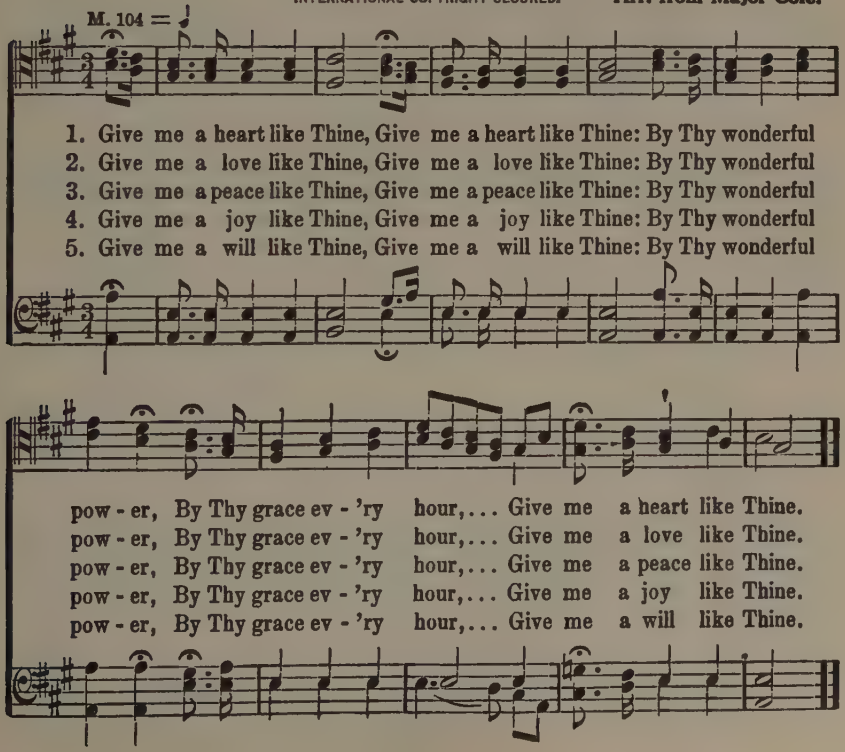
Arr. from Major Cole.


M. 104 = ♩
1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine: By Thy wonderful
2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine: By Thy wonderful
3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine: By Thy wonderful
4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine: By Thy wonderful
5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine: By Thy wonderful
pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour,... Give me a heart like Thine.
pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour,... Give me a love like Thine.
pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour,... Give me a peace like Thine.
pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour,... Give me a joy like Thine.
pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour,... Give me a will like Thine.

# 146 He Gave Himself for Me.

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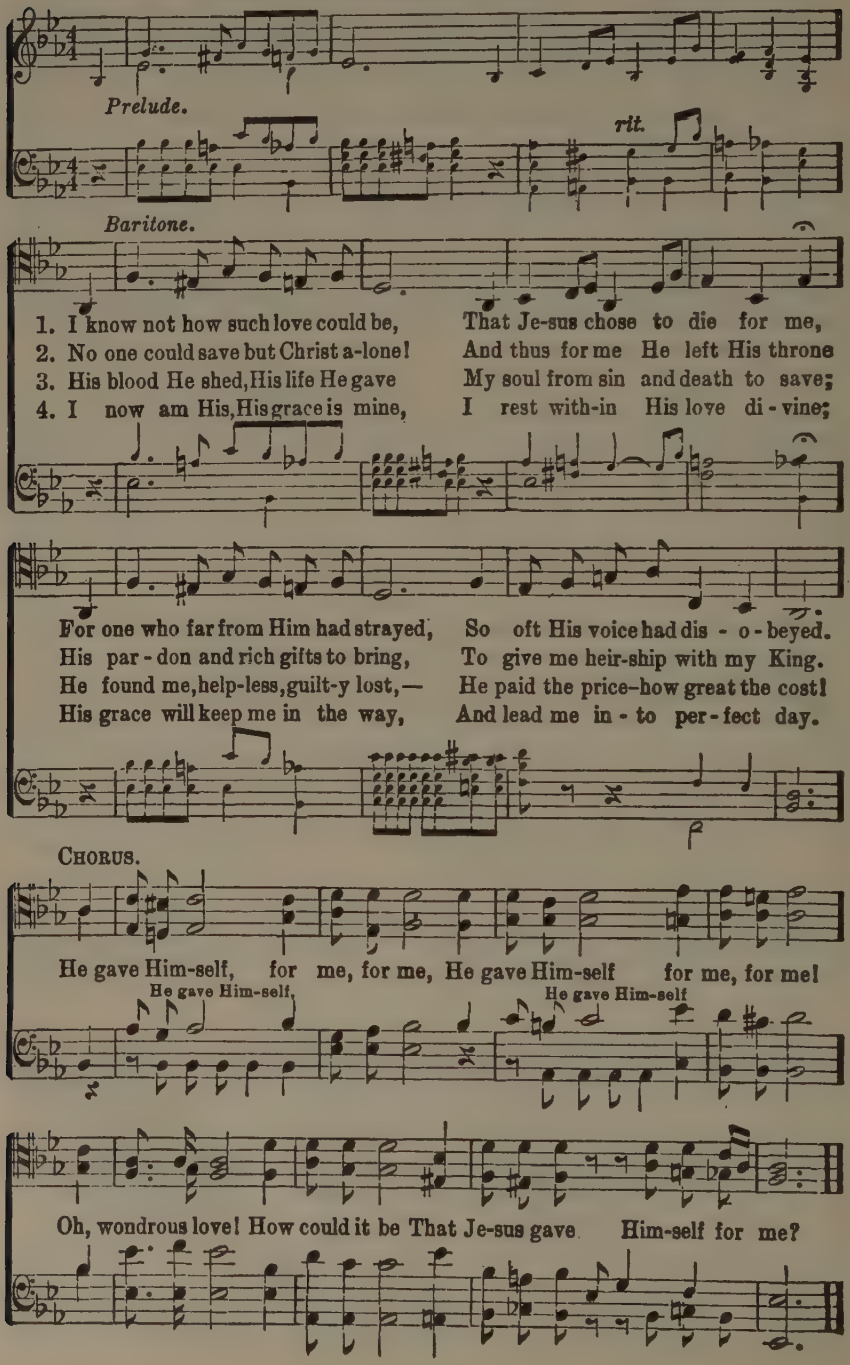
Rev. E. G. W. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.


Prelude.
rit.
Baritone.
1. I know not how such love could be, That Je-sus chose to die for me,
2. No one could save but Christ a-lone! And thus for me He left His throne
3. His blood He shed, His life He gave My soul from sin and death to save;
4. I now am His, His grace is mine, I rest with-in His love di-vine;
For one who far from Him had strayed, So oft His voice had dis-o-beyed.
His par-don and rich gifts to bring, To give me heir-ship with my King.
He found me, help-less, guilt-y lost,— He paid the price—how great the cost!
His grace will keep me in the way, And lead me in-to per-fect day.
Chorus.
He gave Him-self, for me, for me, He gave Him-self for me, for me!
He gave Him-self,
He gave Him-self
Oh, wondrous love! How could it be That Je-sus gave Him-self for me?

# 147 Carry Your Cross With a Smile.

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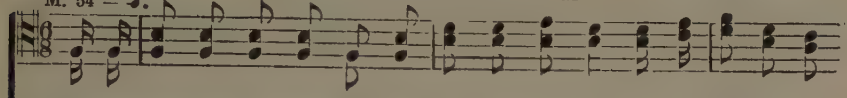
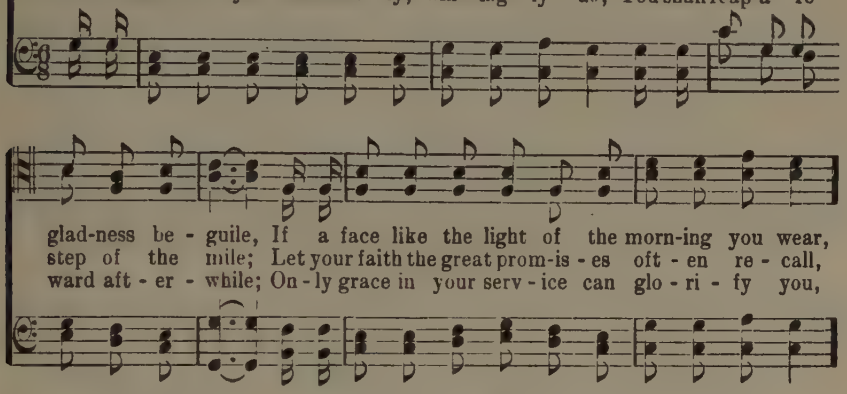
Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.
Arr. D. P.

M. 54 ♩.

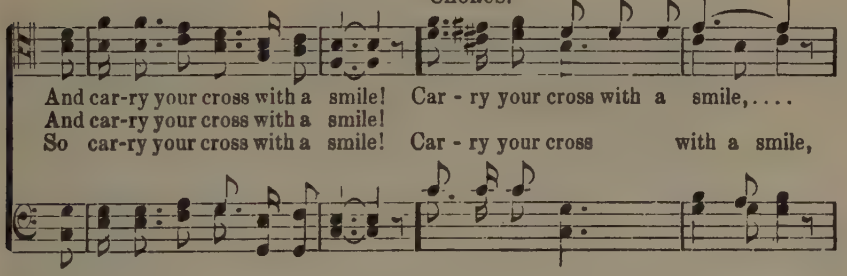


1. Tho' your heart may be heav - y with sor - row and care, You may oth - ers to
2. Let the well by the way - side that flows un - to all Strength impart for each
3. For the work that you faith - ful - ly, will - ing - ly do, You shall reap a re-

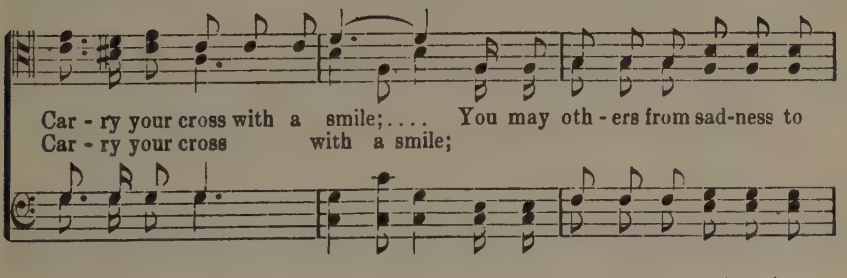


glad-ness be - guile, If a face like the light of the morn-ing you wear,
step of the mile; Let your faith the great prom-is - es oft - en re - call,
ward aft - er - while; On - ly grace in your serv - ice can glo - ri - fy you,

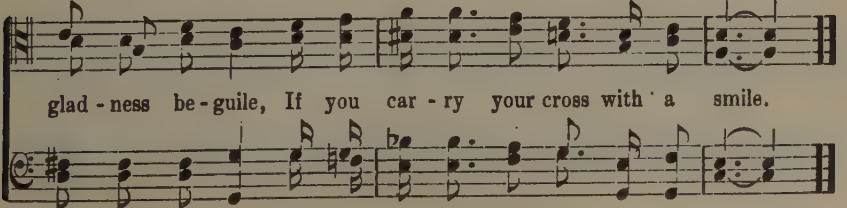
CHORUS.



And car-ry your cross with a smile! Car - ry your cross with a smile,....
And car-ry your cross with a smile!
So car-ry your cross with a smile! Car - ry your cross with a smile,



Car - ry your cross with a smile;.... You may oth - ers from sad-ness to
Car - ry your cross with a smile;



glad - ness be - guile, If you car - ry your cross with a smile.

# Rock of Ages.

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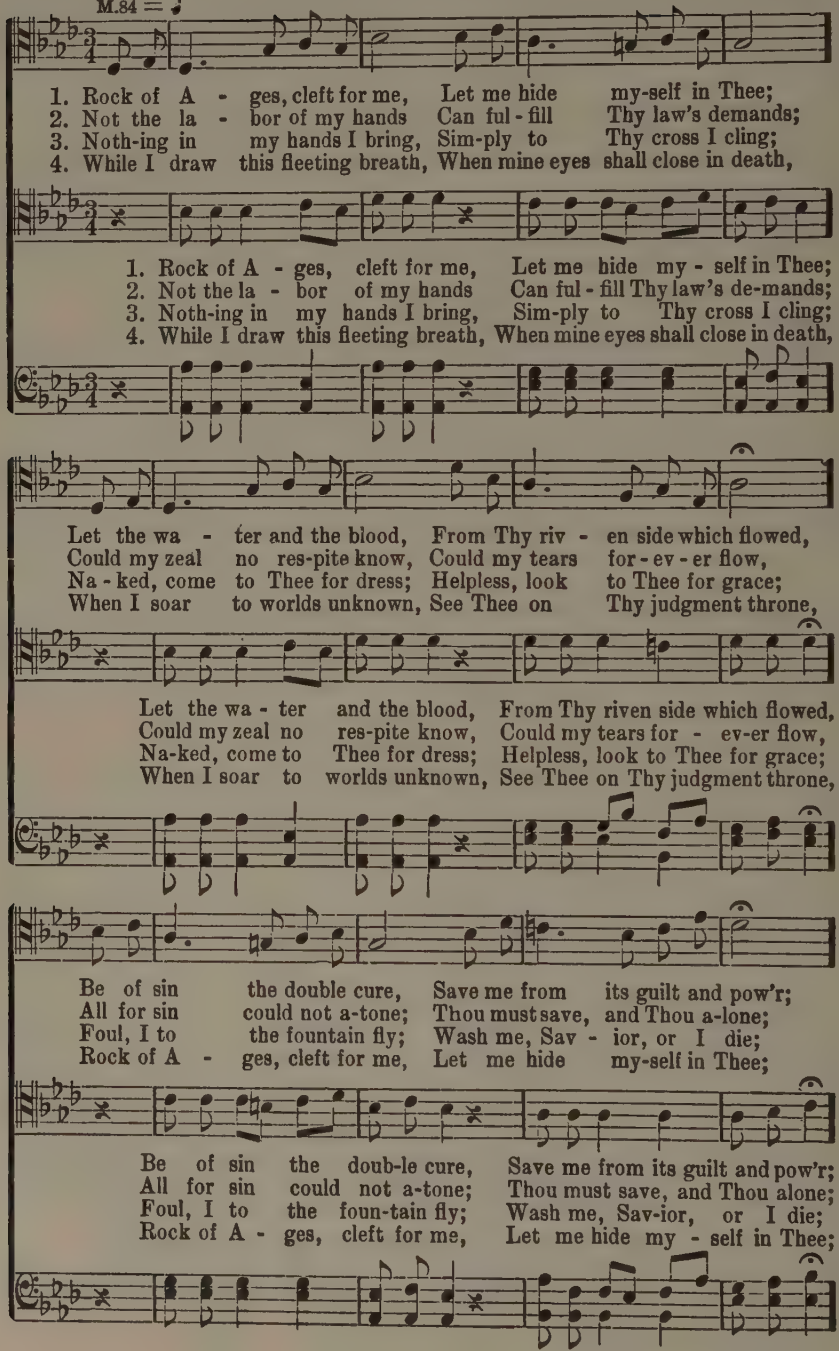
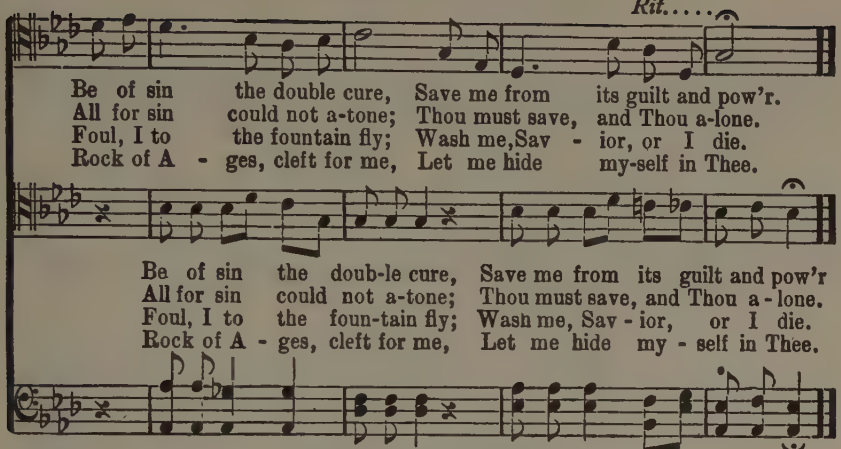
A. M. Toplady. Geo. C. Stebbins.

M.84 = ♩


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's demands;
3. Noth-ing in my hands I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hands I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev-er flow,
Na-ked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Be of sin the double cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r;
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone;
Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die;
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r;
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone;
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-ior, or I die;
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

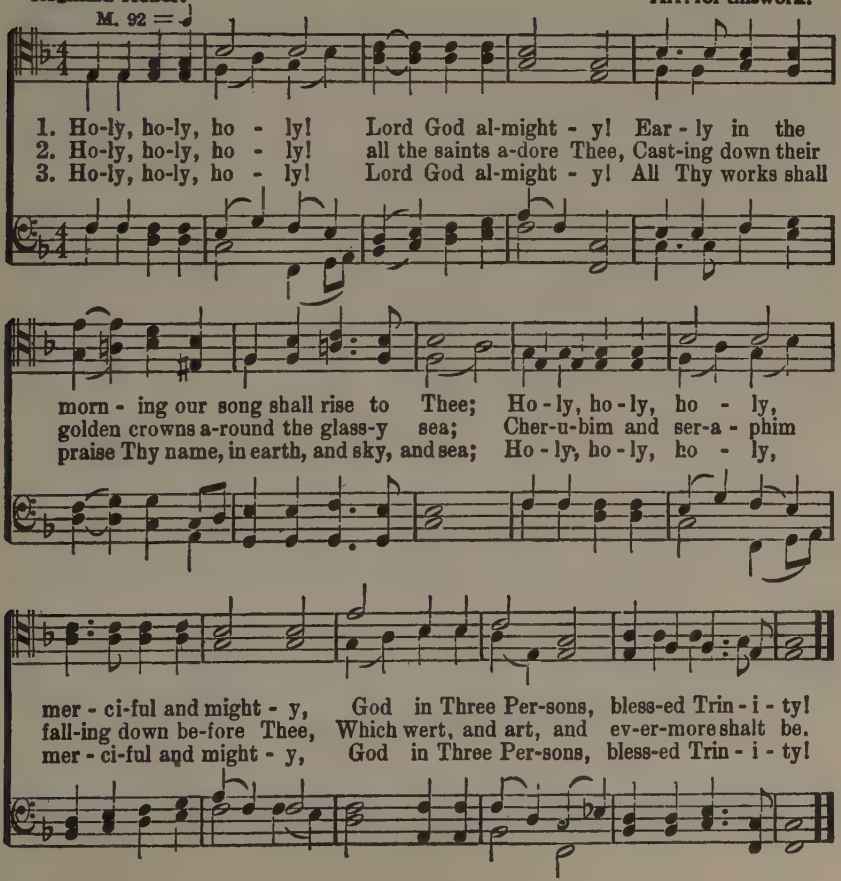
## Rock of Ages.


Rit.....
Be of sin the double cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.
Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

## 149 Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes. Arr. for this work.

M. 92 = ♩


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God al-might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a - phim
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
mer - ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

# 150 The Spacious Firmament On High.

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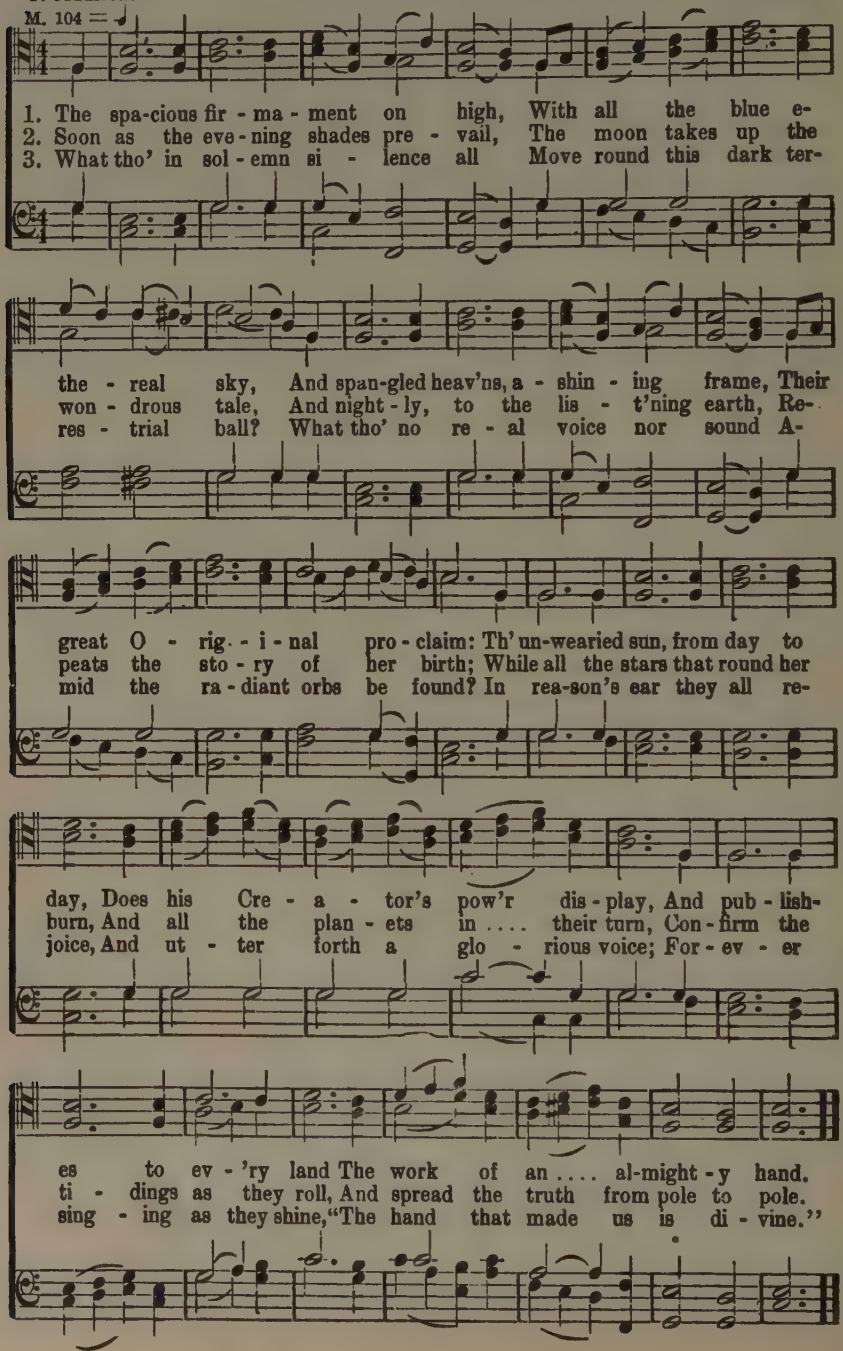
J. Addison. Haydn. Arr. D. P.

M. 104 = ♩


1. The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-
2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the
3. What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all Move round this dark ter-
the-real sky, And span-gled heav'ns, a-shin-ing frame, Their
won-drous tale, And night-ly, to the lis-t'ning earth, Re-
res-trial ball? What tho' no re-al voice nor sound A-
great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim: Th' un-wearied sun, from day to
peats the sto-ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her
mid the ra-diant orbs be found? In rea-son's ear they all re-
day, Does his Cre-a-tor's pow'r dis-play, And pub-lish-
burn, And all the plan-ets in .... their turn, Con-firm the
joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice; For-ev-er
es to ev-'ry land The work of an .... al-might-y hand.
ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine."

151

# He That Believeth.

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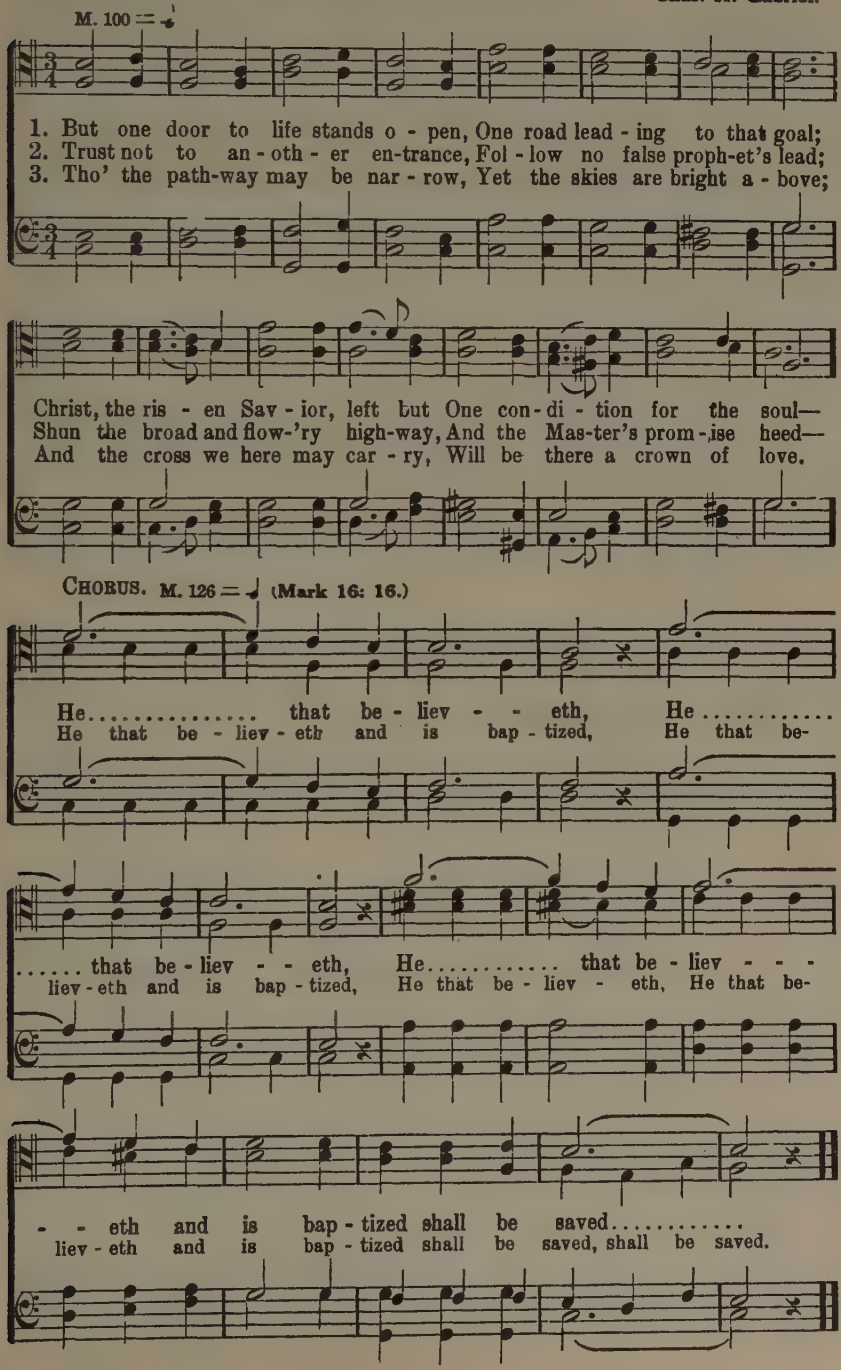
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


M. 100
1. But one door to life stands o - pen, One road lead - ing to that goal;
2. Trust not to an - oth - er en-trance, Fol - low no false proph-et's lead;
3. Tho' the path-way may be nar - row, Yet the skies are bright a - bove;
Christ, the ris - en Sav - ior, left but One con-di - tion for the soul—
Shun the broad and flow-'ry high-way, And the Mas-ter's prom - ise heed—
And the cross we here may car - ry, Will be there a crown of love.
CHORUS. M. 126
(Mark 16: 16.)
He..... that be - liev - - eth, He.....
He that be - liev - eth and is bap - tized, He that be-
.....that be - liev - - eth, He..... that be - liev - - -
liev - eth and is bap - tized, He that be - liev - eth, He that be-
- - eth and is bap - tized shall be saved.....
liev - eth and is bap - tized shall be saved, shall be saved.

# At the End of the Way.

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W. C. Poole.

B. D. Ackley.
Arr. D. P.

M. 100 = ♩

1. At the end of the way, At the close of the day, At the end of the pathway I roam;
2. At the end of the road I will rest from the load, Where the burdens will all be laid down;
3. I shall meet with the King, And His praises will sing Thro'-out all of e-ter-ni-ty's day;

With my la-bor all done, And with victory won, Christ is waiting to welcome me home.
We shall join the refrain With our loved ones again, Where the crosses are changed for a crown.
In the smiles of His face I will tell of His grace, At the end, at the end of my way.

REFRAIN.

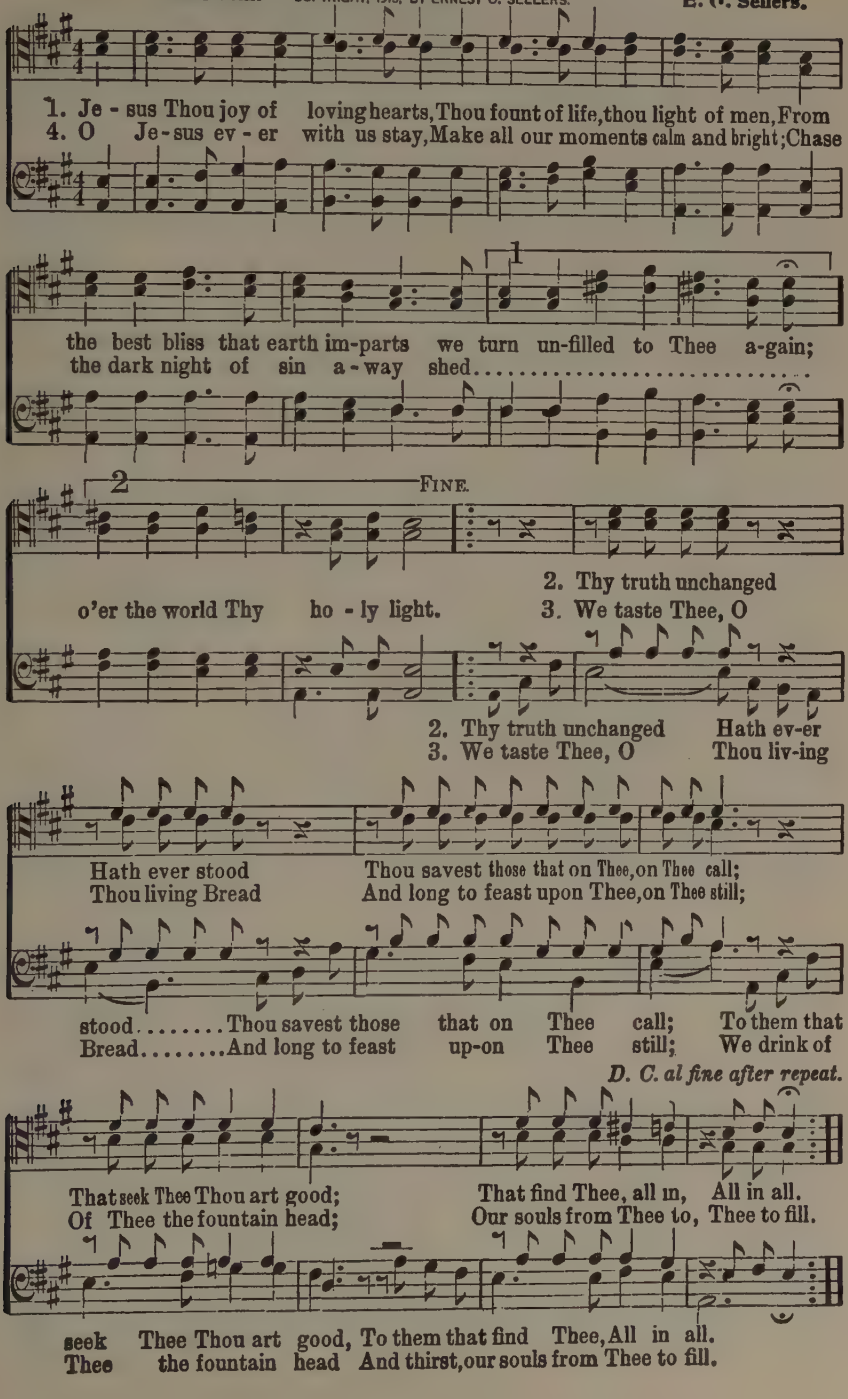
At the end of the way I will lay my burdens down, At the end of the

way I'll re-ceive the promised crown; At the end of the way, At the

break-ing of the day—I'll see Je-sus, at the end of the way. (of the way.)

# 153 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

Bernard of Clair voix. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. E. O. Sellers.


1. Je - sus Thou joy of loving hearts, Thou fount of life, thou light of men, From
4. O Je - sus ev - er with us stay, Make all our moments calm and bright; Chase
the best bliss that earth im-parts we turn un-filled to Thee a-gain;
the dark night of sin a - way shed.....
1
2
FINE.
o'er the world Thy ho - ly light.
2. Thy truth unchanged
3. We taste Thee, O
2. Thy truth unchanged Hath ev-er
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv-ing
Hath ever stood
Thou living Bread
Thou savest those that on Thee, on Thee call;
And long to feast upon Thee, on Thee still;
stood.....Thou savest those that on Thee call; To them that
Bread.....And long to feast up-on Thee still; We drink of
D. C. al fine after repeat.
That seek Thee Thou art good;
Of Thee the fountain head;
That find Thee, all in, All in all.
Our souls from Thee to, Thee to fill.
seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in all.
Thee the fountain head And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

## 154 Lord, I Want to be a Christian.

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Arr. for this work.

*p*

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
2. Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
3. Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
4. I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
5. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart, in-a my heart;

*p* *p*

Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian, In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more lov-ing, In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart.
I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart.

*m* REFRAIN. *cres.*

In-a my heart,..... In-a my heart.....
In-a my heart, In-a my heart.

*p* *rit e dim.*

Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart...
Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart...
Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart...
I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart...
Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart...

# Listen to de Lambs.

(MALE VOICES.)

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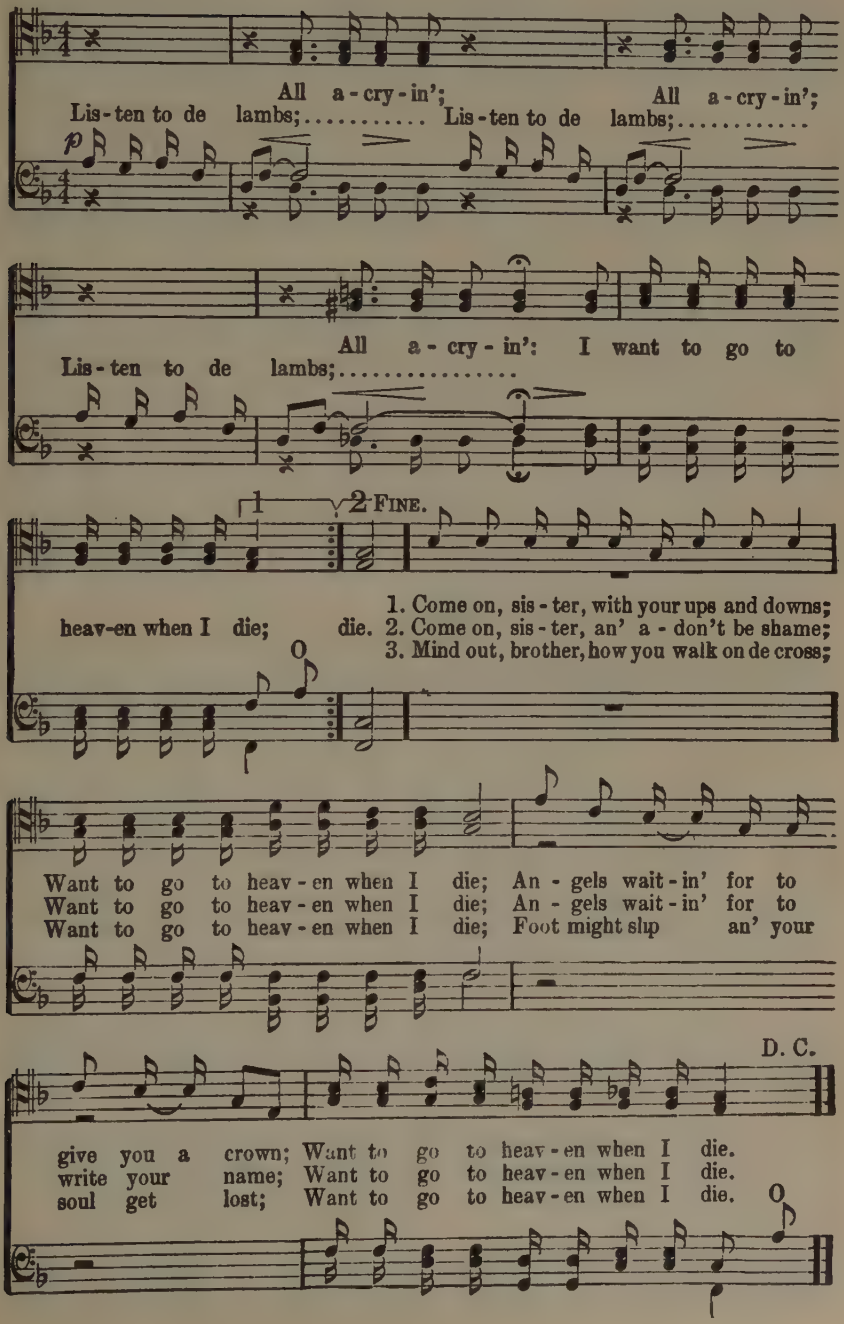
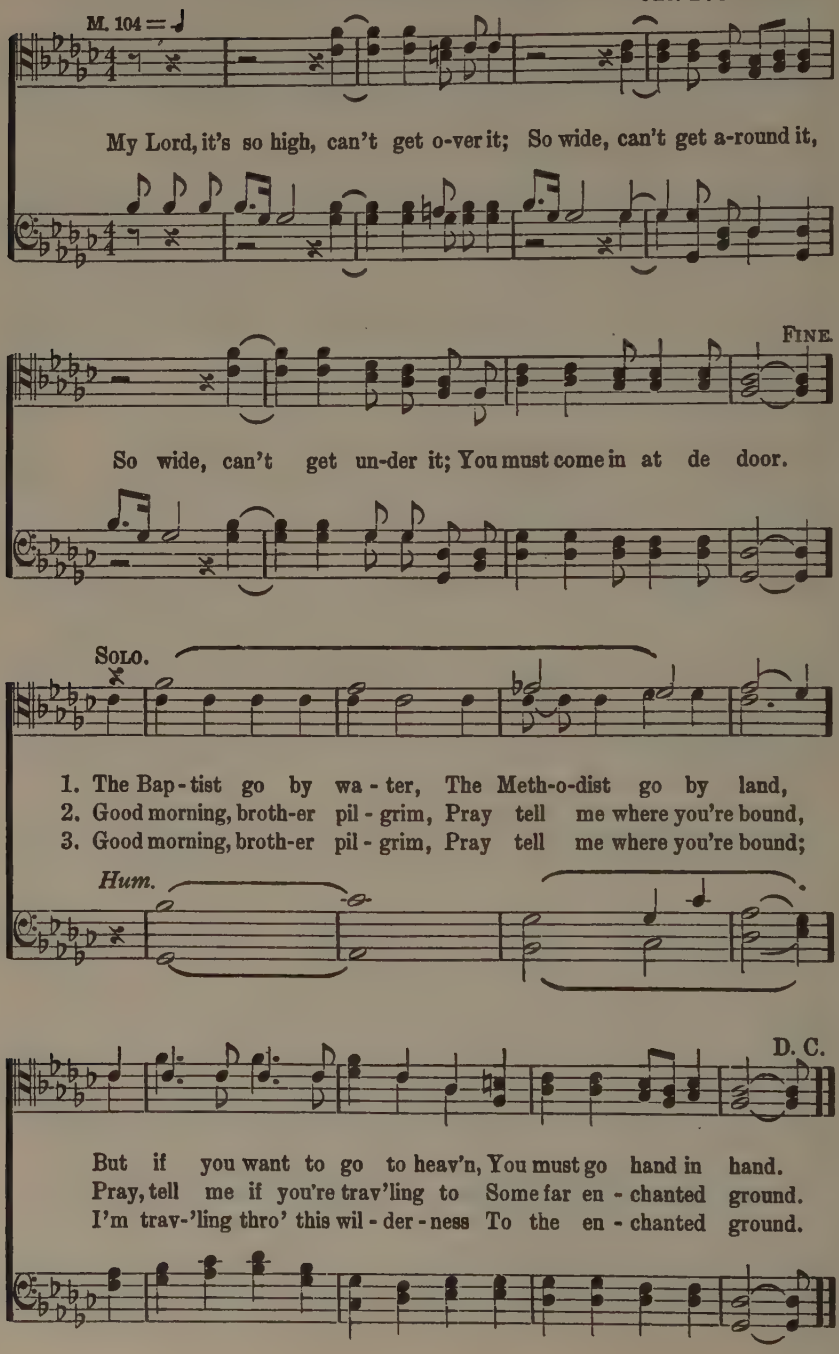
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

All a - cry - in';
Lis - ten to de lambs;.....
All a - cry - in';
Lis - ten to de lambs;.....
p
All a - cry - in': I want to go to
Lis - ten to de lambs;.....
1
2 FINE.
heav-en when I die;
1. Come on, sis - ter, with your ups and downs;
die. 2. Come on, sis - ter, an' a - don't be shame;
3. Mind out, brother, how you walk on de cross;
Want to go to heav - en when I die; An - gels wait - in' for to
Want to go to heav - en when I die; An - gels wait - in' for to
Want to go to heav - en when I die; Foot might slip an' your
D. C.
give you a crown; Want to go to heav - en when I die.
write your name; Want to go to heav - en when I die.
soul get lost; Want to go to heav - en when I die.

# 156 You Must Come In At de Door.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. D. Protheroe.


M. 104 = ♩
My Lord, it's so high, can't get o-ver it; So wide, can't get a-round it,
FINE.
So wide, can't get un-der it; You must come in at de door.
SOLO.
1. The Bap-tist go by wa-ter, The Meth-o-dist go by land,
2. Good morning, broth-er pil-grim, Pray tell me where you're bound,
3. Good morning, broth-er pil-grim, Pray tell me where you're bound;
Hum.
D. C.
But if you want to go to heav'n, You must go hand in hand.
Pray, tell me if you're trav'ling to Some far en-chanted ground.
I'm trav-'ling thro' this wil-der-ness To the en-chanted ground.

# 157 O Mary, Don't You Weep, Don't You Mourn.

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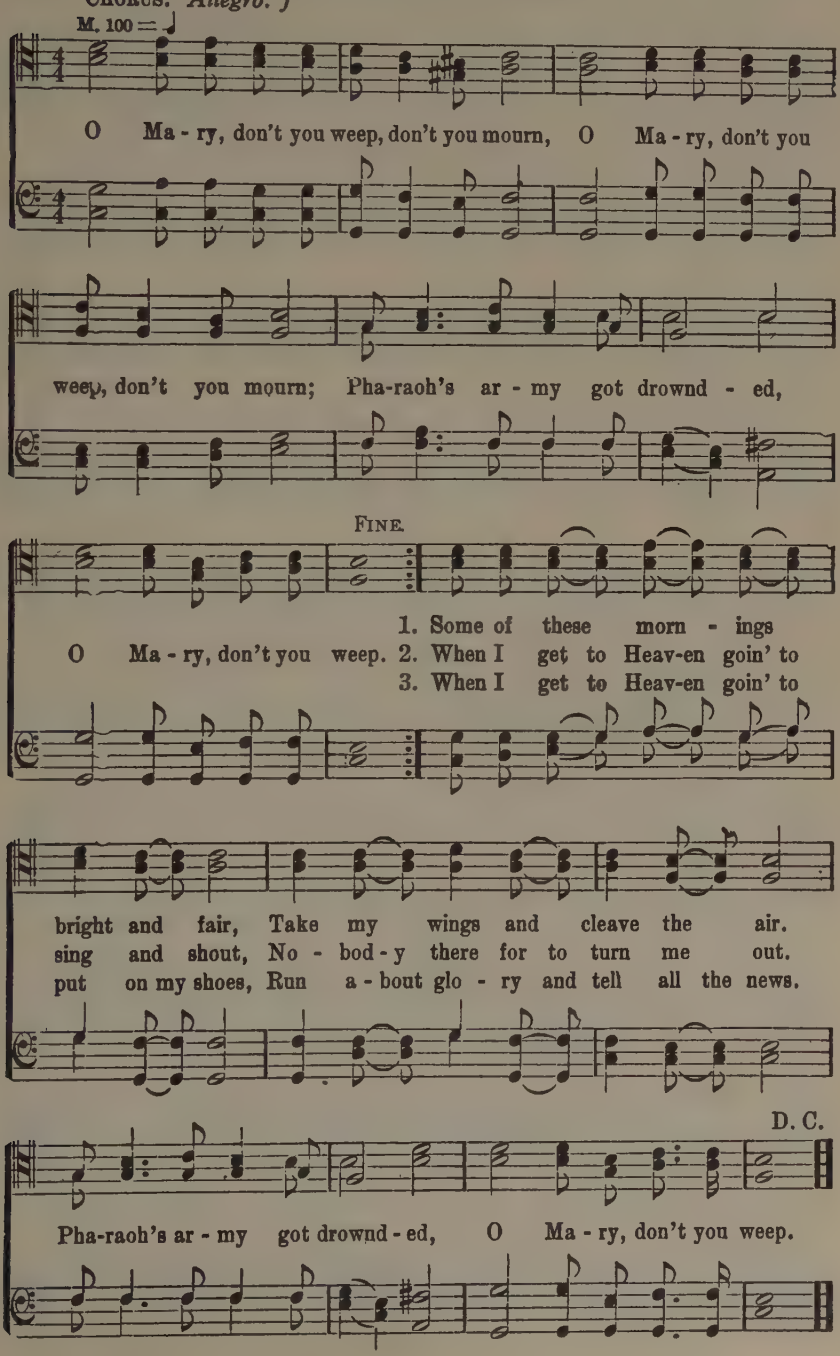
Arr. D. Protheroe.


CHORUS. Allegro. f
M. 100
O Ma - ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn, O Ma - ry, don't you
weep, don't you mourn; Pha-raoh's ar - my got drownd - ed,
FINE.
1. Some of these morn - ings
O Ma - ry, don't you weep. 2. When I get to Heav-en goin' to
3. When I get to Heav-en goin' to
bright and fair, Take my wings and cleave the air.
sing and shout, No - bod - y there for to turn me out.
put on my shoes, Run a - bout glo - ry and tell all the news.
D. C.
Pha-raoh's ar - my got drownd - ed, O Ma - ry, don't you weep.

# You Better Run.

(MALE VOICES.)

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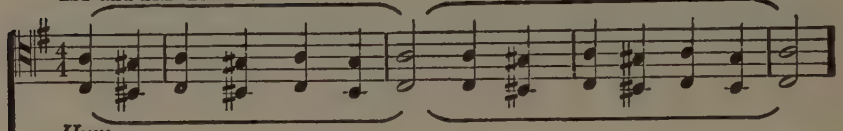
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

SOLO. BARITONE.

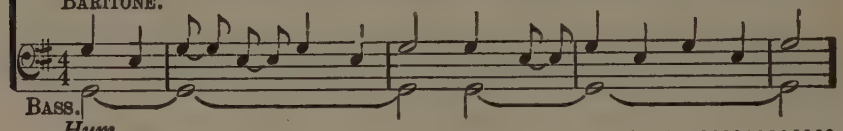
1ST and 2ND TENOR.



*Hum* .....

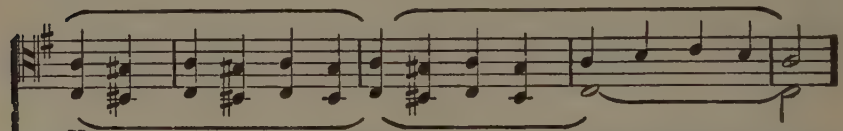
1. God sent Jo-nah to de Nineveh land, He did'nt o-bey my Lord's com-mand;
2. God called Moses to de moun-tain-top; Stamped His law on Mos-es' heart;
3. Read 'bout Sam-son from his birth; He was de strong-est man on earth;

BARITONE.



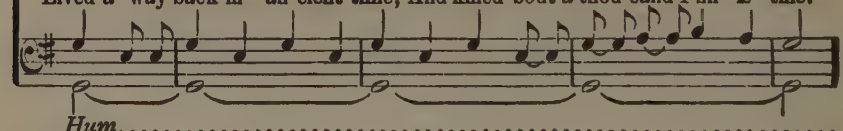
BASS.

*Hum*.....



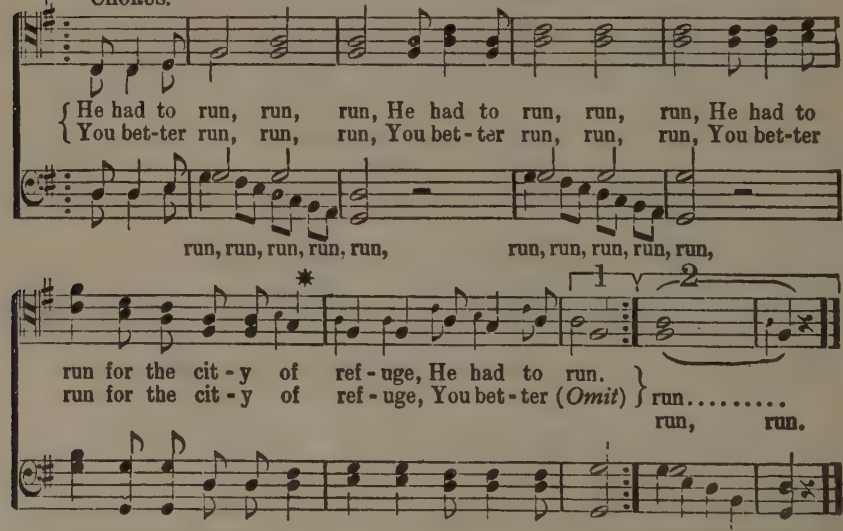
*Hum*.....

Wind blew the ship from shore to shore, The whale swallowed Jonah, and he was no more.
Put His commandments in His mind; Said, "Mos-es, don't you leave my lambs be-hind."
Lived a-way back in an-cient time, And killed 'bout a thou-sand Phil-is-tine.



*Hum*.....

CHORUS.



{He had to run, run, run, He had to run, run, run, He had to
{You bet-ter run, run, run, You bet-ter run, run, run, You bet-ter

run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,

run for the cit-y of ref-uge, He had to run.
run for the cit-y of ref-uge, You bet-ter (*Omit*) } run.....
run, run.

*Small notes, 2nd Tenor.

run, run, run, run, run.

# 159 Hush! Somebody's Calling My Name.

(MALE VOICES.)

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

Melody in 2ND TENOR.

*p* *mf*

Hush! hush! somebody's calling my name; Hush! hush! somebody's calling my name;

*p* *cres.* *rit.* FINE.

Hush! hush! somebody's calling my name; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?

*Animated.*

*m*

1. I'm so glad that troub-le don't last al - ways; I'm so
2. I'm so glad I got my re - lig - ion in time; I'm so
3. I'm so glad my soul's got a hid - ing - place; I'm so

glad that troub-le don't last al - ways; I'm so glad that
glad I got my re - lig-ion in time; I'm so glad I
glad my soul's got a hid-ing-place; I'm so glad my

I'm so glad, so glad

*rit.* D.C.

trouble don't last al-ways; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
got my re - lig-ion in time; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
soul's got a hid-ing-place; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?

# 160 I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me.

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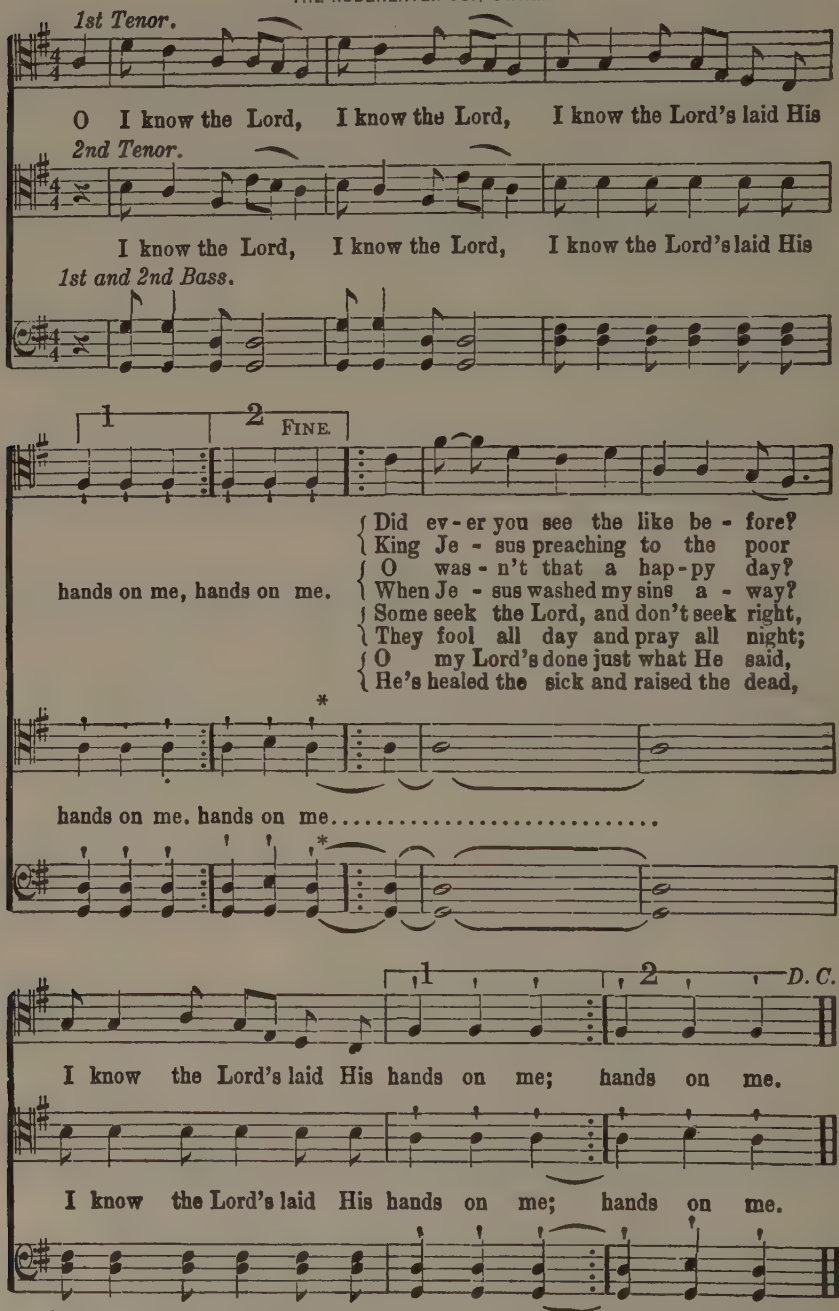
1st Tenor.
O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His
2nd Tenor.
I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His
1st and 2nd Bass.
1
2
FINE.
hands on me, hands on me.
Did ev-er you see the like be-fore?
King Je-sus preaching to the poor
O was-n't that a hap-py day?
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way?
Some seek the Lord, and don't seek right,
They fool all day and pray all night;
O my Lord's done just what He said,
He's healed the sick and raised the dead,
*
hands on me. hands on me.....
*
1
2
D. C.
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; hands on me.
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; hands on me.

*After D.C. these notes staccato.

# View De Land.

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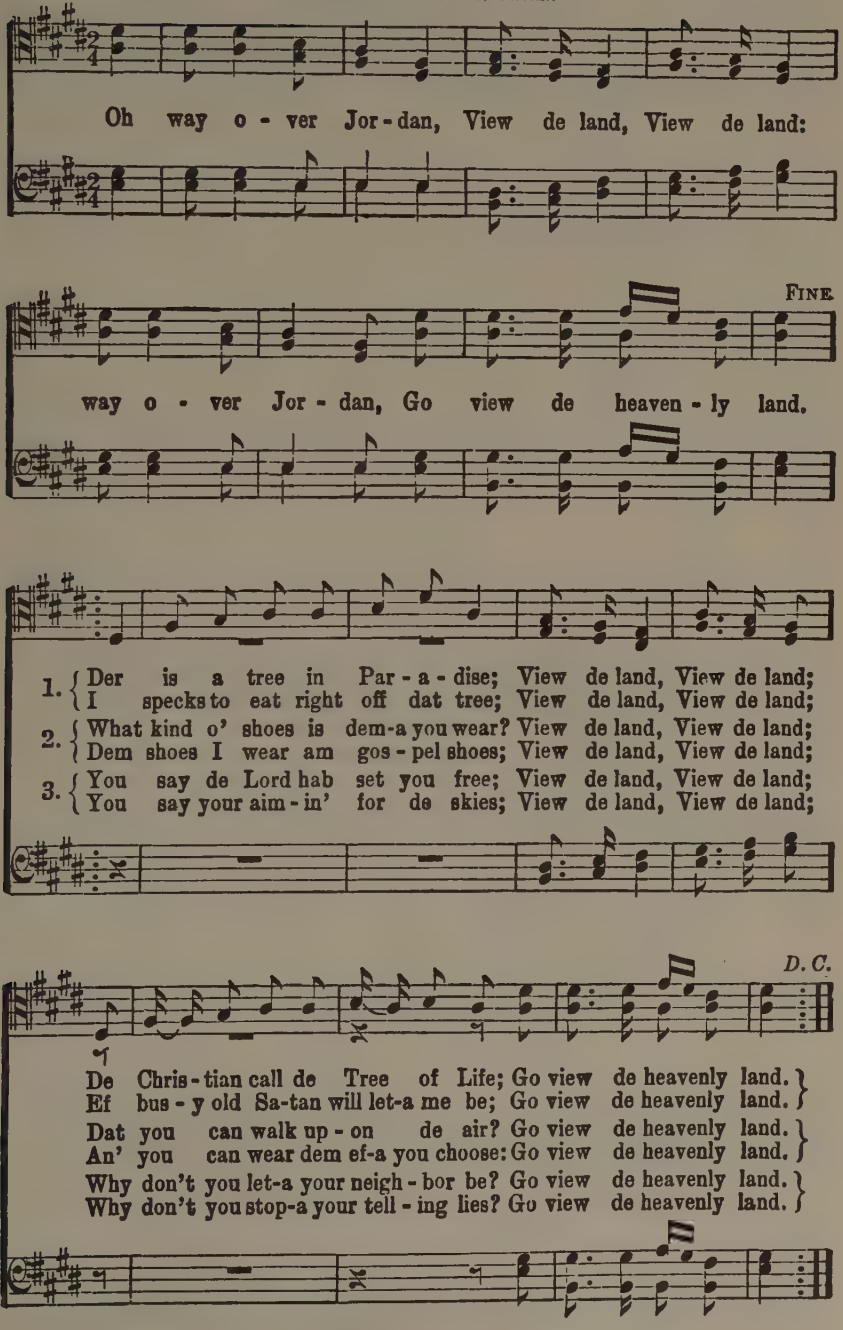
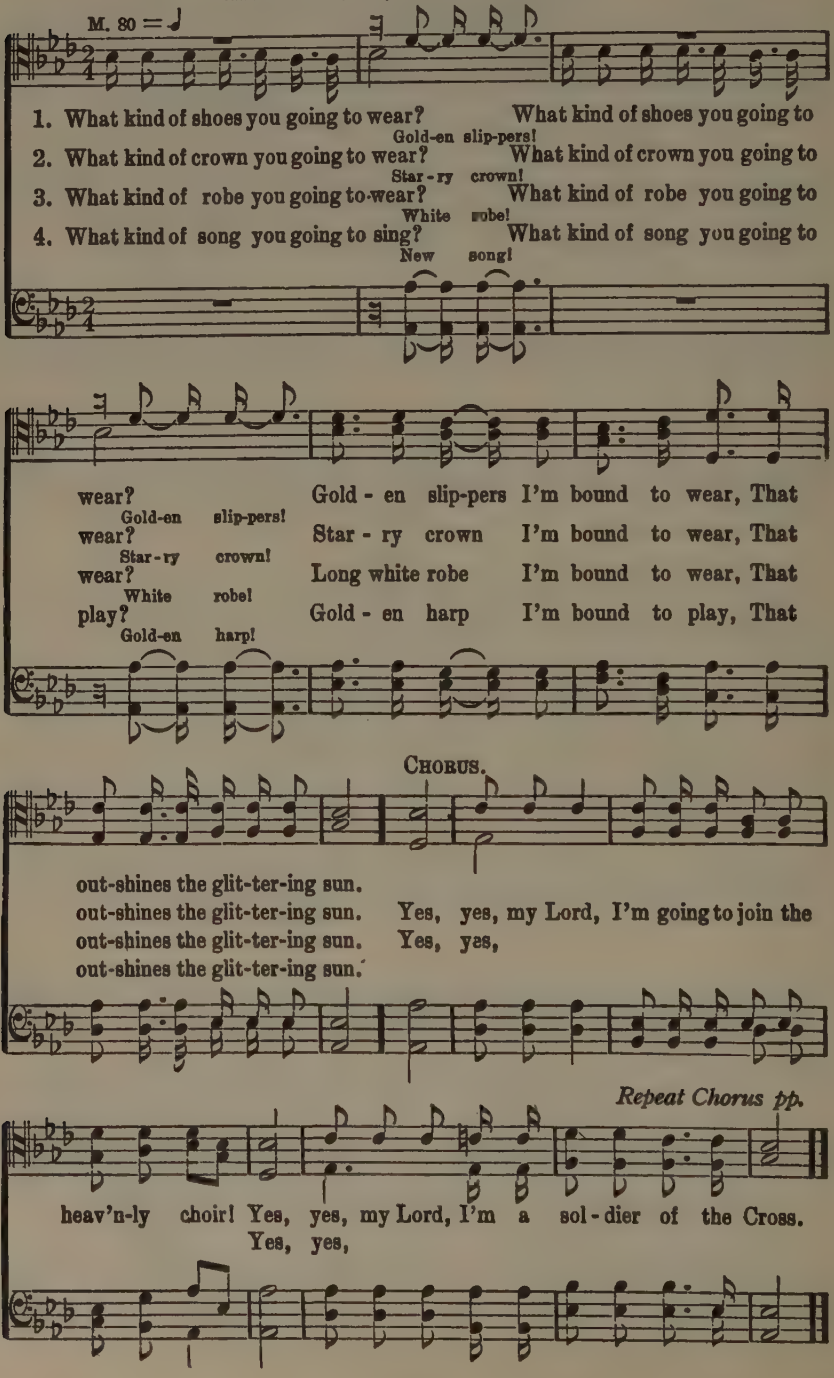

Oh way o - ver Jor - dan, View de land, View de land:
FINE.
way o - ver Jor - dan, Go view de heaven - ly land.
1. Der is a tree in Par - a - dise; View de land, View de land;
I specks to eat right off dat tree; View de land, View de land;
2. What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear? View de land, View de land;
Dem shoes I wear am gos - pel shoes; View de land, View de land;
3. You say de Lord hab set you free; View de land, View de land;
You say your aim - in' for de skies; View de land, View de land;
D. C.
De Chris - tian call de Tree of Life; Go view de heavenly land.
Ef bus - y old Sa-tan will let-a me be; Go view de heavenly land.
Dat you can walk up - on de air? Go view de heavenly land.
An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose: Go view de heavenly land.
Why don't you let-a your neigh - bor be? Go view de heavenly land.
Why don't you stop-a your tell - ing lies? Go view de heavenly land.

# 162 What Kind of Shoes You Going to Wear?

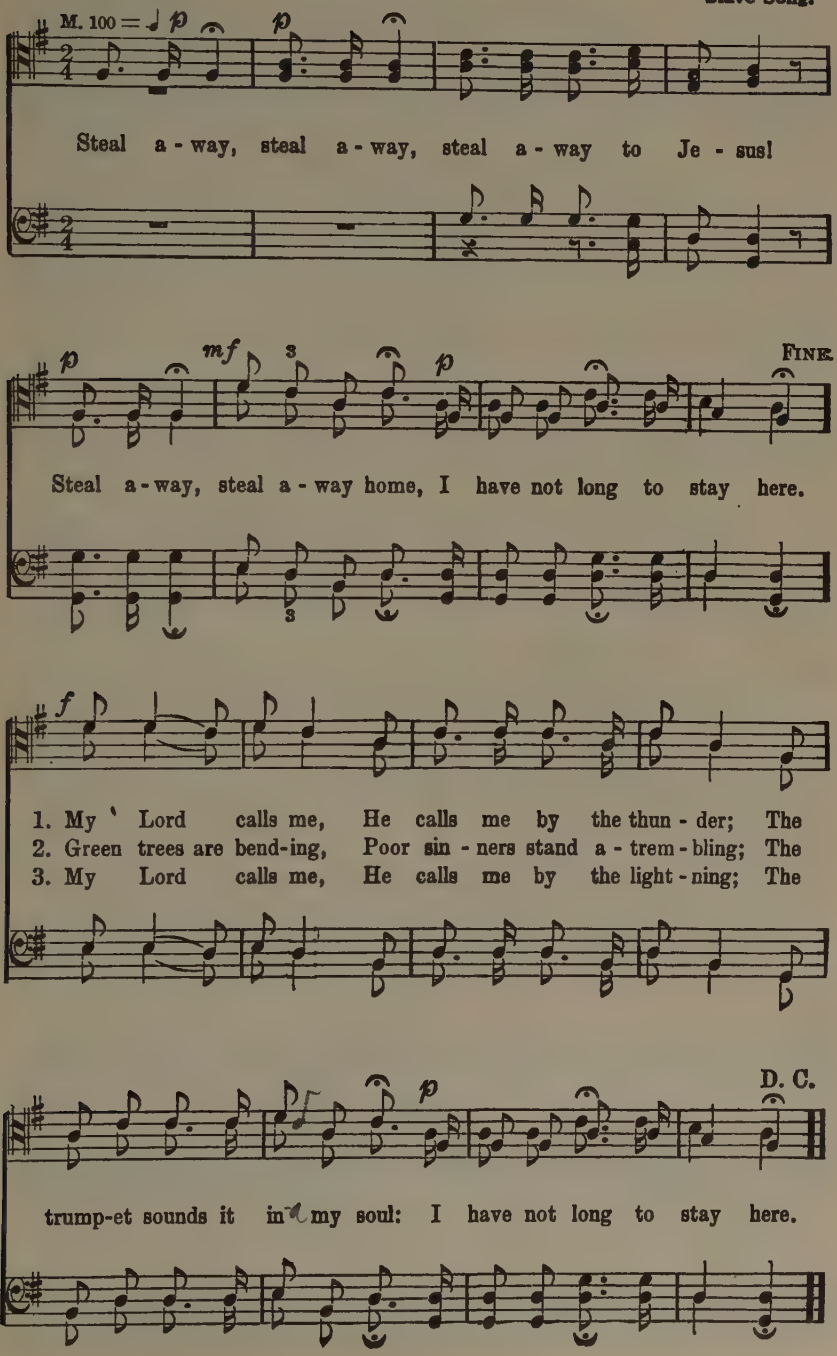
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. D. P.

M. 80 = ♩
1. What kind of shoes you going to wear? What kind of shoes you going to
Gold-en slip-pers!
2. What kind of crown you going to wear? What kind of crown you going to
Star-ry crown!
3. What kind of robe you going to wear? What kind of robe you going to
White robe!
4. What kind of song you going to sing? What kind of song you going to
New song!
wear? Gold-en slip-pers! Gold - en slip-pers I'm bound to wear, That
wear? Star-ry crown! Star - ry crown I'm bound to wear, That
wear? White robe! Long white robe I'm bound to wear, That
play? Gold-en harp! Gold - en harp I'm bound to play, That
CHORUS.
out-shines the glit-ter-ing sun.
out-shines the glit-ter-ing sun. Yes, yes, my Lord, I'm going to join the
out-shines the glit-ter-ing sun. Yes, yes,
out-shines the glit-ter-ing sun.
Repeat Chorus pp.
heav'n-ly choir! Yes, yes, my Lord, I'm a sol-dier of the Cross.
Yes, yes,

163 ✓

# Steal Away!

*Andante.* Slave Song.


M. 100 = ♩
p
Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!
mf
3
FINE.
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here.
f
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin - ners stand a - trem - bling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning; The
D. C.
trump-et sounds it in my soul: I have not long to stay here.

# 164 Did You Hear My Jesus?

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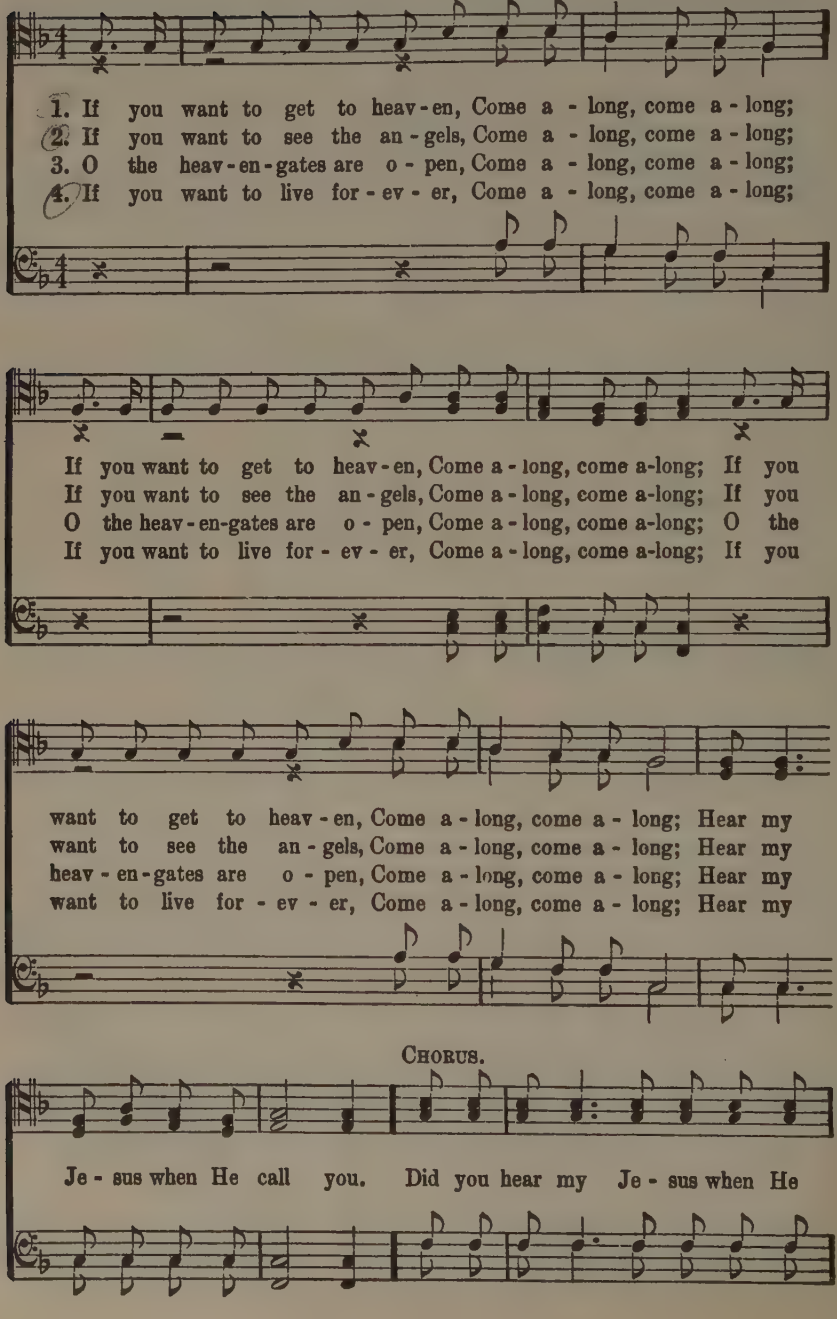
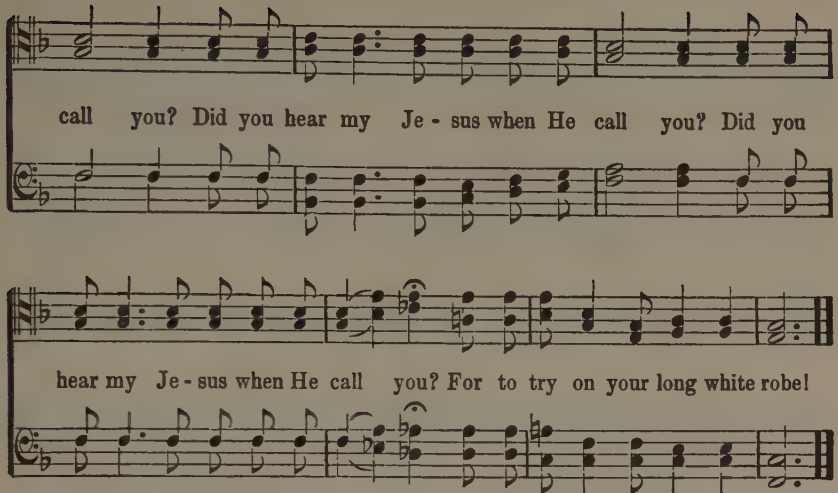

1. If you want to get to heav-en, Come a-long, come a-long;
2. If you want to see the an-gels, Come a-long, come a-long;
3. O the heav-en-gates are o-pen, Come a-long, come a-long;
4. If you want to live for-ev-er, Come a-long, come a-long;
If you want to get to heav-en, Come a-long, come a-long; If you
If you want to see the an-gels, Come a-long, come a-long; If you
O the heav-en-gates are o-pen, Come a-long, come a-long; O the
If you want to live for-ev-er, Come a-long, come a-long; If you
want to get to heav-en, Come a-long, come a-long; Hear my
want to see the an-gels, Come a-long, come a-long; Hear my
heav-en-gates are o-pen, Come a-long, come a-long; Hear my
want to live for-ev-er, Come a-long, come a-long; Hear my
CHORUS.
Je-sus when He call you. Did you hear my Je-sus when He

## Did You Hear My Jesus?




## 165 He Ain't Comin' Here to Die No Mo'.

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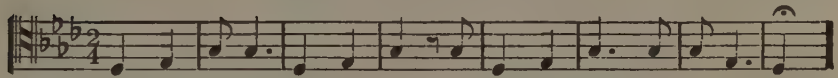
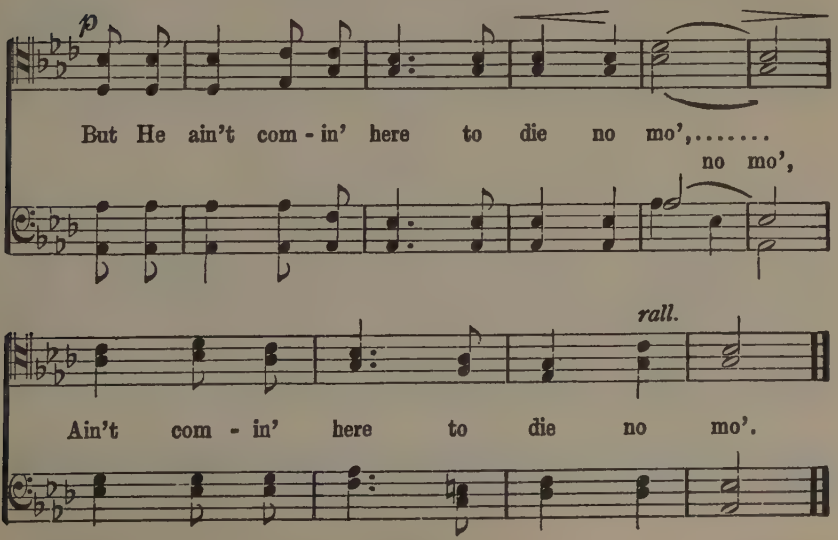

1. Vir - gin Ma - ry had one Son, The cru - el Jews, they had Him hung.
2. Hal - le - lu - jah to de Lamb, My Je - sus died for ev - 'ry man.
3. Died for you, He died for me, He died to set poor sin-ners free.



# 166 Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

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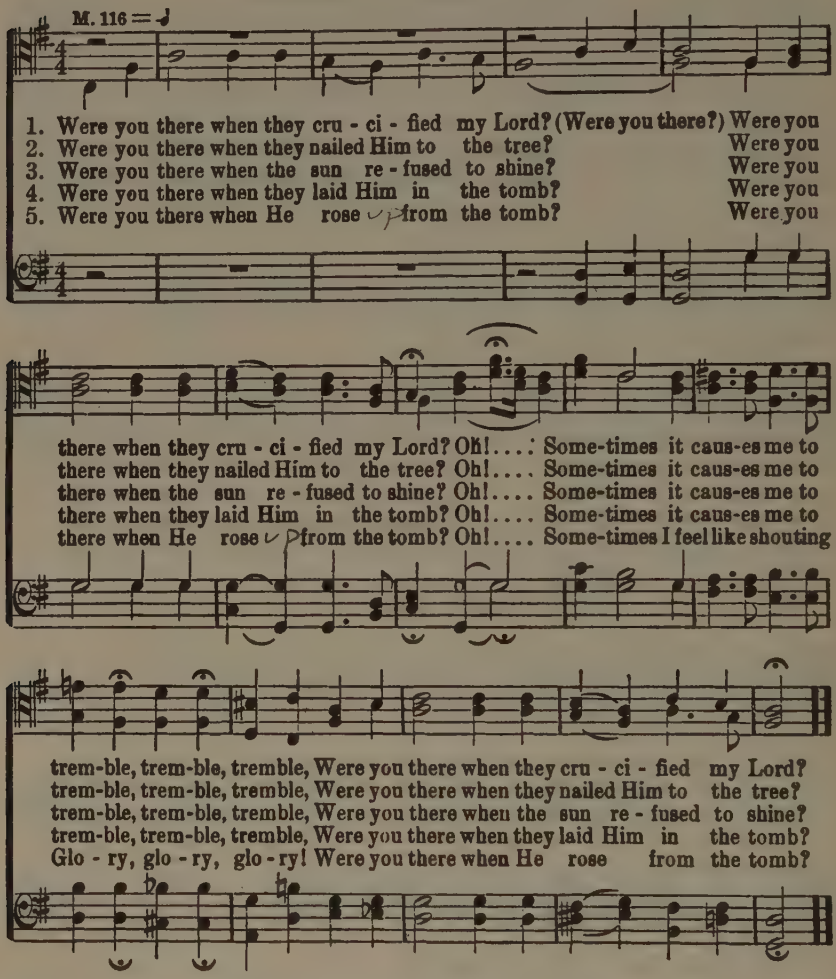
Arr. D. P.


M. 116 = ♩
1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (Were you there?) Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Were you
3. Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? Were you
4. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you
5. Were you there when He rose from the tomb? Were you
there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh!.... Some-times it caus-es me to
there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh!.... Some-times it caus-es me to
there when the sun re - fused to shine? Oh!.... Some-times it caus-es me to
there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh!.... Some-times it caus-es me to
there when He rose from the tomb? Oh!.... Some-times I feel like shouting
trem-ble, trem-ble, tremble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
trem-ble, trem-ble, tremble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
trem-ble, trem-ble, tremble, Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
trem-ble, trem-ble, tremble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! Were you there when He rose from the tomb?

# 167 You Got to Stand a Test.

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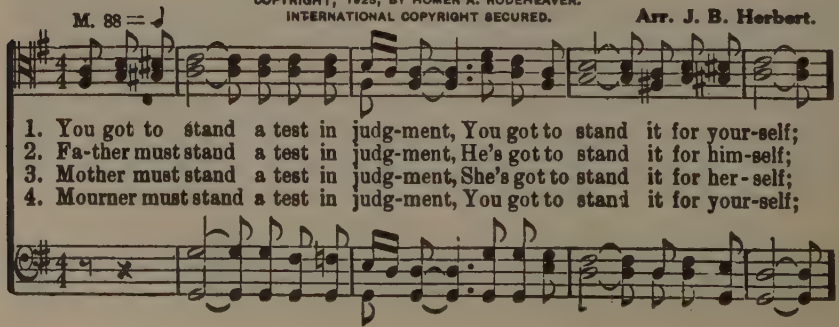
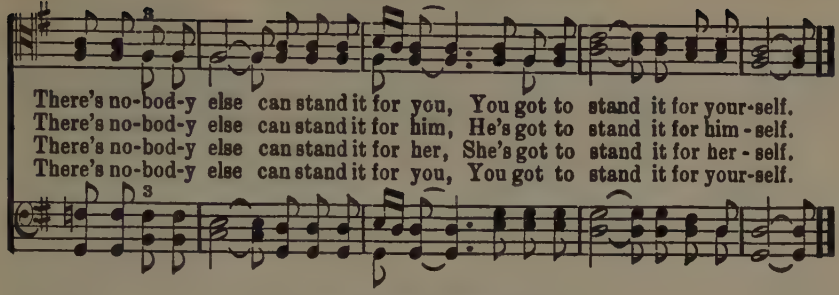

M. 88 = ♩
1. You got to stand a test in judg-ment, You got to stand it for your-self;
2. Fa-ther must stand a test in judg-ment, He's got to stand it for him-self;
3. Mother must stand a test in judg-ment, She's got to stand it for her-self;
4. Mourner must stand a test in judg-ment, You got to stand it for your-self;

## You Got to Stand a Test.


There's no-bod-y else can stand it for you, You got to stand it for your-self.
There's no-bod-y else can stand it for him, He's got to stand it for him-self.
There's no-bod-y else can stand it for her, She's got to stand it for her-self.
There's no-bod-y else can stand it for you, You got to stand it for your-self.

## 168 I've Been Listening.

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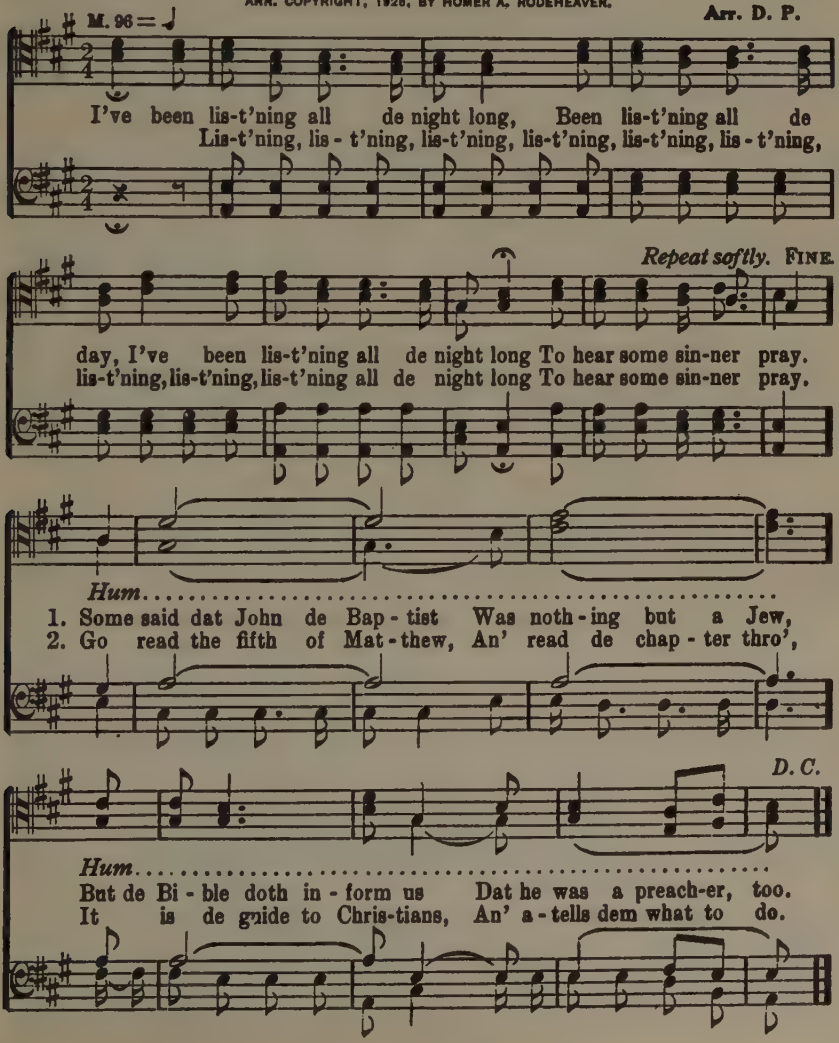
ARR. D. P.


M. 96 = ♩
I've been lis-t'ning all de night long, Been lis-t'ning all de
Lis-t'ning, lis-t'ning, lis-t'ning, lis-t'ning, lis-t'ning, lis-t'ning,
Repeat softly. FINE.
day, I've been lis-t'ning all de night long To hear some sin-ner pray.
lis-t'ning, lis-t'ning, lis-t'ning all de night long To hear some sin-ner pray.
Hum.....
1. Some said dat John de Bap-tist Was noth-ing but a Jew,
2. Go read the fifth of Mat-thew, An' read de chap-ter thro',
D. C.
Hum.....
But de Bi-ble doth in-form us Dat he was a preach-er, too.
It is de guide to Chris-tians, An' a-tells dem what to do.

# Some O' These Days.

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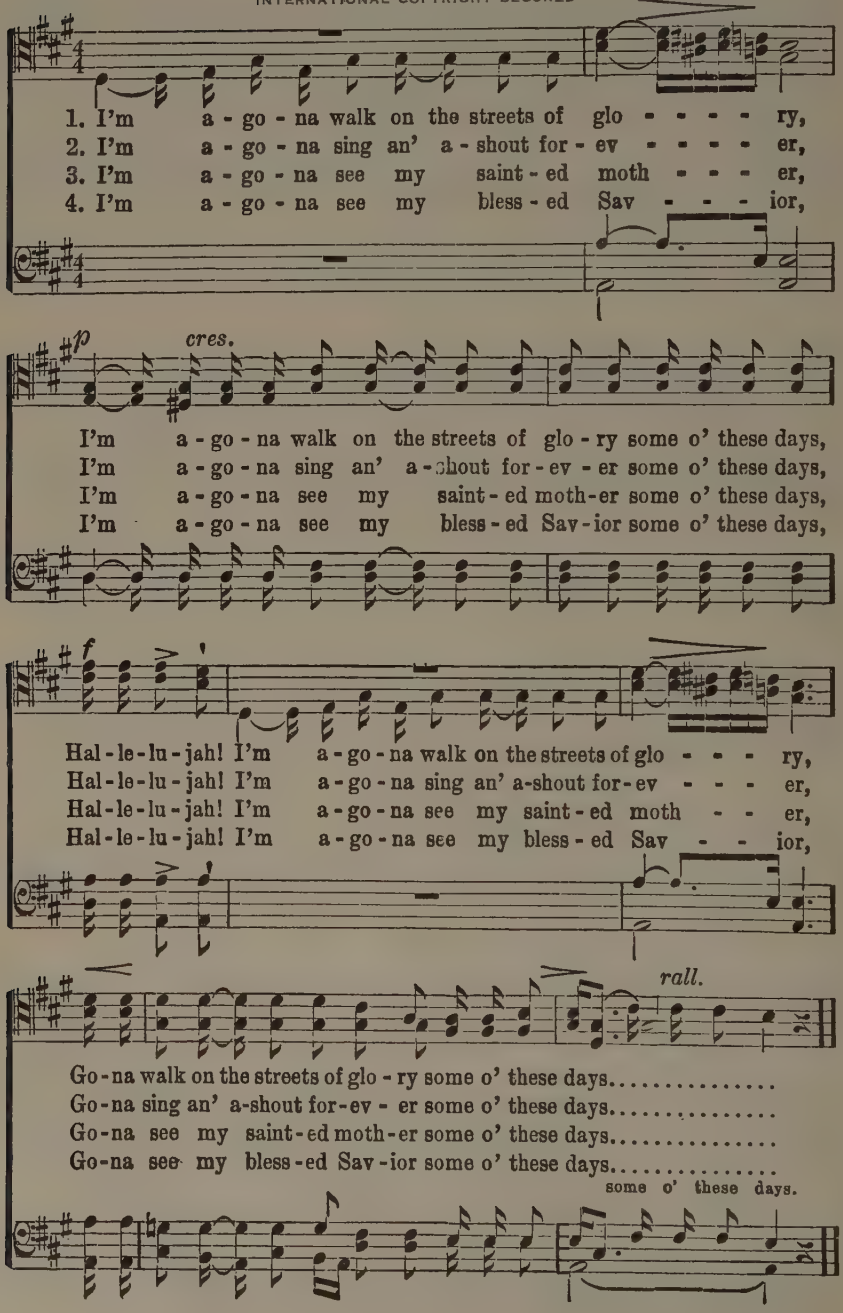
Homer A. Rodeheaver.

1. I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - - - - ry,
2. I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout for - ev - - - - er,
3. I'm a - go - na see my saint - ed moth - - - - er,
4. I'm a - go - na see my bless - ed Sav - - - - ior,
p
cres.
I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry some o' these days,
I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout for - ev - er some o' these days,
I'm a - go - na see my saint - ed moth - er some o' these days,
I'm a - go - na see my bless - ed Sav - ior some o' these days,
f
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - - - ry,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout for - ev - - - er,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na see my saint - ed moth - - er,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na see my bless - ed Sav - - ior,
rall.
Go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry some o' these days.....
Go - na sing an' a - shout for - ev - er some o' these days.....
Go - na see my saint - ed moth - er some o' these days.....
Go - na see my bless - ed Sav - ior some o' these days.....
some o' these days.

# Look Away to Heaven.

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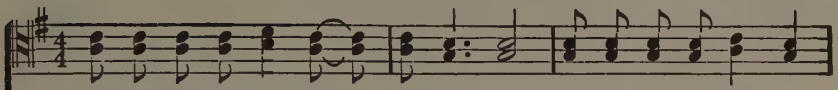
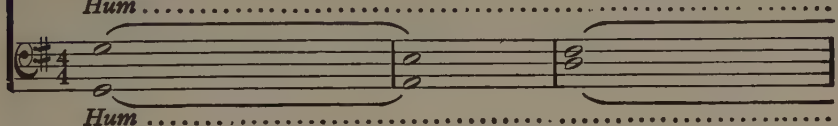


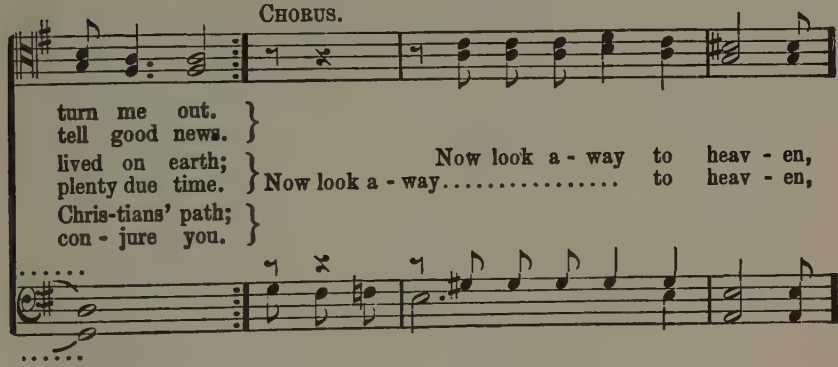
1. When I get to heav'n gwine to sing and shout, There's no-bod-y there to
   When I get to heav'n, put on my new shoes; Gwine to walk a-round and
2. I read of Me-thu-sa-lem from his birth; Old-est man that ev-er
   Lived nine hundred years and six-ty-nine; Died and went to heav'n in
3. Sa-tan like a snake crawl-in' in de grass; Al-ways hid-in' in dem
   Sa-tan is a liar and a con-jurer, too; Ef you don't watch out he'll

*Hum* .....



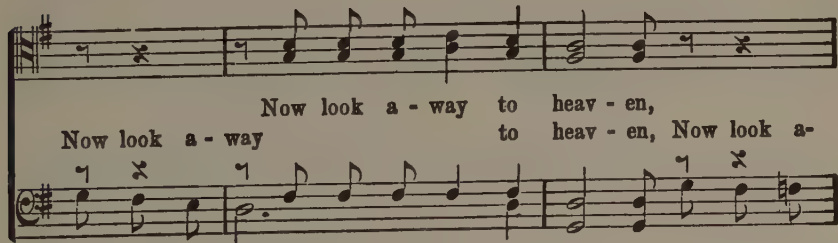
*Hum* .....

CHORUS.

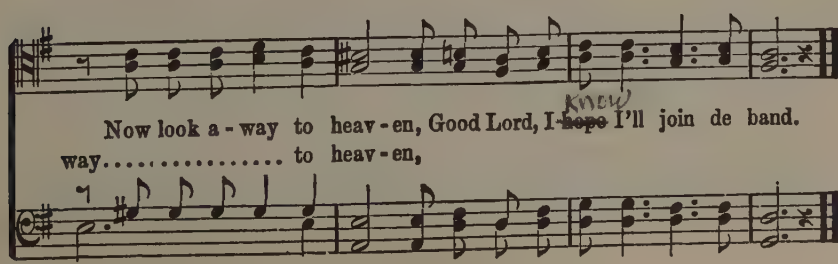


turn me out.
tell good news.
lived on earth;
plenty due time.
Chris-tians' path;
con-jure you.

Now look a-way to heav-en,
Now look a-way..... to heav-en,



Now look a-way to heav-en,
Now look a-way to heav-en, Now look a-



Now look a-way to heav-en, Good Lord, I ~~hope~~ know I'll join de band.
way..... to heav-en,

# Swing Low.

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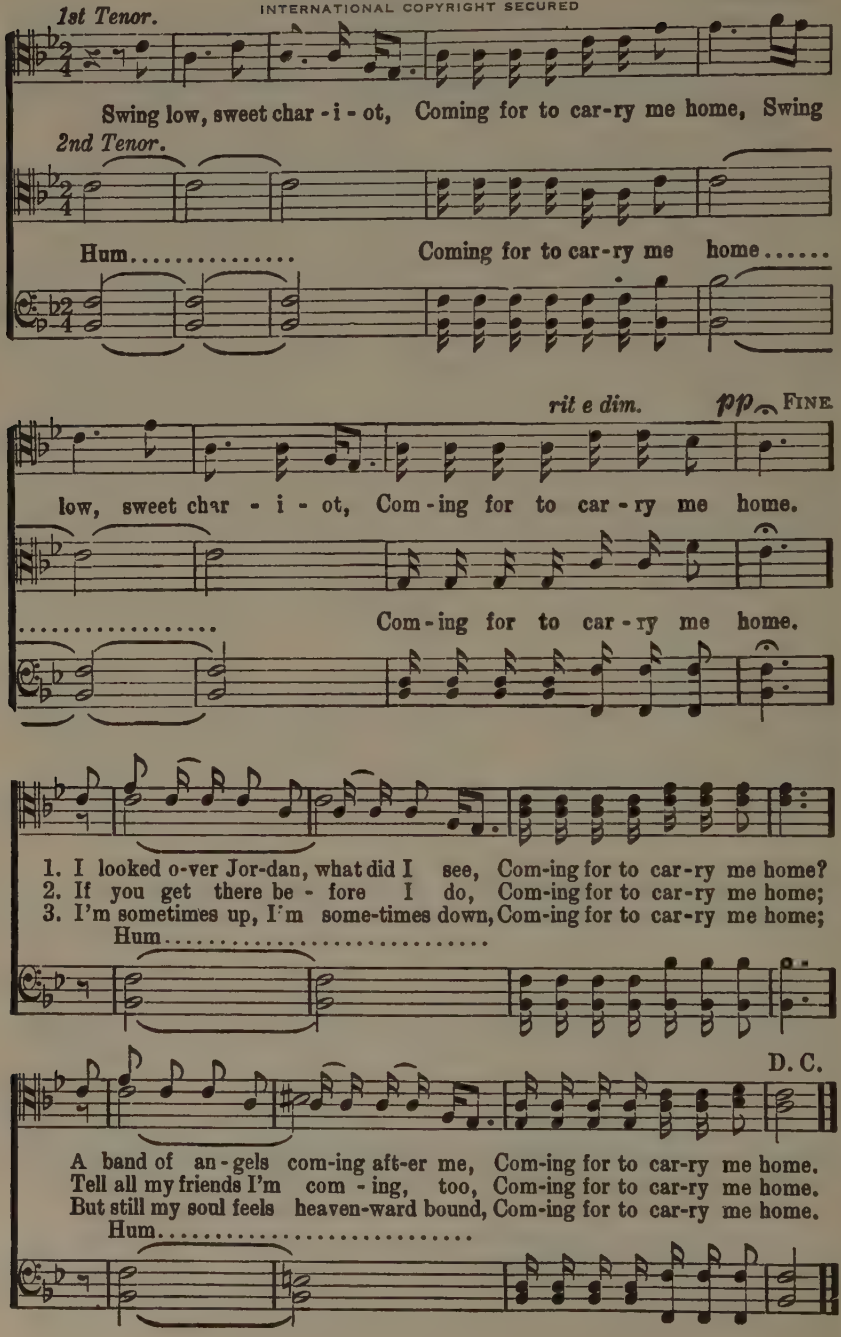
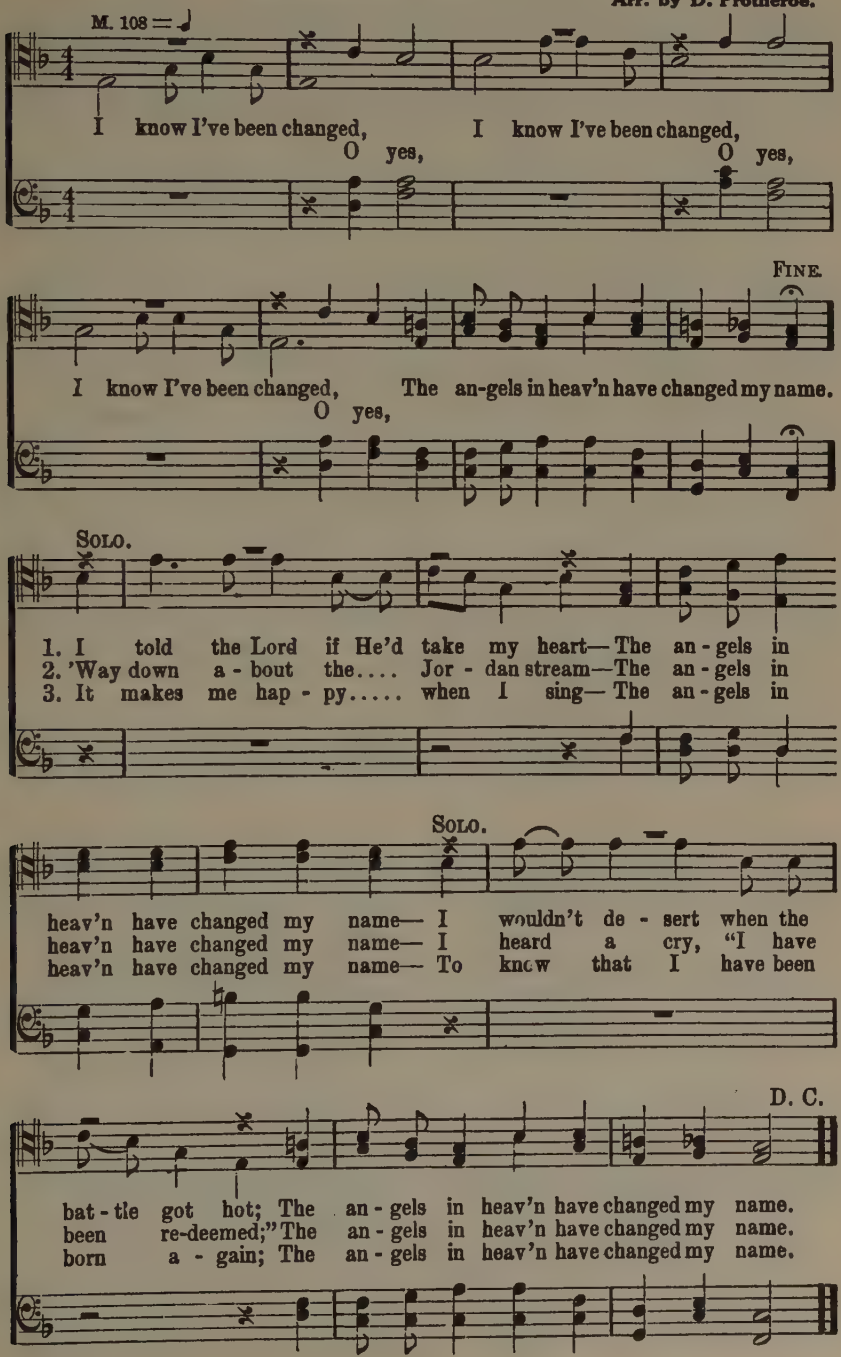
Arr. for this work.


1st Tenor.
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car-ry me home, Swing
2nd Tenor.
Hum.....
Coming for to car-ry me home.....
rit e dim.
pp
FINE.
low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
.....
Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, what did I see, Com-ing for to car-ry me home?
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com-ing for to car-ry me home;
3. I'm sometimes up, I'm some-times down, Com-ing for to car-ry me home;
Hum.....
D. C.
A band of an-gels com-ing aft-er me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm com - ing, too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
But still my soul feels heaven-ward bound, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
Hum.....

# 172 The Angels In Heaven Have Changed My Name.

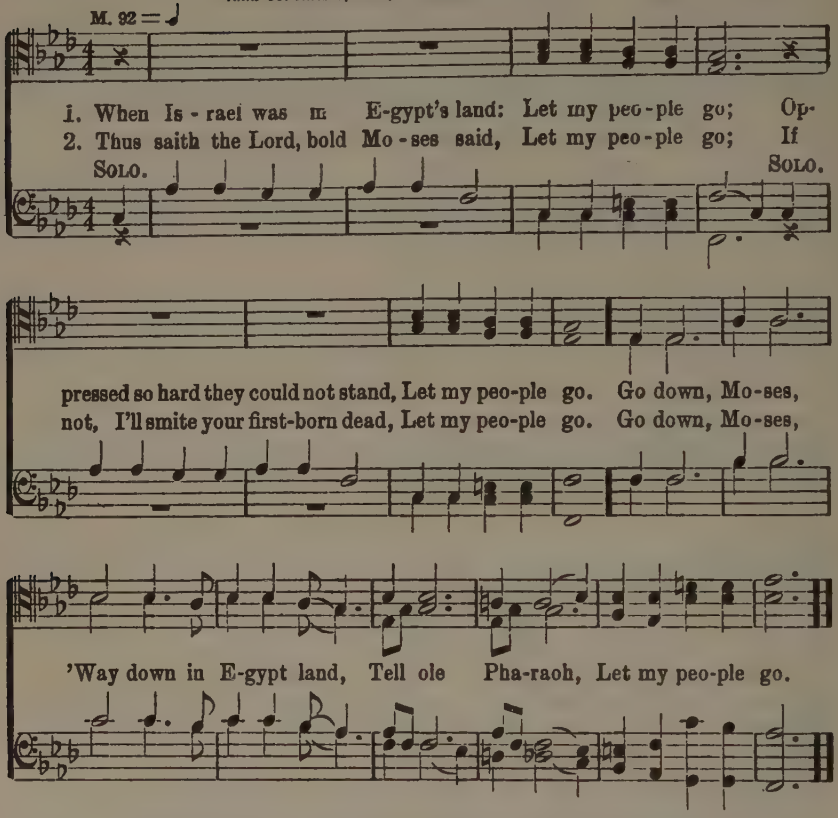
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. by D. Protheroe.


M. 108
I know I've been changed, I know I've been changed,
O yes, O yes,
FINE.
I know I've been changed, The an-gels in heav'n have changed my name.
O yes,
SOLO.
1. I told the Lord if He'd take my heart— The an-gels in
2. 'Way down a-bout the.... Jor-dan stream— The an-gels in
3. It makes me hap-py..... when I sing— The an-gels in
SOLO.
heav'n have changed my name— I wouldn't de-sert when the
heav'n have changed my name— I heard a cry, "I have
heav'n have changed my name— To know that I have been
D. C.
bat-tle got hot; The an-gels in heav'n have changed my name.
been re-deemed;" The an-gels in heav'n have changed my name.
born a-gain; The an-gels in heav'n have changed my name.

# Go Down, Moses.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Arr. D. Protheroe.


M. 92 = ♩
1. When Is - rael was in E-gypt's land: Let my peo-ple go; Op-
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo - ses said, Let my peo-ple go; If
Solo.
Solo.
pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go. Go down, Mo-ses,
not, I'll smite your first-born dead, Let my peo-ple go. Go down, Mo-ses,
'Way down in E-gypt land, Tell ole Pha-raoh, Let my peo-ple go.

3 No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil.

4 When Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressive land.

5 O, 'twas a dark and dismal night,
When Moses led the Israelites.

6 'Twas good old Moses, and Aaron, too,
'Twas they that led the armies through.

7 The Lord told Moses what to do,
To lead the children of Israel through.

8 O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost,
Stretch out your rod and come across.

9 As Israel stood by the water side,
At the command of God it did divide.

10 When they had reached the other shore,
They sang the song of triumph o'er.

11 Pharaoh said he would go across,
But Pharaoh and his host were lost.

12 O Moses, the clouds shall clear the way,
A fire by night, a shade by day.

13 You'll not get lost in the wilderness,
With a lighted candle in your breast.

14 Jordan shall stand up like a wall,
And the walls of Jericho shall fall.

15 Your foes shall not before you stand,
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land.

16 'Twas just about in harvest-time,
When Joshua led his host divine.

17 O let us all from bondage flee,
And let us all in Christ be free.

18 We need not always weep and moan,
And wear these slavery chains forlorn.

# 174 Goin' to Shout All Over God's Heaven.

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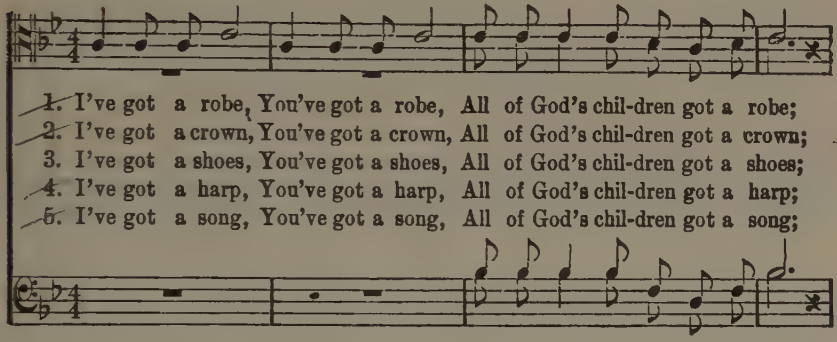
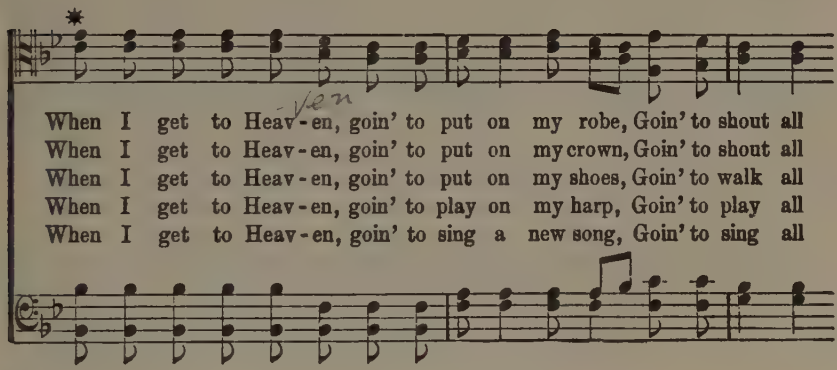
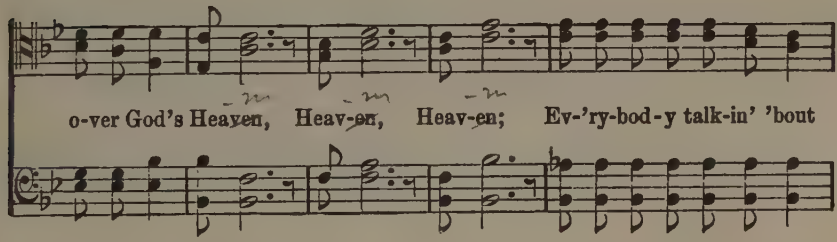
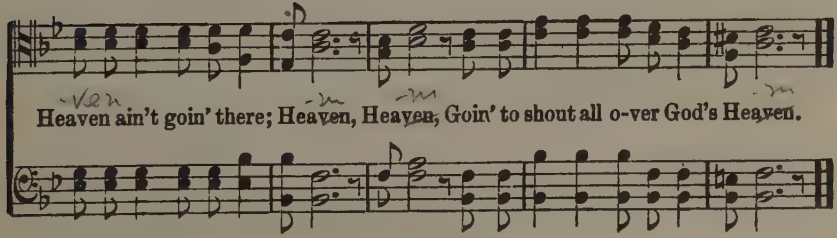
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.


1. I've got a robe, You've got a robe, All of God's chil-dren got a robe;
2. I've got a crown, You've got a crown, All of God's chil-dren got a crown;
3. I've got a shoes, You've got a shoes, All of God's chil-dren got a shoes;
4. I've got a harp, You've got a harp, All of God's chil-dren got a harp;
5. I've got a song, You've got a song, All of God's chil-dren got a song;


When I get to Heav-en, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to shout all
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to shout all
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to put on my shoes, Goin' to walk all
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to play all
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to sing all



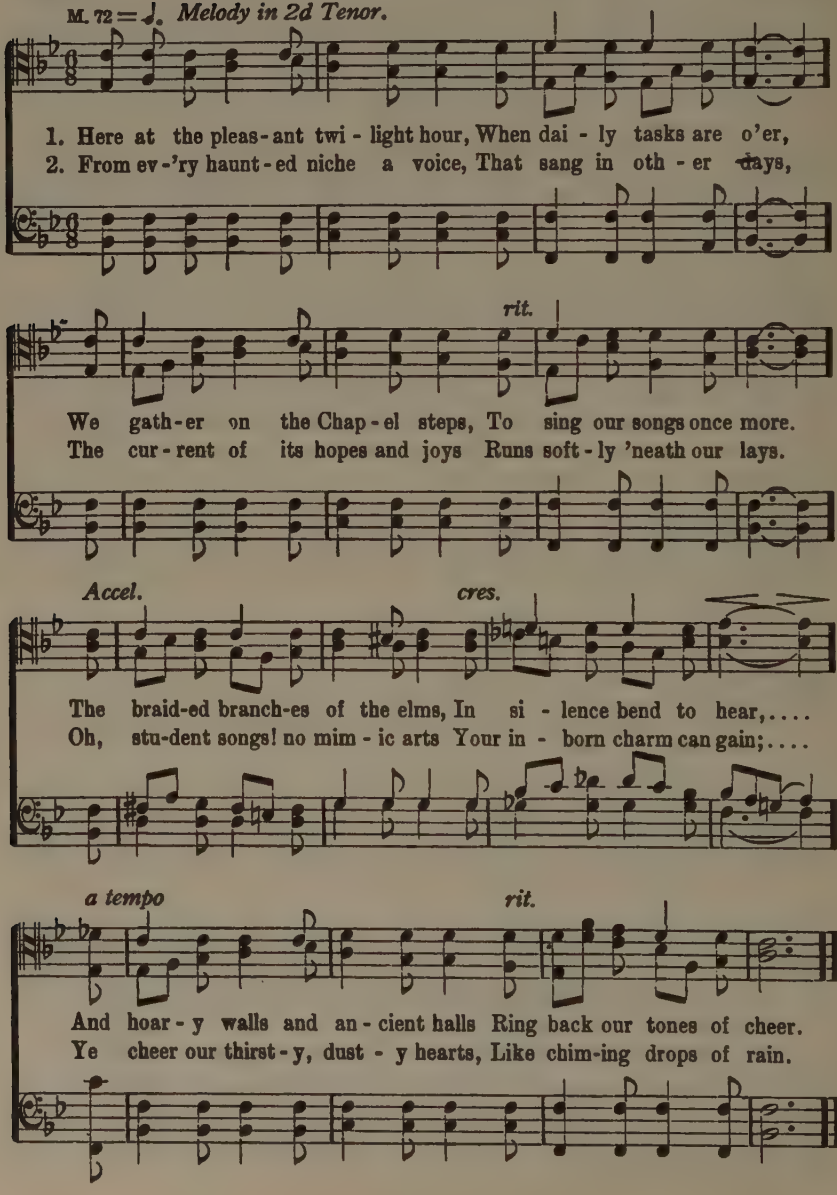

*Melody in 2nd Tenor.

# Secular Selections.

## 175 On the Chapel Steps.

Anon. Anon.

M. 72 = ♩. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*


1. Here at the pleas-ant twi-light hour, When dai-ly tasks are o'er,
2. From ev-'ry haunt-ed niche a voice, That sang in oth-er days,
rit.
We gath-er on the Chap-el steps, To sing our songs once more.
The cur-rent of its hopes and joys Runs soft-ly 'neath our lays.
Accel.
cres.
The braid-ed branch-es of the elms, In si-lence bend to hear,....
Oh, stu-dent songs! no mim-ic arts Your in-born charm can gain;....
a tempo
rit.
And hoar-y walls and an-cient halls Ring back our tones of cheer.
Ye cheer our thirst-y, dust-y hearts, Like chim-ing drops of rain.

# Did You Smile?

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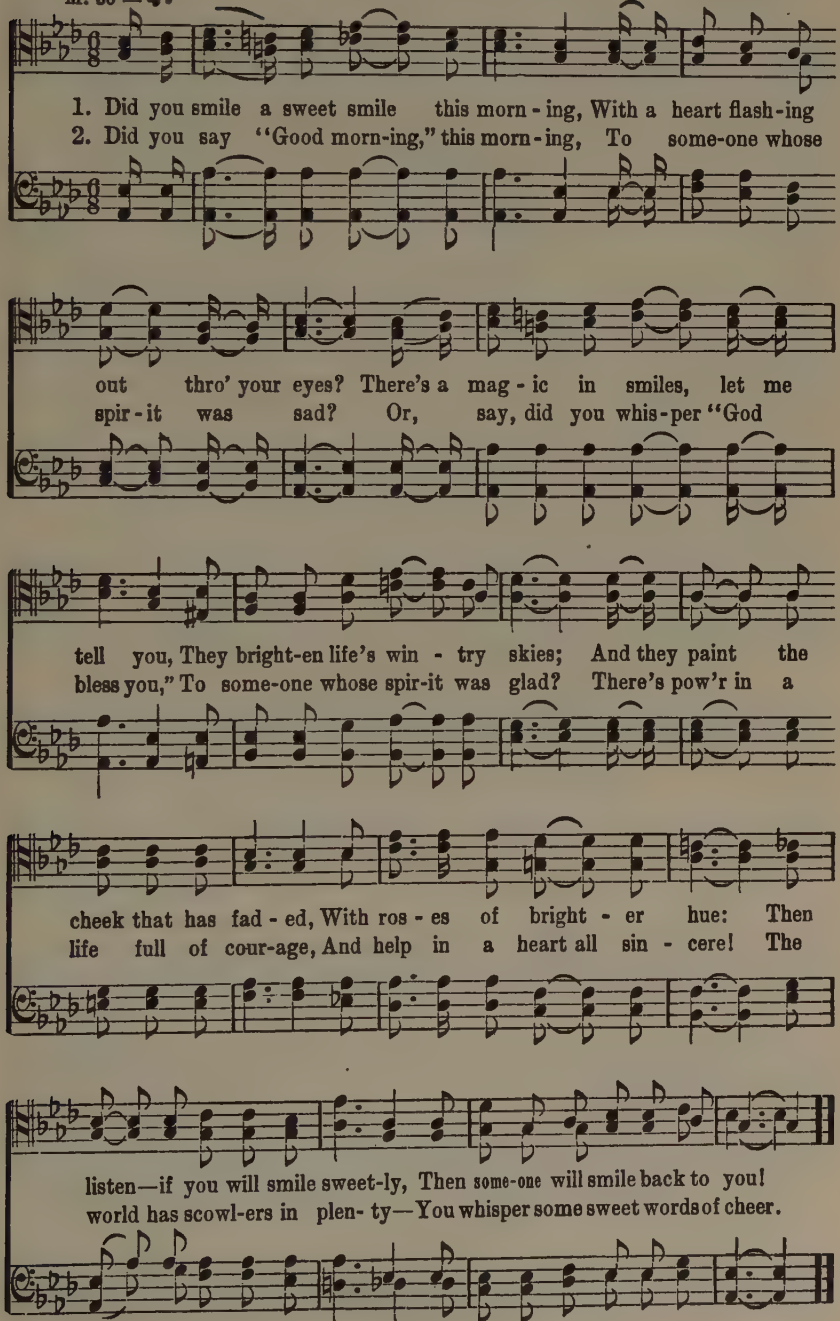
Robert Hare.

Daniel Protheroe.

M. 80 = ♩.

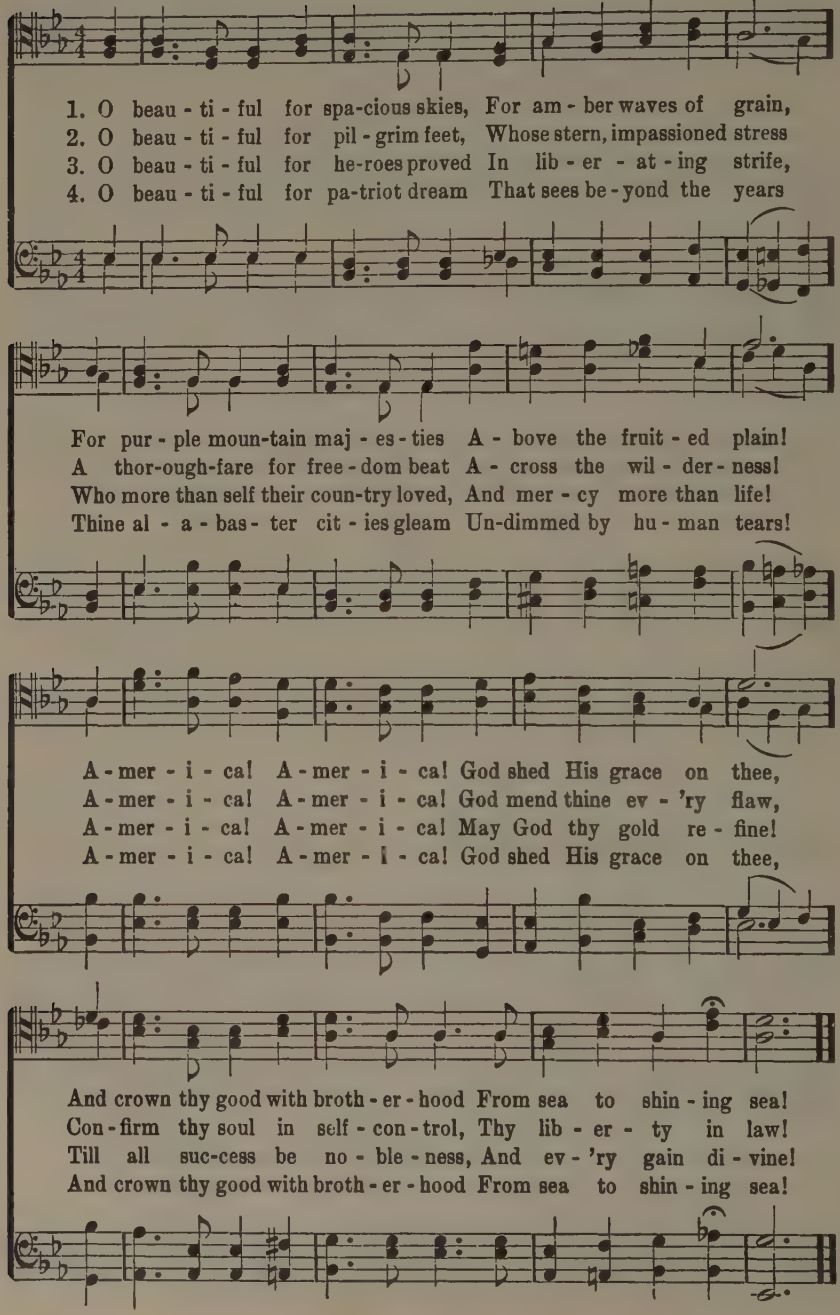

1. Did you smile a sweet smile this morn - ing, With a heart flash-ing
2. Did you say "Good morn-ing," this morn - ing, To some-one whose
out thro' your eyes? There's a mag - ic in smiles, let me
spir - it was sad? Or, say, did you whis-per "God
tell you, They bright-en life's win - try skies; And they paint the
bless you," To some-one whose spir-it was glad? There's pow'r in a
cheek that has fad - ed, With ros - es of bright - er hue: Then
life full of cour-age, And help in a heart all sin - cere! The
listen—if you will smile sweet-ly, Then some-one will smile back to you!
world has scowl-ers in plen- ty—You whisper some sweet words of cheer.

# 177 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates.

Samuel A. Ward.
Arr. H. P. M.

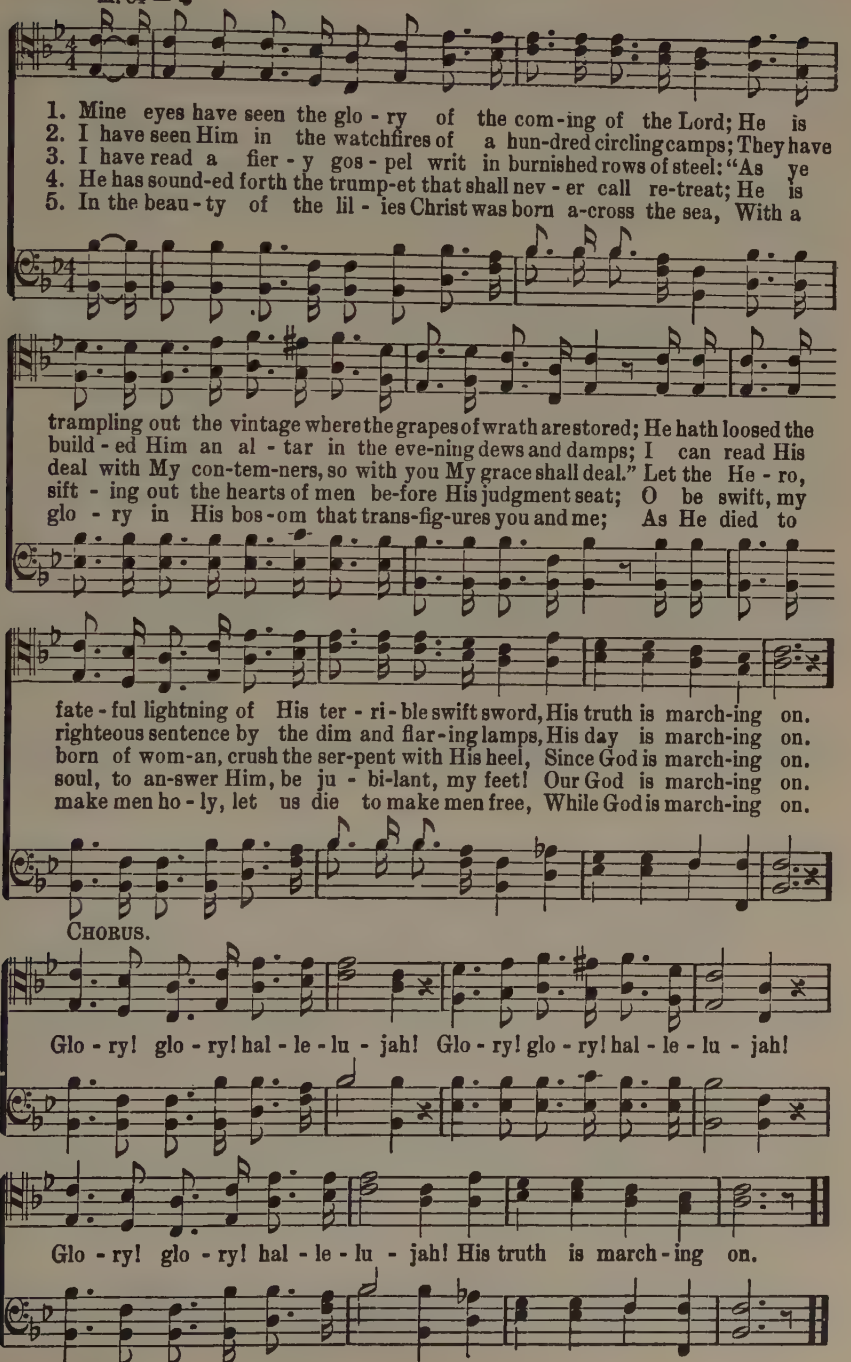
M. 96 = ♩


1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

# 178 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

**Julia Ward Howe.** **Anon.**

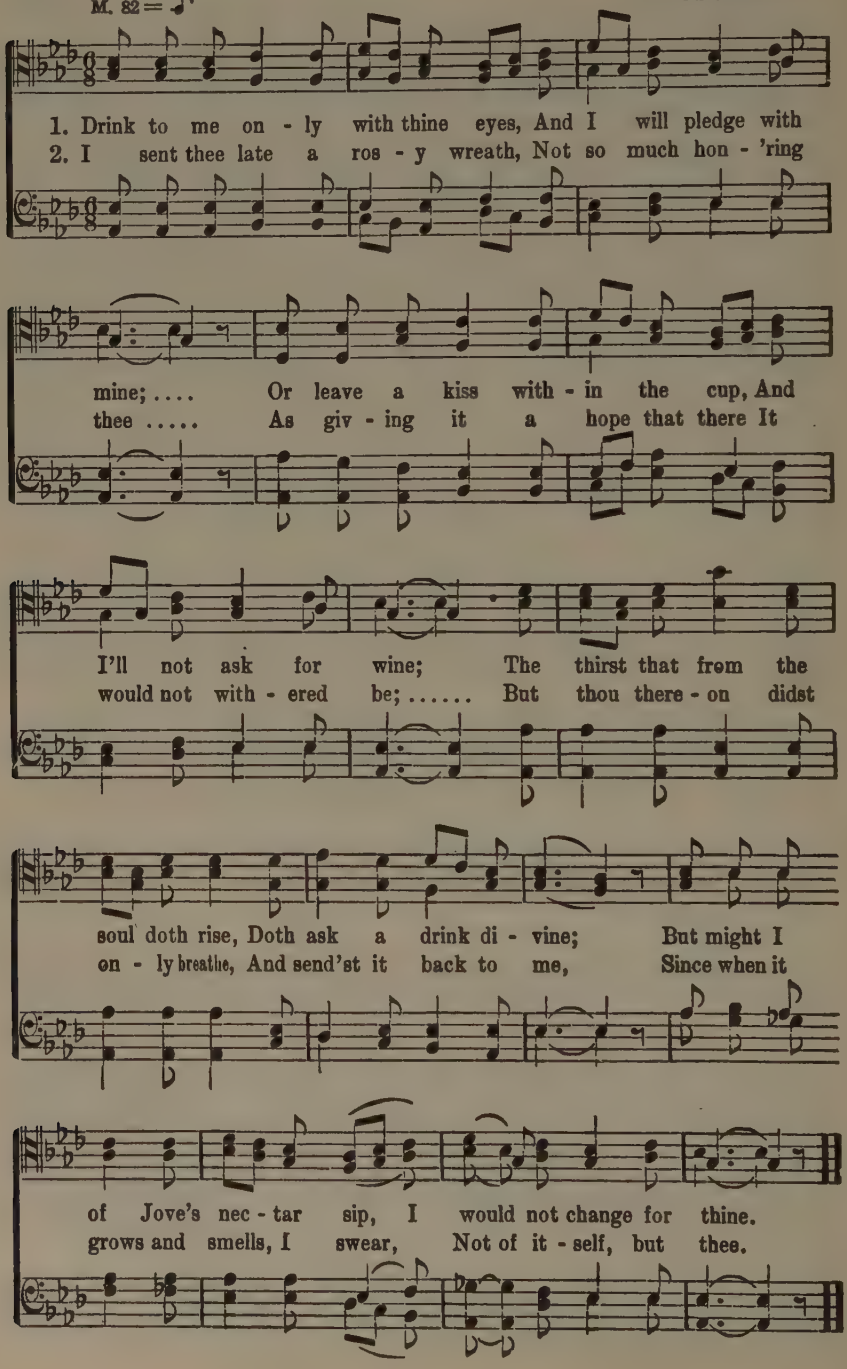
M. 84 = ♩


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
deal with My con-tem-ners, so with you My grace shall deal." Let the He - ro,
sift - ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is march-ing on.
born of wom-an, crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him, be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

# 179 Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.

Ben Johnson.

M. 82 = ♩

Old English Air.
Arr. D. P.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
2. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring
mine; .... Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And
thee ..... As giv - ing it a hope that there It
I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the
would not with - ered be; ..... But thou there - on didst
soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine; But might I
on - ly breathe, And send'st it back to me, Since when it
of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.

# When Love is Done.

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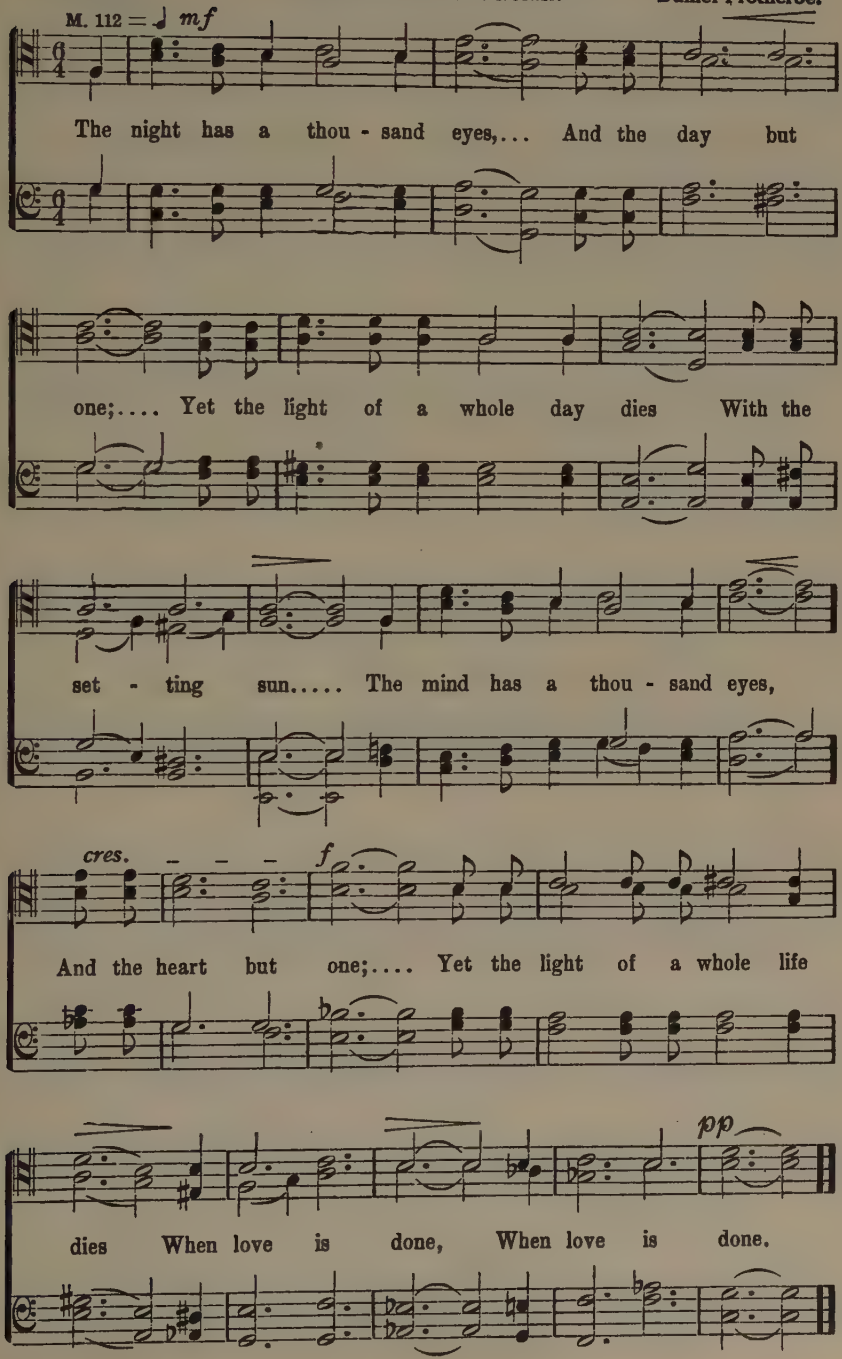
Bourdillon. Daniel Protheroe.


M. 112 = ♩ mf
The night has a thou - sand eyes,... And the day but
one;.... Yet the light of a whole day dies With the
set - ting sun..... The mind has a thou - sand eyes,
cres.
f
And the heart but one;.... Yet the light of a whole life
pp
dies When love is done, When love is done.

# 181 It Isn't Raining Rain.

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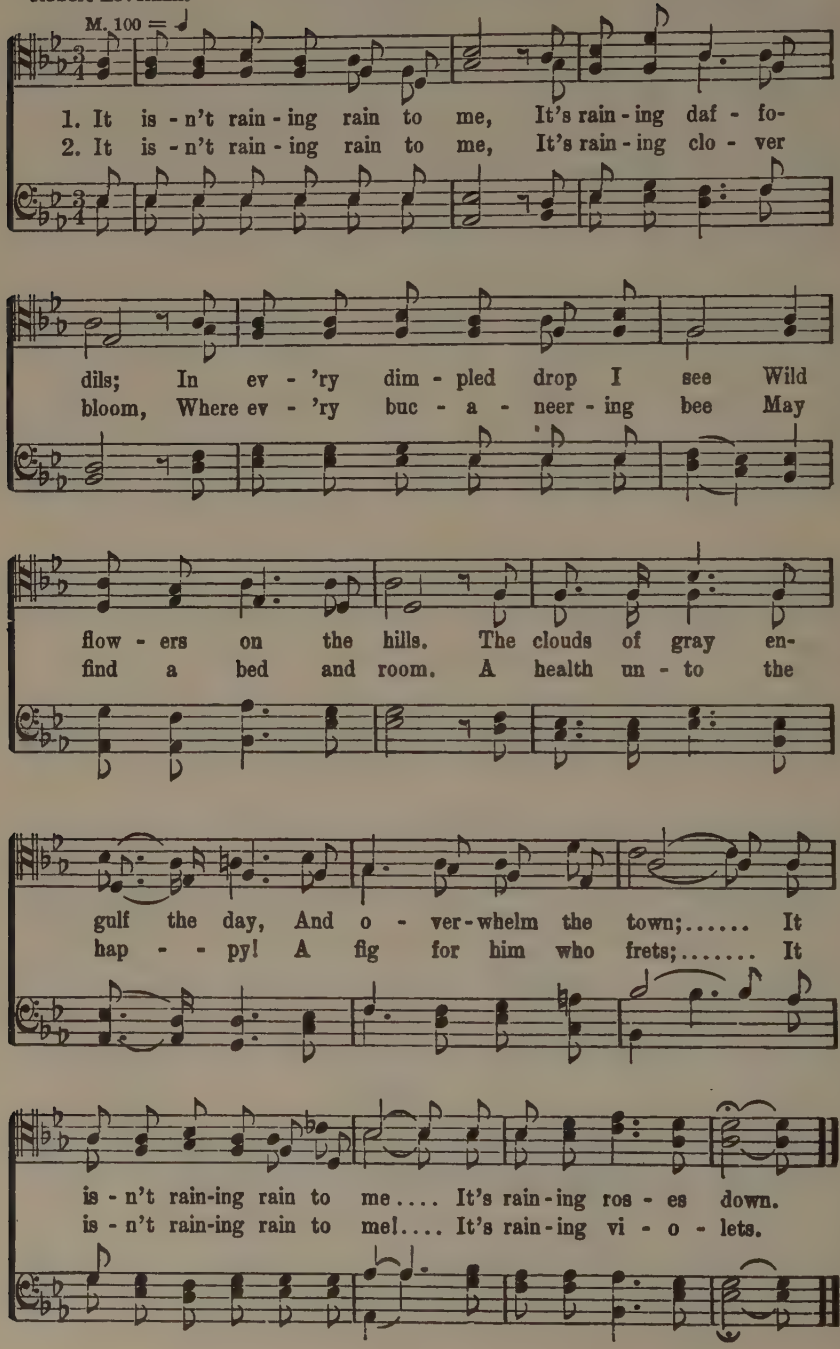
THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

Robert Loveman.

J. N. Rodeheaver.
Arr. D. P.

M. 100
1. It is - n't rain - ing rain to me, It's rain - ing daf - fo-
2. It is - n't rain - ing rain to me, It's rain - ing clo - ver
dils; In ev - 'ry dim - pled drop I see Wild
bloom, Where ev - 'ry buc - a - neer - ing bee May
flow - ers on the hills. The clouds of gray en-
find a bed and room. A health un - to the
gulf the day, And o - ver - whelm the town;..... It
hap - - py! A fig for him who frets;..... It
is - n't rain-ing rain to me.... It's rain - ing ros - es down.
is - n't rain-ing rain to me!.... It's rain - ing vi - o - lets.

# Annie Laurie.

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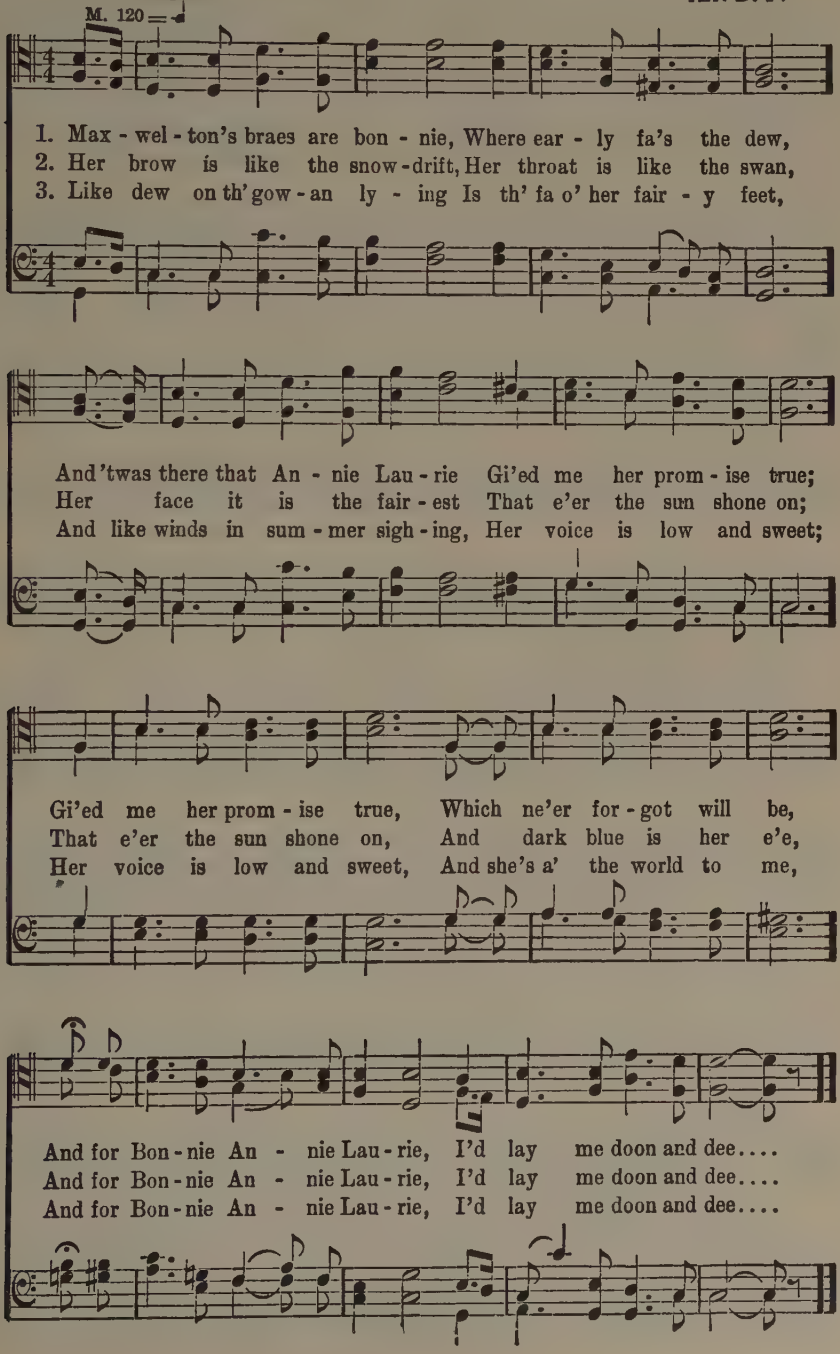
Douglas of Fingland.

Lady John Scott.
Arr. D. P.

M. 120

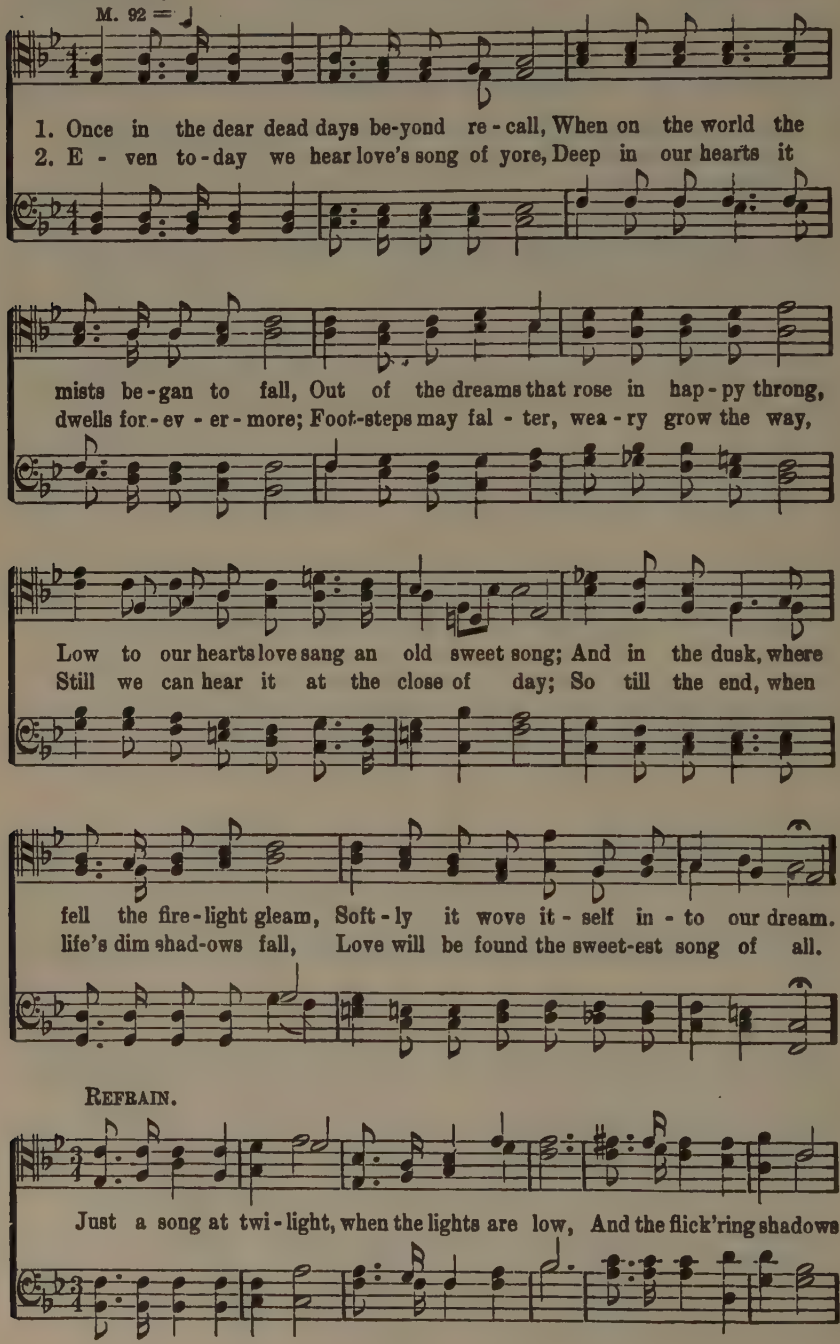

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan,
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa o' her fair - y feet,
And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gi'ed me her prom - ise true;
Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on;
And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet;
Gi'ed me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,
And for Bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon and dee....
And for Bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon and dee....
And for Bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon and dee....

# 183 Love's Old Sweet Song.

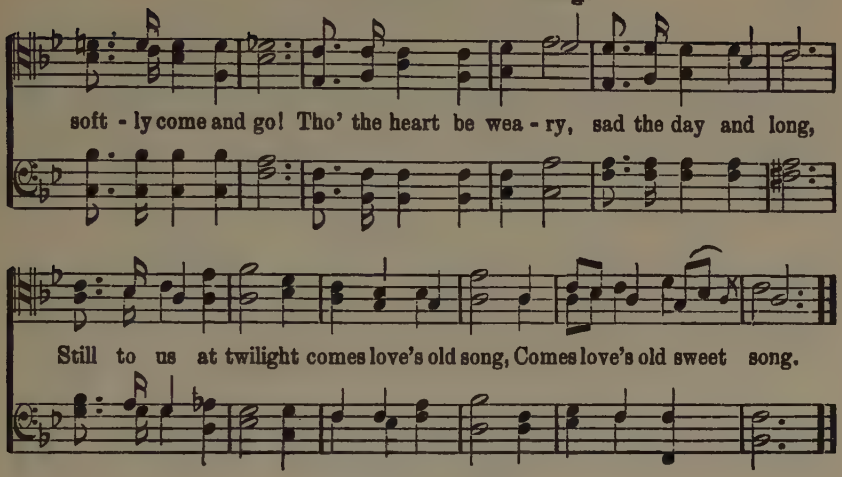
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

C. Clifton Bingham. J. L. Molloy. Arr. D. P.

M. 92 = ♩


1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it
mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng,
dwells for-ev-er-more; Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when
fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.
REFRAIN.
Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows

## Love's Old Sweet Song.


soft - ly come and go! Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

## 184 Try Smiling.

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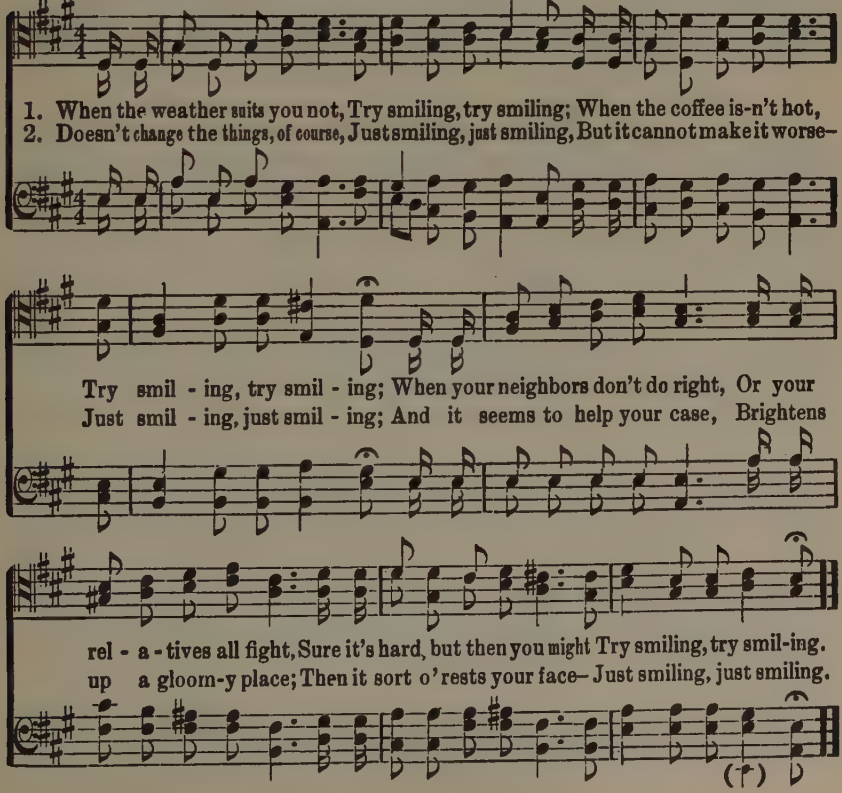
Daniel Protheroe.

M. 86 = ♩


1. When the weather suits you not, Try smiling, try smiling; When the coffee is-n't hot,
2. Doesn't change the things, of course, Just smiling, just smiling, But it cannot make it worse–
Try smil - ing, try smil - ing; When your neighbors don't do right, Or your
Just smil - ing, just smil - ing; And it seems to help your case, Brightens
rel - a - tives all fight, Sure it's hard, but then you might Try smiling, try smil-ing.
up a gloom-y place; Then it sort o' rests your face– Just smiling, just smiling.

# 185 Our Native Land.

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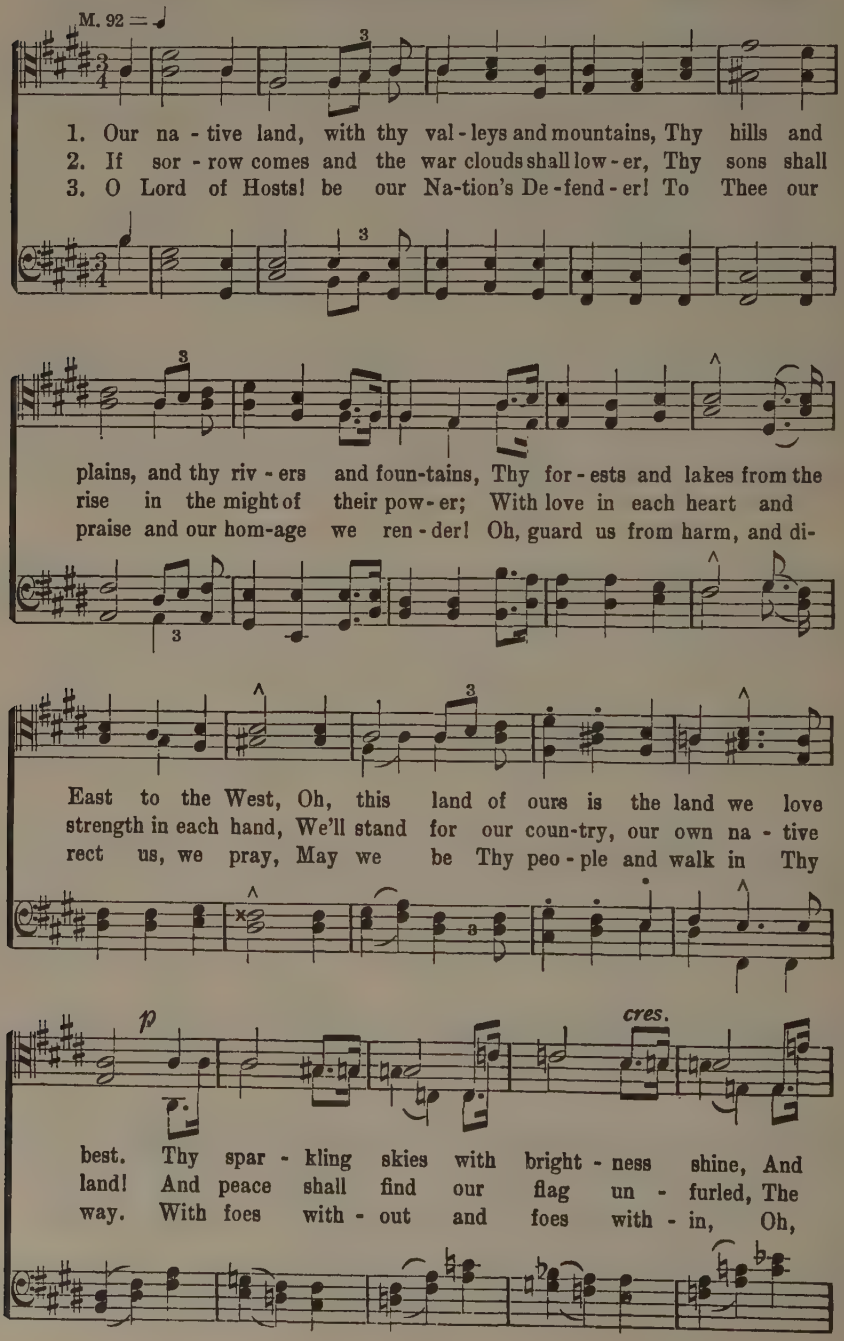
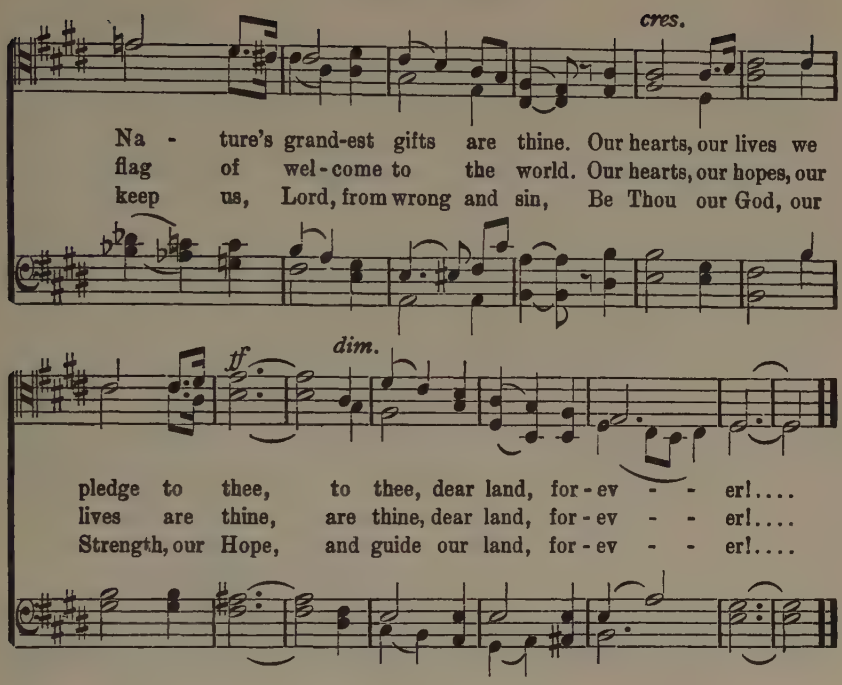
USED FROM "BIXBY'S HOME SONGS," BY PER.

Mrs. S. K. Bourne. Richard Wagner.

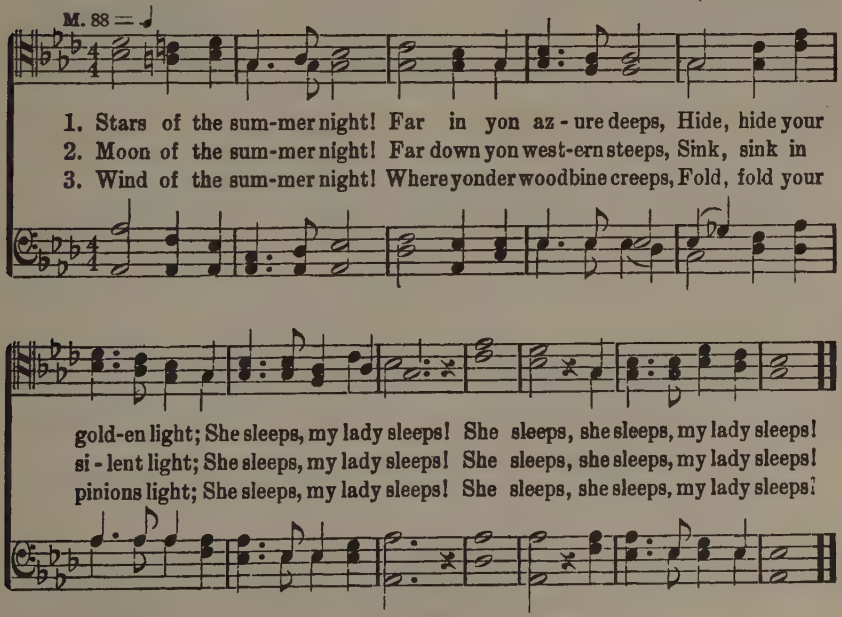

M. 92 = ♩
1. Our na - tive land, with thy val - leys and mountains, Thy hills and
2. If sor - row comes and the war clouds shall low - er, Thy sons shall
3. O Lord of Hosts! be our Na-tion's De - fend - er! To Thee our
plains, and thy riv - ers and foun-tains, Thy for - ests and lakes from the
rise in the might of their pow - er; With love in each heart and
praise and our hom-age we ren - der! Oh, guard us from harm, and di-
East to the West, Oh, this land of ours is the land we love
strength in each hand, We'll stand for our coun-try, our own na - tive
rect us, we pray, May we be Thy peo - ple and walk in Thy
p
cres.
best. Thy spar - kling skies with bright - ness shine, And
land! And peace shall find our flag un - furled, The
way. With foes with - out and foes with - in, Oh,

## Our Native Land.


cres.
Na - ture's grand-est gifts are thine. Our hearts, our lives we
flag of wel-come to the world. Our hearts, our hopes, our
keep us, Lord, from wrong and sin, Be Thou our God, our
ff
dim.
pledge to thee, to thee, dear land, for-ev - - er!....
lives are thine, are thine, dear land, for-ev - - er!....
Strength, our Hope, and guide our land, for-ev - - er!....

## 186 Stars of the Summer Night.

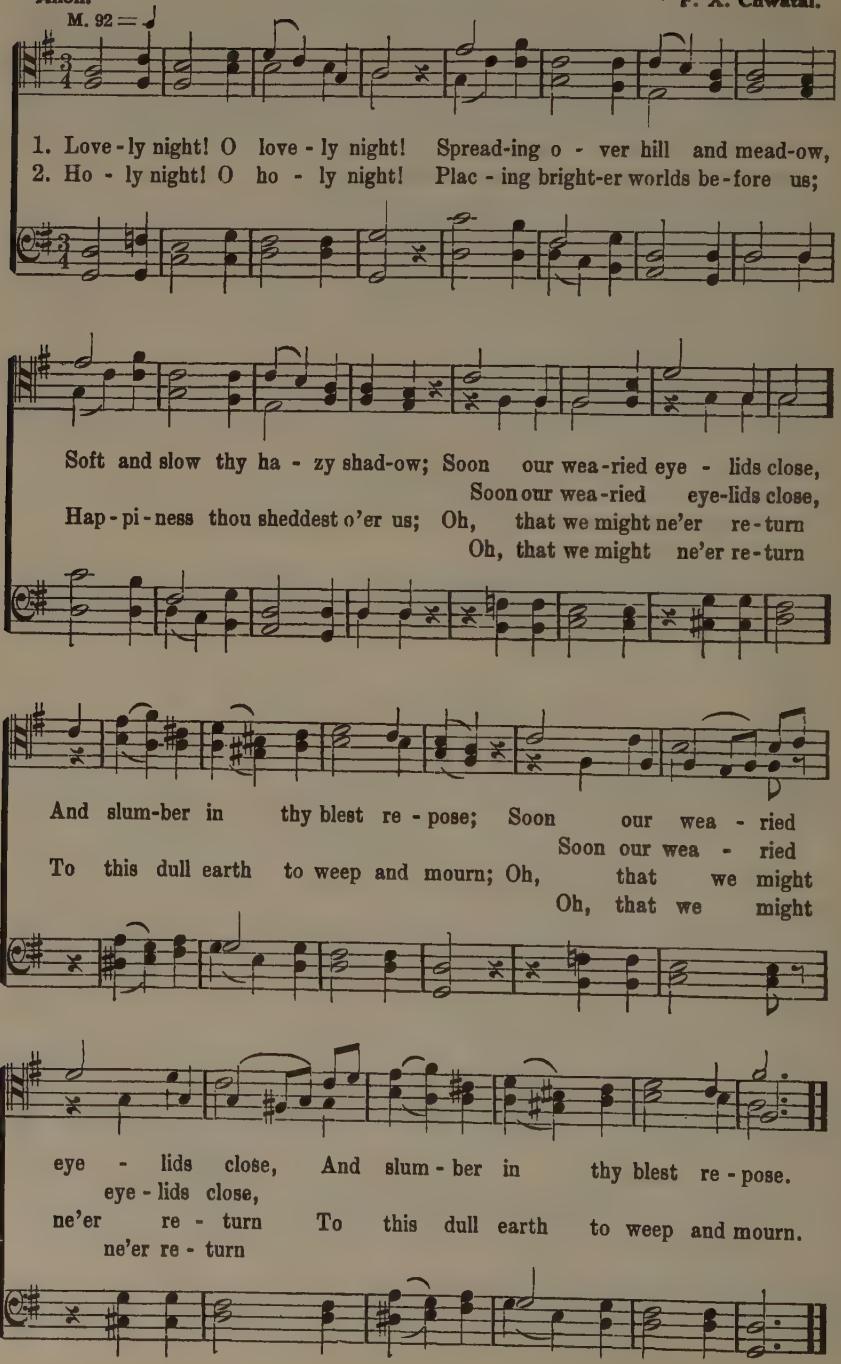
H. W. Longfellow. I. B. Woodbury.


M. 88 = ♩
1. Stars of the sum-mer night! Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night! Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the sum-mer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your
gold-en light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!
si-lent light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!
pinions light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!

# 187 Lovely Night.

Anon. F. X. Chwatal.

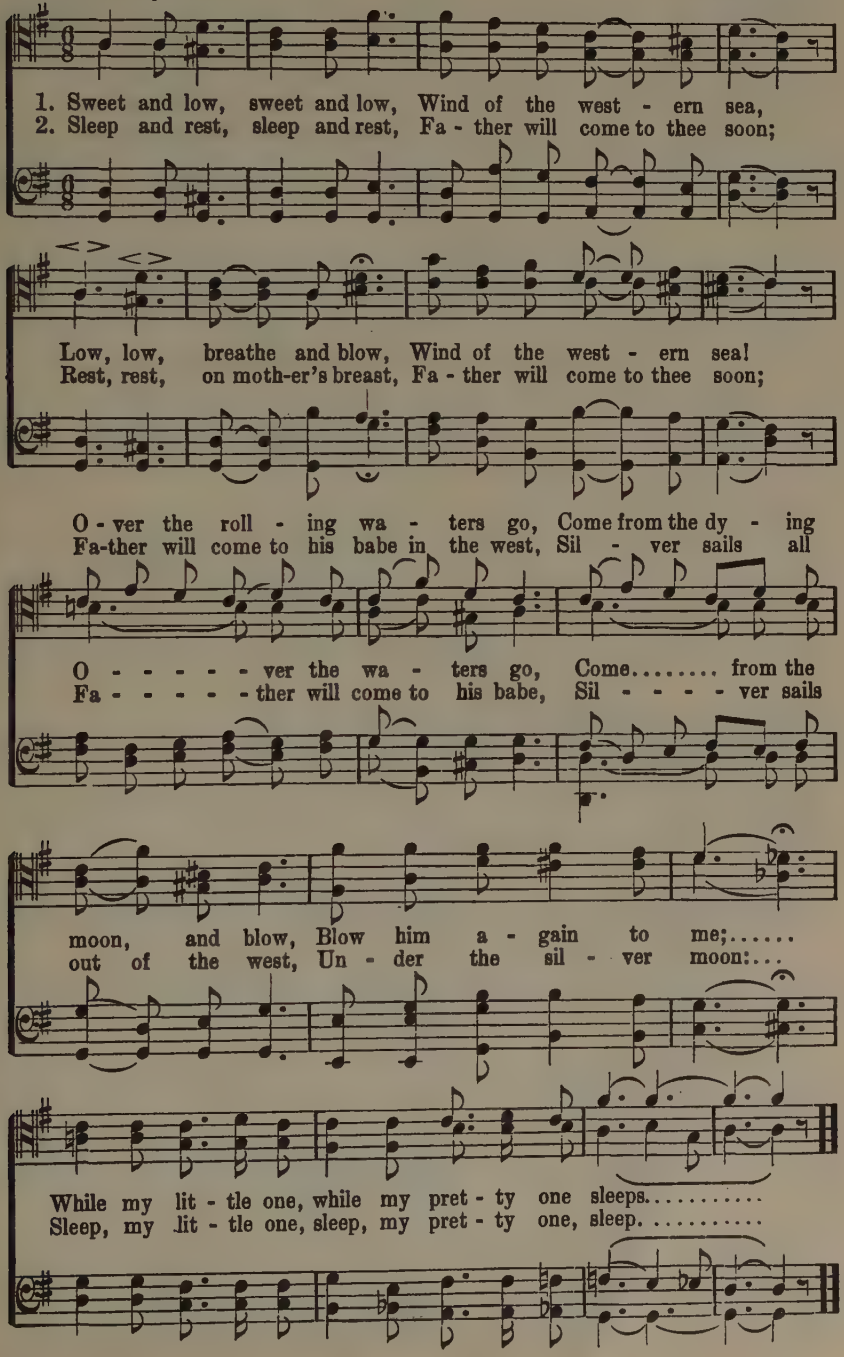
M. 92 =


1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spread-ing o-ver hill and mead-ow,
2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night! Plac-ing bright-er worlds be-fore us;
Soft and slow thy ha-zy shad-ow; Soon our wea-ried eye-lids close,
Soon our wea-ried eye-lids close,
Hap-pi-ness thou sheddest o'er us; Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn
Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn
And slum-ber in thy blest re-pose; Soon our wea-ried
Soon our wea-ried
To this dull earth to weep and mourn; Oh, that we might
Oh, that we might
eye-lids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re-pose.
eye-lids close,
ne'er re-turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn.
ne'er re-turn

# 188 Sweet and Low.

Alfred Tennyson.

M. 112 = ♩

Joseph Barnby.
Arr. G. B. H.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea!
Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the west, Sil - ver sails all
O - - - - - ver the wa - ters go, Come..... from the
Fa - - - - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - - - - ver sails
moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to me;.....
out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon:...
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

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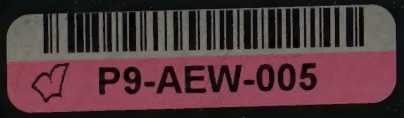
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